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HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

IN

MIDDLESEX

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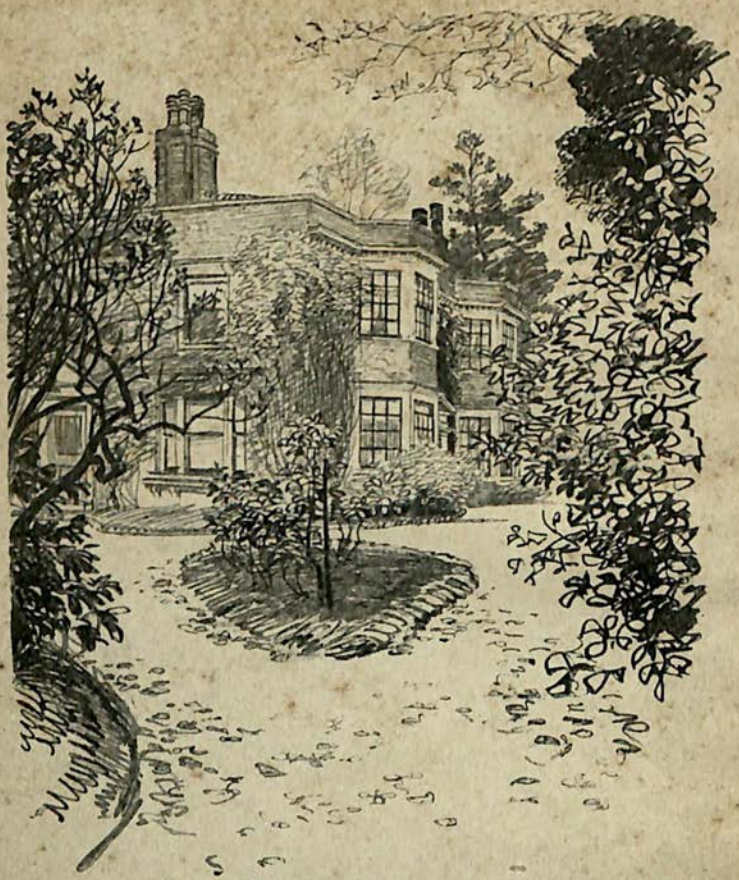


House at Winchmore Hill, once inhabited by Hood.

Highways and Byways

IN

Middlesex

83854

BY WALTER JERROLD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUGH THOMSON

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1909

RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED
BREAD STREET HILL, E.C., AND
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

TO

CHARLES KENNETT BURROW

PREFACE

In days when distances if not cancelled are at least becoming rapidly shrunken, in accordance with our demand for

> Speed—
> Speed, and a world of new havings,

it may seem a work of temerity to seek to interest readers anew in the homeliest of the Home Counties. There are, however, yet some people who do not allow the fascination of the far to destroy their interest in the near, and others who have not entirely lost the art of walking, who may like to be reminded that they can find much to please them even within a few miles of their own doors. Railways and tramcars so ramify over Middlesex that any part of it may be said to be accessible from London within the limits of a half-day holiday. Within about an hour's journey from the City anyone interested in the storied past may be wandering about the cool courts, the stately galleries, and lovely grounds of Hampton Court Palace, or along the quieter parts of the River Thames; within about the same time the lover of solitude may be in wooded lanes about the Buckinghamshire border north of Uxbridge, among the woodlands of Harrow Weald and Stanmore, or in unfrequented byways beyond Barnet. Though the great cornland of Middlesex has largely become pasture or market-gardens, and old-fashioned farmsteads are few and far between, there are still some rustic "bits" to be seen away from the tram-dominated highways. And if, as has been said, the electric tram-car has a suburbanising effect, it offers an easy means for reaching a point from which to set out exploring the byways, for reaching quiet, still "countrified" spots, or for getting to

places of personal or historic interest. Such byways, spots, and places will be found indicated in this volume; which it may be hoped will show that if Middlesex has lost much of its natural beauty owing to its relation to the capital, it has a "story" no less interesting than those of more scenically attractive counties that have been presented in the "Highways and Byways" series.

As matter of historical interest it may be pointed out that the division of Middlesex into six Hundreds remains to-day as it did at the time of the Domesday survey. These Hundreds —their relative positions will be seen on the map at the end of the volume—are Edmonton, Ossulston (which of old comprised all London north of the Thames), Gore, Elthorne, Isleworth (in Domesday "Honeslaw"), and Spelthorne.

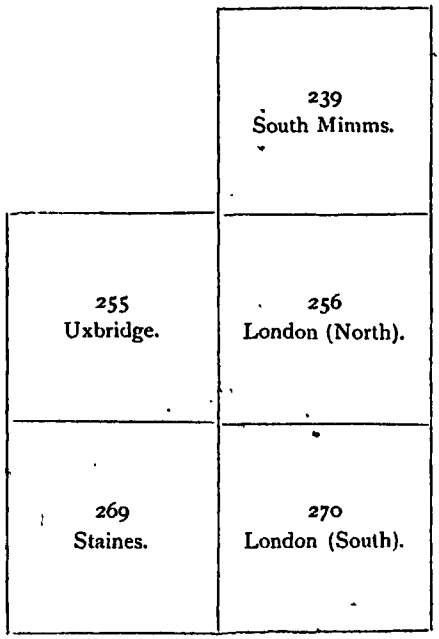
Though the spreading of the suburbs either does away with footpaths or sophisticates them, Middlesex is still in its more agricultural parts well favoured in the matter of these most attractive byways. It may be pointed out, however, that the one-inch Ordnance Survey maps are by no means complete in the marking of all such rights of way; and that here and there footpaths will be found stopped up "by order of the District Council." (An instance of this is to be seen between Wembley Park and Preston.)

From the brevities of its earliest practicians topographical writing has passed through many phases. Nearly a century ago Middlesex was presented in a series of volumes aggregating nearly four thousand large pages. Avoiding at once the scrappiness of Leland's notes and the elaborate statistical, archæological, and ecclesiological fulness of Brayley, the present writer is fortunate in having his necessarily brief accounts of places accompanied by Mr. Hugh Thomson's sketches.

W. J.

HAMPTON-ON-THAMES,
July 17, 1909.

In the one-inch-to-the-mile Ordnance Survey Maps, Middlesex is comprised within the following five sheets :—



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HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

IN

MIDDLESEX

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MIDDLESEX

CHAPTER I

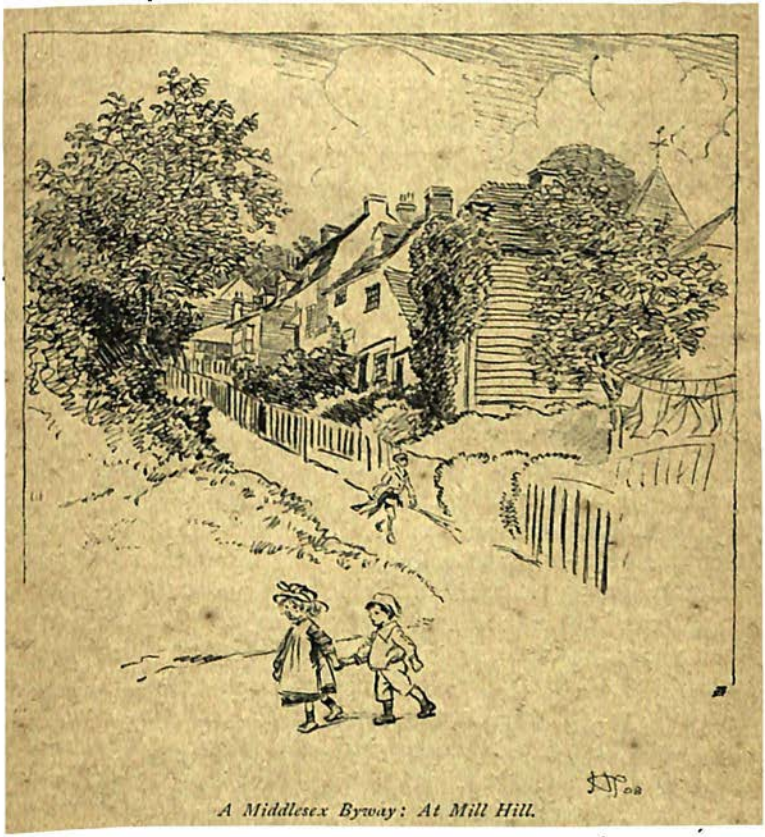
BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

Much do I need, and therefore will I ask,
A Muse to aid me in my present task;
For then with special cause we beg for aid,
When of our subject we are most afraid.—*Crabbe.*

"IT is in effect but the suburbs at large of London, replenished with the retiring houses of the gentry and citizens thereof"—if these words were true of Middlesex a couple of centuries ago how much more applicable are they to-day when the "suburbs" are spreading over into the neighbouring counties north and west. If too in Middlesex, the smallest but one of the English counties, we have a district lacking any of the more striking beauties even of some of its nearest neighbours, we have one that can vie with the best of them in the variety and multiplicity of its associations with men and events. It would be easy to compile a formidable list of scenic beauties which the wanderer about its highways and byways cannot hope to see in a county the most "mountainous" parts of which are but about five hundred feet above sea-level, a county largely

taken up with populous districts, with wide stretching market gardens and pasture land, the woodlands of which are not extensive, and the streams of which, with one exception, are small. The exception, of course the Thames, forms the southern boundary of our county—and even here it must be acknowledged that of the whole course of that river, those twenty and odd miles which border Middlesex form on the whole the least beautiful stretch. It is not possible, to put it shortly, for one who has wandered in many counties, to expatiate on the beauties of the scenery of Middlesex as a whole. Yet there are beauties; though those who scamper out on the North Road, or motor through a cloud of dust along the Bath and Staines roads, manage to see the minimum of them. It is in the byways of the north and west of the county, in some short reaches of the great river, that the follower of the byways will find that which is most picturesque, will even happen upon quiet lanes and elm-shaded hay-fields such as Birket Foster loved to depict. It is in its associations with notable men and notable doings that Middlesex may claim its strongest individuality and even here it has come to be overshadowed by London—that greatest of great cities which, originally founded on what came to be known as the Middlesex bank of the Thames, has spread not only far into the county to which it properly belongs, but has reached out into Essex one way, and over-river into Surrey and Kent, has indeed arrogated to itself the title of county and so shorn Middlesex of much of its ancient glory, and of no inconsiderable portion of its acreage. Still, as the historians tell us, London was a city before the name of Middlesex had been invented; for, though vague, the beginnings of the county as such are of course subsequent to the coming of the Saxons. As the county including the capital city Middlesex has been a rich ground for the making of history. Occupied by a tribe of the Trinobants in the days when much of its sloping plain was forest and marsh, later it was widely peopled by the Romans, and

later still was colonized by the Saxons and ravaged by the Danes. When the Normans came much of this land in the neighbourhood of London was still covered by dense woods—the Black Forest of Middlesex; then with the growth of the



A Middlesex Byway: At Mill Hill.

great city came the lessening of the forests, the cultivation of the cleared land for the purpose of providing food for an increasing population, and the forming of parks and the building of mansions and villas for wealthier members of the

London community. More recently the increase of means of communication, thanks to the railways and tramways, has caused many of the owners of those mansions and villas to go still farther afield, and has led to the formation of an ever-growing fringe of suburbs, dwelling-places for the vast population of the commercial centre of the world, enabled, thanks to the harnessing of steam and electricity, to dwell some miles from their working places.

Of connection with the oldest inhabitants we have but little remaining evidence, though again and again we learn as we make local enquiries of the discovery of Roman and other relics, and of natural remains reminding us that this county was at one time under water, that at another time it was the home of the mammoth and other animal monsters, of that monstrous age the history of which is written in bones. Here too have been discovered stone implements of the Paleolithic age showing how man began his war against those beasts—as I write a friend tells me of a flint arrow head just dug up in a Hampton garden—war which was to end in their destruction and in the building of London, the mammoth expressed in terms of bricks and mortar. Very different must have been the appearance of this Thames Valley in those dim ages of the past when the river-drift gravels of the post-glacial age were being deposited and preserving in their midst evidence which was to help the descendants of Paleolithic man to reconstruct something of his history. In that past we are told England was still part of the Continent and the Thames was but a tributary of a mighty lost river which flowed through the plain over which is now the North Sea. Over the gravels of that dim period have since settled the deposits of other ages. Much of the county consists of deep clay—in places the stratum of this being four hundred feet deep. But though the very term "London Clay" may suggest to some the many brickfields about the outer limits of the capital, or the innumerable houses built of clay-bricks, the soil of Middlesex

has long enjoyed fame for its fruitfulness, long had much of its acreage given over to the cultivation of corn, fruits and vegetables for the metropolitan market. So much so that old John Norden in the first part of his *Speculum Britanniæ* wrote "the soil of Middlesex is excellent fat and fertile, and full of profite: it yieldeth corne and graine not onlie in abundance, but most excellent good wheate, especially about Heston, which place may be called *Granarium tritici regalis*, for the singularitie of the corne. The vaine of this especial corn seemeth to extend from Heston to Harrow on the Hill, between which, as in the midway, is Perivale, more truly Purivale. Yet doth not this so fruitful soyle yeeld comfort to the wayfairing man in the winter time, by reason of the claiesh nature of the soyle, which, after it hath tasted the autumne showers, waxeth both dyrtie and deep, but unto the country swaine, it is a sweet and pleasant garden in regard to his hope of future profite: for

> The deep and dirtie loathsome soyle
> Yeelds golden gaine to paneful toyle;

"and the industrious and paineful husbandman will refuse a pallace, to droyle in these golden puddles." At the time of Norden so excellent a repute had the Middlesex wheat that Queen Elizabeth's manchet or best white bread was made of flour from grain grown at Heston near Hounslow. Now the once golden tract, where it is not built over, is mainly given up to pasturage.

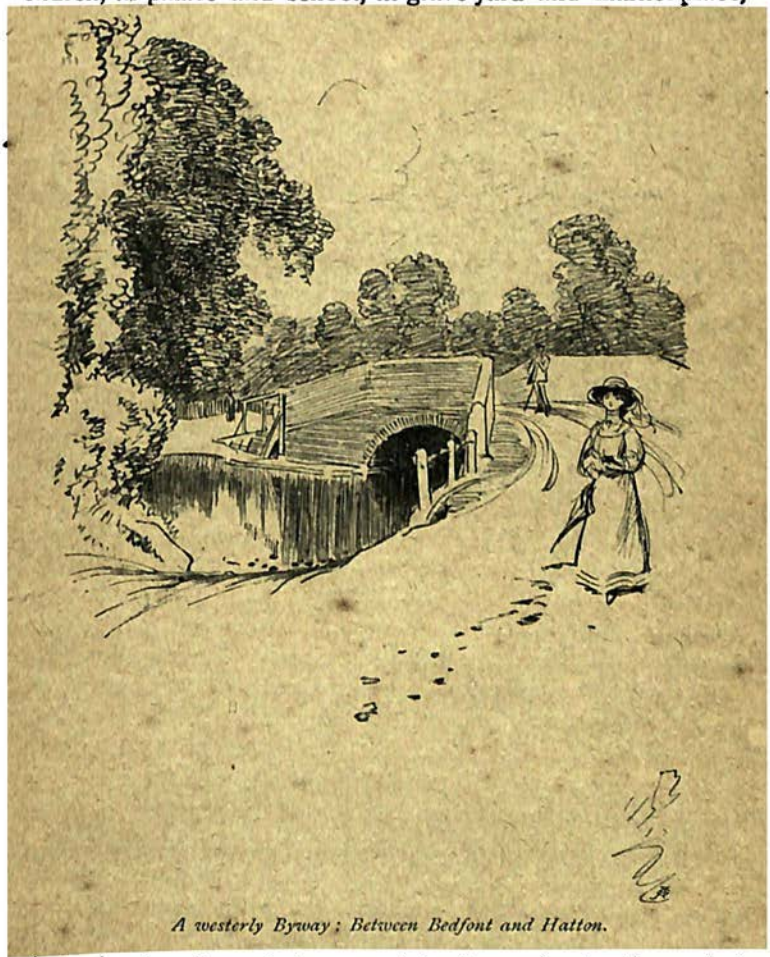
That same Perivale, or according to Fuller, Parivale, is by other writers made Pure-Vale because it "yieldeth the finest meal of England." It is given as typifying the agricultural richness of Middlesex in the *Polyolbion*—

> As Coln come on along, and chanc'd to cast her eye
> Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow stands so high,
> She Peryvale perceiv'd prank'd up with wreaths of wheat,
> And with exulting terms thus glorying in her seat;

"Why should not I be coy, and of my beauties nice,
Since this my goodly grain is held of greatest price?
No manchet can so well the courtly palate please,
As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fertile leaze.
Their finest of that kind, compared with my wheat,
For whiteness of the bread doth look like common cheat.
What barley is there found, whose fair and bearded ear
Makes stouter English ale, or stronger English beer?
The oat, the bean and pease, with me but pulses are;
The coarse and browner rye, no more than fitch and tare.
What seed doth any soil in England bring, that I
Beyond her most increase yet cannot multiply?
Besides, my sure abode next goodly London is,
To vent my truthful store, that me doth never miss.
And those poor baser things, they cannot put away,
Howe'er I set my price, ne'er on my chapmen stay."

A hundred years ago ten thousand acres of these golden puddles" of Middlesex were annually cropped with wheat, while at about the same period it was pointed out that the farmers of the county were in the art of haymaking superior to those of any other part of the island. Yet it was then that a worthy Mr. Middleton who had drawn up for the Board of Agriculture *A General View of the Agriculture of Middlesex*, refused to render any assistance to a county topographer owing to "a distaste for the County of Middlesex." Poor County of Middlesex! It had tired him presumably with its wide wheat-fields and with the excellence of its haymaking "reduced to a regular system." Now it is not its farms but its "endless meal of brick" that make some people express "a distaste for the County of Middlesex." Mr. Middleton seems to have been one of those critics who have a distaste for that with which they cannot find fault, and so it may be said of certain present day visitors who dismiss Middlesex with the word "suburban," because they have not troubled to look beyond Suburbia, and have presumably but little interest in the things in which much of Suburbia is historically rich. In woodland and meadow, in quiet lanes and flowery fields, there is yet

much to appeal to the seeing eye, and in manor house and church, in palace and school, in grave-yard and market-place,



A westerly Byway; Between Bedfont and Hatton.

is to be found much to appeal to the understanding mind. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*, and I would not be understood as attempting to excuse any shortcomings in Middlesex, it has

not the beech woods of its neighbour on the west, the variety of scenery of its neighbour on the east, it has not the varied beauty of Surrey, nor the wide range of interest to be found in Kent, yet it is by no means devoid of attractions and interests of its own. Its nearness to London—that centre of cosmopolitanism—has done much to rob the county of its individuality, thus it is that we do not hear natives of Brentford, Twickenham, Staines, and Harrow claiming to be Middlesex men, in the way that Yorkshire and Lancashire men, Devonians and East Anglians, claim a kind of kinship in that they were born within certain geographical bounds. As a county perhaps Middlesex is most heard of in that field which best fosters *esprit de* county—the cricket field. Its people have more or less come to be sunk in the Londoners. As far back as the Battle of Agincourt indeed,

> The Londoners and Middlesex as one
> Are by the red cross and the dagger known.

As men of different parts of the country were and are known by special nicknames—Men of Kent, and so on, so was a native of this county "a Middlesex clown," which though it seems to be a word of reproach, is said by Fuller—who possessed a happy readiness in adapting reproach to the purposes of compliment—to convey praise: "clown, from colonus, one that plougheth the ground (without which neither King nor Kingdom can be maintained), of which Middlesex hath many of great estates." Fuller shows parallels: "some English words, innocent and inoffensive in their primitive notion, are bowed by custom to a disgraceful sense; as villain, originally nothing but a dweller in a village and tiller of the ground thereabout; churle, in Saxon ceorl, a strong, stout husbandman."

Mention has been made of the clays which, near the surface or of various depths, form so notable a part of the county's soil, and here it may be said that when Brayley wrote the first part

of his voluminous *Beauties of England and Wales* a hundred years ago, he said that for over more than a thousand acres "round the one mile stone on the Kingsland Road," the entire surface of the land had been lowered from one to ten feet by the digging away of the clay for brick-making, the profit averaging, it is recorded, four thousand pounds per acre, and the land being restored to good pasture by the ploughing in of town manure. Middlesex still has its brickfields, and those who dislike them—they can scarcely be regarded as pleasant to the sight or the olfactories—may find comfort in the belief that they are possibly healthful, for it has been gravely stated that "in close and hot weather, a number of brick-kilns near London is of real use to the health of the inhabitants by promoting a circulation of air." Going in a hot August for change of air to the neighbourhood of a brick-kiln does not seem inviting!

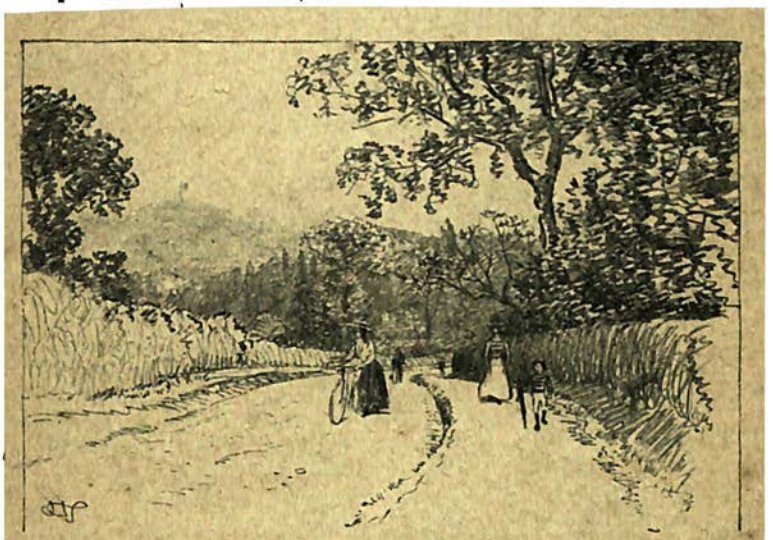
From the land which was converted into houses—each acre affording a million bricks—for the benefit of its lucky owners, we may turn to the lands which are "common," the open spaces, only to find that at the beginning of last century there were upwards of thirty thousand acres of waste and common lands in Middlesex, and that by 1810 two-thirds had been enclosed. Since then much of the remainder has come under cultivation, until the county has but a small fraction of the public open spaces which it could boast a few generations ago, and we are left to hail with delight the occasional recapture for public use of a few acre spaces. The great extent of Hounslow Heath—the happy hunting ground of highwaymen and footpads—has diminished to insignificance; the same may be said of Finchley Common, while of the great Enfield Chase but very small portions remain common, the most beautiful scrap belonging to Hertfordshire; "bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor" is still the most notable of the open spaces of Middlesex though now belonging strictly to the County of London.

In waterways Middlesex may be regarded as fortunate—south, west, and east, it has rivers as its natural boundaries and it is intersected by various smaller streams and canals. From Staines to London forming its southern boundary is the Thames, on the banks of which are to be found Staines, Laleham, Shepperton (with Walton and Weybridge on its other bank), Halliford, Sunbury, Hampton, Hampton Court (connected by bridge with Molesey on the oppposite side), Hampton Wick, (with bridge to Kingston), Teddington, Twickenham (with bridge to Richmond), Isleworth and Brentford (with bridge to Kew) on to the nearer suburbs of London. In passing thus along Middlesex the Thames falls about five-and-twenty feet, and the navigation is controlled by locks at Penton Hook, Chertsey, Shepperton, Sunbury, Molesey, Teddington, and Richmond (tidal). On the west the county boundary from the neighbourhood of Rickmansworth to a point a little west of Staines is "the crystal Colne," or one or other of the many branches of that stream. According to the river-poet, at meeting Thames, the

> most transparent Colne
> Feels with excessive joy her amorous bosom swoln.

Along the east of the county the boundary dividing it from Essex is formed by "the winding course of Lea's delightful brook," navigable to the limits of the county. Smaller streams are the Crane which rises near Harrow and winds by Cranford and Hounslow Heath to Isleworth where it joins the Thames, and the Brent which rises in Hertfordshire and flows by Finchley and Brentford to the Thames. The New River, a winding artificial stream made by Sir Hugh Myddelton to bring the waters of various Hertfordshire springs to London, neighbours the Lea, and there are important canals which we see again and again as we pass about the byways, canals which though they may in the immediate neighbourhood of canalised suburbs appear ugly have yet

about them many beauty spots to be found by the wanderer off the beaten track. It is a curious fact by the way that where habitations crowd about a canal they generally take on ugliness, and that these man-made water-ways only become beautiful where nature is left more or less of a free hand to adapt them as her own.



Looking over Harrow Weald from the North.

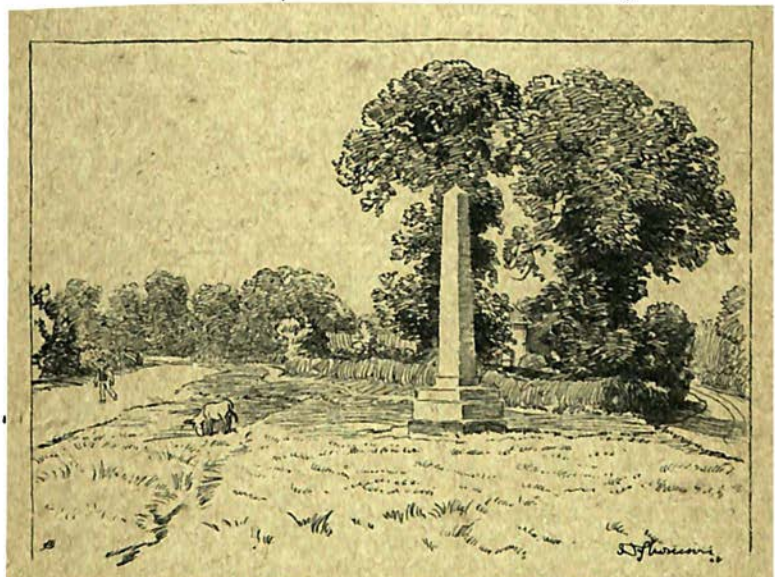
Turning from the streams of Middlesex to its hills we find that the county has nothing to boast of in the way of loftiness: the "northern heights" are only such by comparison with the Thames-side level on which London is built. Highgate, famous centuries since for its "sweet salutary air," rises to the respectable elevation of 426 feet, while Harrow Hill is but little more than two-thirds of that height, though rising more or less abruptly from the surrounding country gives it greater apparent altitude than some hills in the more northern part of the county which are between four and five hundred feet high.

On the whole, however, these higher portions of Middlesex suggest little more than pleasant "rolling" country, the hills rarely having that steepness which gives such their value in landscape.

Of the important events that have taken place, of some of the notable men and women who have been associated with this county, we shall learn much as we wander about the various places, but the "men of Middlesex" are not generally found associated or acting together with any unity of purpose. Perhaps the most remarkable instance in which Middlesex has given its name to anything was the pertinacity with which its electors insisted on returning John Wilkes to Parliament when that worthy was at loggerheads with the Government. Of him and his campaign we shall learn at Brentford, the capital town where, since 1701, the hustings for elections were erected. Up to 1700 the scene of the county elections had been Hampstead. So with the rulers and statesmen, the poets and artists and other notables whose lives were begun, partly spent, or ended in Middlesex, we shall meet them again, though it may perhaps be pointed out here that, prosaic as it may seem to many, Middlesex is particularly rich in association with our poets; Pope and Tennyson at Twickenham, Milton at Harefield, Matthew Arnold at Laleham, Keats at Enfield, Thomas Hood at Winchmore Hill, Byron at Harrow, Traherne at Teddington, these are associations which may well make the lover of our literature see in Middlesex a place of many shrines. To turn from poetry to prose we may wander up the Lea with Izaak Walton or—to go to the other extreme we may sojourn at Strawberry Hill with that master among the dilettanti, Horace Walpole.

If in battle-fields the county has not many places to touch the imagination with memories of trying times, it has seen much of warlike preparation—General Monck's army encamped at Finchley as a first step toward the Restoration of Charles the Second, and on Hounslow Heath James the Second gathered

a large army. Finchley Common and Hounslow Heath until their enclosure were for many generations used as great camping grounds—and the latter place with its extensive barracks in the immediate neighbourhood retains something of its military associations. Of actual warfare, however, the county has seen but little, some fighting at Brentford, when the Danes defeated Edmund Ironside in 1016, and when Royalists and



Obelisk near Hadley commemorating the Battle of Barnet.

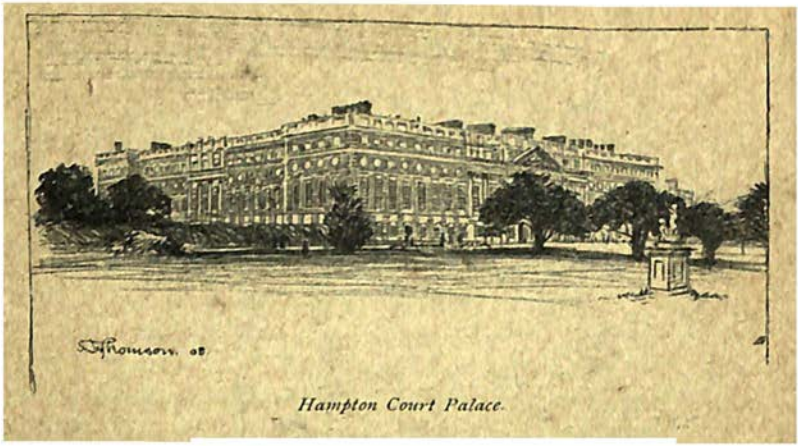
Parliamentarians were first at loggerheads in 1642, the Battle of Barnet on the Hertfordshire border in 1471—these are the principal military engagements in its history, though we shall see that there is a tradition that the Britons made their stand against Julius Cæsar on the Middlesex banks of the Thames.

If its nearness to the great city which has never been sacked —as somebody has described London—has kept the county largely free of the horrors of battle, that same association with

the capital has made it in the past a place for the stately homes of princes and noblemen and for the residence of humbler men of greater note. Its nearness to the capital, too, has also had no small share in making it celebrated as the scene of crime, in making its open spaces famous in the annals of highwaymen. The volumes of the *Middlesex Sessions Rolls*, which were published some years ago under the editorship of Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson, show something of the development of the art of highway robbery though the records of convicted highwaymen up to the time of James the Second are not so numerous as to suggest anything like the extent to which this social curse developed during the eighteenth century. Those Sessions records, however, show us the Middlesex folk as something other than robbers and robbed. When "a certain statute of Parliament of 23 Elizabeth" made it an offence against the law for people to fail in attending a "usual place of Common Prayer," there were many inhabitants of the county who refused to worship according to Act of Parliament, and there are hundred of cases of fines and imprisonment either for not going to a "usual place of Common Prayer," or for attending "conventicles" for illegal worship. About a hundred years after the "certain statute" we have a Recusants Conviction Roll (for 1673) exhibiting the names of 580 men and women of Middlesex parishes for having forborne going to church from periods of from one to eleven months. The fines seem to have been based upon the scale of twenty pounds per month of "recusancy." Twenty-seven of those who had stayed away had done so for eleven months and they were fined £220 each, the total sum representing nearly thirty thousand pounds of present money. Recusancy must have proved a profitable source of revenue to the later Stuarts—but modern Chancellors of the Exchequer can scarcely be recommended to revive "a certain statute of Parliament of 23 Elizabeth."

Another interesting item that we gather from the blood-

stained pages of the old Sessions Rolls shows that our "Garden Cities" are but mild attempts to do by co-operation that which it was attempted to do by law, A "certain statute of 31 'Eliz." required that any cottage or building constructed for habitation should have four acres of land attached to it; and we have cases in the 17th century in which builders were duly brought to book for ignoring the Act. In 1677 there was returned a "True Bill that at Edmonton Co. Midd. on the same day (Jan. 1, 1677) John Petts, late of the said parish yeoman, built a certain cottage to be occupied as a dwelling, and did not assign and lay to the said cottage four acres of land of the free hold and inheritance of the same John Petts, adjacent to the said cottage and to be occupied together with the cottage so long as the same cottage should be inhabited." There is unfortunately no record of the penalty which Mr. John Petts was made to suffer. Seventy years earlier a true bill had been returned against the builder of a house at Paddington for the same offence, while there is also a record of a man who built eleven houses at Whitechapel without "assigning and laying to" the statutory four acres. The informer against the offender in such cases received ten pounds reward per house. If this salutary act of the thirty-first of Elizabeth had not fallen into disuse, how very different our suburbs would be to-day; London itself would be but a great Garden City—and quite incidentally, the value of land would be very much less than it now is, so that here again legislators can scarcely be recommended to attempt the revival of a bit of socialistic legislation enacted long before Socialism had been dreamed of.



Hampton Court Palace.

CHAPTER II

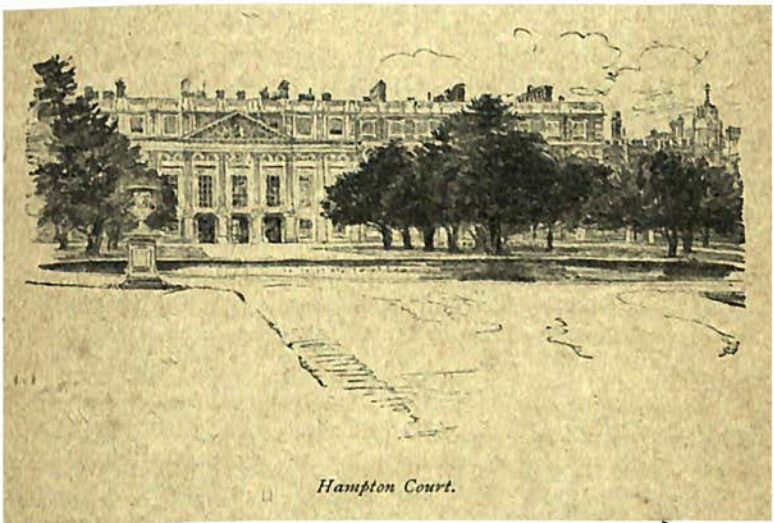
HAMPTON COURT

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced courts:
Bevies of dainty dames of high degree
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay poured out in ease and luxury.
Or, should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel and loom.—
Thomson.

Si quis opes nescit (sed quis tamen ille) Britannus:
Hampton Curia, tuos consultat ille Lares:
Contulerit toto cum sparsa palatia mundo,
Dicet, Ibi Reges, hic habitare Deos.—*Grotius.*

ABOUT Hampton Court—the most magnificent gift that subject ever presented to his king—much has been written. It has inspired the pens of the most varied writers; it has been made the centre of romance and the topic of histories; the subject of guide-books and the theme of essays. Prominent

for several centuries in our annals it is a fitting point at which to start upon a peregrination of the county to which it belongs, for it is perhaps the most popular of all the show places within easy reach of the capital, one of the spots to which visitors are first taken by those who would exhibit the sights of London and its vicinity, one most thought of by foreigners contemplating a visit to England. The rambling red brick buildings as seen from the river—by which when first built



Hampton Court.

they were most frequently approached—give but little hint of the beauties that await the leisurely visitor when he wanders about the quiet quadrangles, the rich galleries, or the lovely grounds. It is almost as though the beauties had been designedly hidden that they might come upon him with something of that surprise which in the days when folks analysed emotions was recognised as the most important part of pleasure. Approach the Palace as we may we scarcely get an adequate hint of all that it has to show. By the main entrance from the foot of Molesey Bridge along the broad

gravel drive we get from clustered decorated chimney stacks and from the principal gate-house perhaps the best idea of the older building. Here, as recent excavations reveal, was probably the entrance across the old-time moat. Approaching by the towing-path from Kingston, or by one of the paths through the river-side park, we get the fine stretch of Wren's additions to the structure, or if coming from Bushey Park we enter at the grand iron gates—the "Lion Gate," from quaint stone lions surmounting the pillars—we pass under the trees and through the shrubberies of the Wilderness, and come suddenly on the noble place.

Most visitors who spend a few hours at Hampton Court take away a general impression of stately galleries, of a bewildering succession of beautiful (and other) pictures, of cool quadrangles, gorgeous flower-beds, and smooth lawns backed by time-toned red brick buildings; their memory, to borrow a phrase from those of them who carry cameras, has "snap-shotted" the whole, but "time exposures" are needed for those who have any special leaning towards any one of the various interests to which the place appeals.

The visitor with a liking for history, with a knowledge of art or architecture, with a love of flowers, will find materials for a long succession of wanderings about the palace and grounds, and for such it is fitting that something out of the story of the place should be set forward here, though this does not claim the dignity of being a guide-book in the stricter sense of the word, while the history could only be summarised in baldest outline to be brought into a single chapter of a volume such as this. Those seeking a guide-book can obtain such at the entrance of the palace, while its full history has been told once and for all by Mr. Ernest Law in three great volumes, to which no writer on Hampton Court, directly or indirectly, can fail to be indebted. Where Mr. Law has made a series of splendid pictures embodying all details in over three centuries of story, later comers must be contented with making thumbnail

sketches, and even so must realise that they are in a sense seeing things partly through his eyes.

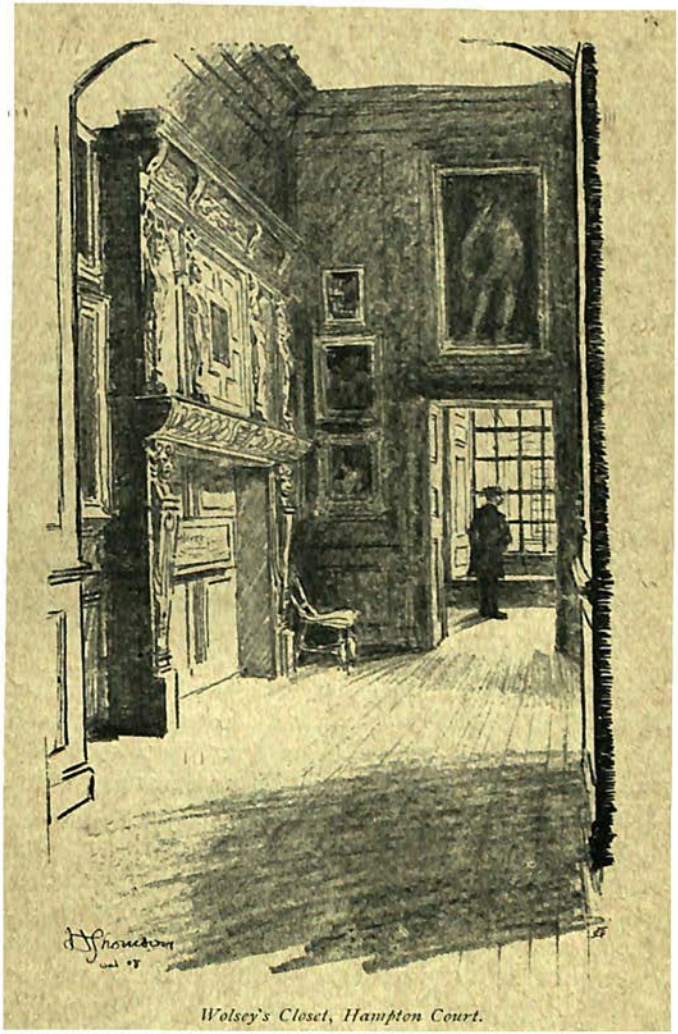
The Manor of Hampton Court at the beginning of the sixteenth century had belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem for three centuries, and it was by them in 1514 leased to Wolsey, newly come to power as chief minister to Henry the Eighth.

An old story runs that when, owing to the state of his health, the Cardinal found it necessary to have a residence some distance from London, and yet for State reasons within easy reach of that city, he "employed the most eminent physicians in England, and even called in the aid of doctors from Padua, to select the most healthy spot within twenty miles of London." The eminent ones named Hampton Court, and Wolsey acquired the manor and demolished the manor house, which had been used as a "cell" by Henry the Seventh when at Richmond Palace, and at once set about building himself a lordly pleasure house. Two years later, in May, 1516, he entertained his Royal master at the new mansion, which continued to grow in stateliness and beauty until ten years later, when the ambitious Cardinal found it diplomatic to hand it over to his King. The story runs that King Henry, growing jealous perhaps of the state which his minister was maintaining, asked why Wolsey was building so magnificent a place. "To show," replied the astute churchman, "how noble a palace a subject may offer to his sovereign." If Wolsey was loyally ready thus to hand over Hampton Court to the King, the King was no less royally ready to accept the splendid gift. Possibly the subject was already beginning to feel his hold upon the King's affection loosening, the King beginning to feel those changing sentiments which were to end in the subject's downfall. Still, though Henry gladly made Hampton Court thus easily his own, it was three or four years before he entirely supplanted Wolsey in possession. It was at Hampton —a year after he had handed the gift over to his master—that

Wolsey in 1527 magnificently entertained the splendid embassy which came from the French King to ratify that great *entente cordiale* of Tudor times from which was anticipated a period of perpetual peace between England and France. "This peace thus concluded, there shall be such an amity between gentlemen of each realm, and intercourse of merchants with merchandise, that it shall seem to all men the territories to be but one monarchy." When the ambassadorial party came out of France it consisted of such a number of noblemen and gentlemen, says the contemporary chronicler, "as hath not been seen repair hither out of one realm in an ambasset." After being hospitably received in London the whole party became the guests of Wolsey at Hampton Court, and their reception was arranged on so lavish a scale that Cavendish in the biography of his illustrious master devotes pages to the record.

Then was there no more to do but to make provision at Hampton Court for this assembly against the day appointed. My Lord called for his principal officers of his house, as his steward comptroller, and the clerks of his kitchen whom he commanded to prepare for this banquet at Hampton Court; and neither to spare for expense or travail, to make them such triumphant cheer, as they may not only wonder at it here, but also make a glorious report in their country, to the King's honour and of this realm. His pleasure once known, to accomplish his commandment they sent forth all their caterers, purveyors, and other persons, to prepare of the finest viands that they could get, either for money or friendship, among my Lord's friends. Also they sent for all the expertest cooks, besides my Lord's, that they could get in all England, where they might be gotten, to serve to garnish this feast.

George Cavendish himself being gentleman usher to the Cardinal was sent down to Hampton "to foresee all things touching our rooms, to be nobly garnished accordingly." The yeomen and grooms of the wardrobes must have been kept busy, for the chambers and halls were hung with costly hangings in the guest chambers, and there were two hundred and eighty silk beds. The cooks having been brought together



Wolsey's Closet, Hampton Court.

from all parts of England were kept at work both day and night. Then when the day came, the French visitors—spurred

perhaps by curiosity on learning of the great preparations that were a-making—arrived, it is said, something before the hour of their appointment. An impromptu hunt was at once organised, and they were all ridden over to the King's hunting palace at Hanworth until towards evening when they returned to Hampton Court and were shown each visitor to his own room with its great fire and wine. When all was ready the trumpets were blown to announce supper, and the officers of the palace "went right discreetly and in due order and conducted these noble personages from their chambers unto the chamber of presence where they should sup." Across the lower end of this chamber was erected a cupboard "of six desks high"—presumably tiers of six shelves—"full of gilt plate, very sumptuous, and of the most newest fashions—and upon the nethermost desk garnished all with plate of clean gold, having two great candlesticks of silver and gilt, most curiously wrought, and the workmanship whereof with the silver cost three hundred marks, and lights of wax as big as torches burning upon the same." We are told further that this cupboard was so barred round that no man might come nigh it—which might have been interpreted as hinting that the guests were not to be trusted! The foods brought in were costly and full of subtleties—our forefathers seem to have been fond of what might be termed a fancy-dress *cuisine*. The second course alone consisted of about a hundred "dishes, subtleties, and curious devices," including Paul's church and steeple as well counterfeited as if it had been painted, beasts, birds, fowls,—the historian does not tell us the difference—and persons. The item that seems most to have struck good Master Cavendish, when holding up the hands of wonder, was "a chess-board subtilely made of spiced plate, with men to the same." The full account of the feasting should be read by the curious in such matters in Cavendish's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, here we must be satisfied with a summary giving a hint of Tudor magnificence as exemplified by the splendid Cardinal at

Hampton Court. The cups went so merrily, it may be said in conclusion, that the Frenchmen were fain to be led to their beds, and they rose not early the next day.

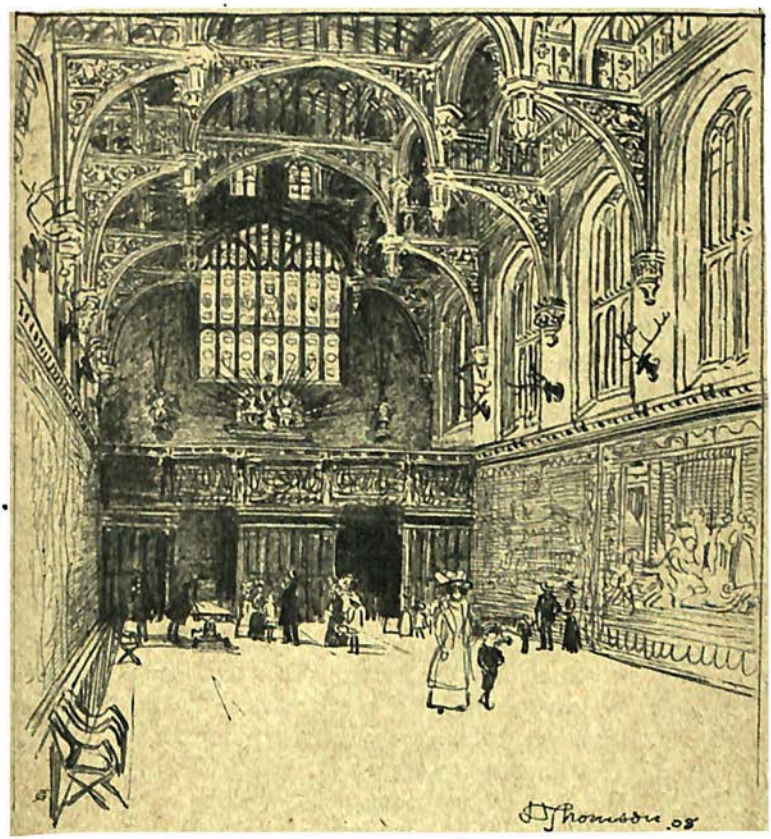
When Wolsey was thus entertaining his visitors it may well be that he was already conscious of the shadow of impending change, certainly he knew that he was but host on sufferance in the great palace that he had built. Then when Henry entered into possession and the Cardinal fell into disgrace, changes were at once begun about the scarce-completed buildings—the Great Hall and other additions were made, and then came alterations as His Majesty's allegiance changed from one wife to another, the initials of one queen giving way to those of her successor in the decorations. Here Jane Seymour gave birth to Edward the Sixth, here Katherine Howard was privately married to Henry, here he repudiated her and married her successor, Katherine Parr.

For the proper appreciation of all that there is to be seen in and about the palace the visitor must necessarily have a handy guide-book. Here we may better recall some of the events of the past associated with the place. The importance which it took on in the days of Wolsey's pride is sufficiently shown in the rough rhyming of our first satirist, John Skelton:

Why come ye not to court?
To whyche Court?
To Kynge's courte,
Or to Hampton Court?—
Nay, to the Kynges court:
The Kynge's Courte
Shulde have the excellence;
But Hampton Court
Hath the preemynence.
And Yorkes Place,
With my lord's grace,
To whose magnifycence
To all the conflewence,
Sutys and supplycacons,
Embassades of all nacyons.

It has been suggested that King Henry became jealous on comparing the new and stately Thames-side palace of his minister with his own palace at Hanworth; he, not unnaturally, did not like it that the Cardinal's residence should have "the preemynence," and on getting possession himself set out to have it made yet more magnificent. Then as he grew fat and scant of breath, he had the idea of making Hampton Court a place where he could indulge in his favourite sport of hunting. Thus was the Royal Chase of Hampton Court established and a great tract of country on both sides of the Thames was afforested, enclosed with palings and stocked with deer, much to the distress of the Surrey and Middlesex people. South a few miles in Surrey was Nonsuch, a royal palace of which it was said "one would imagine everything that architecture can perform to have been employed in this one work"; north-west a few miles was Hanworth palace, so that His Majesty was well provided in the matter of homes within an easy ride of London. Of Nonsuch nothing remains beyond traditions of splendour and magnificence, of Hanworth only a few scraps, but Hampton stands one of the most perfect examples of its kind—one of the most magnificent and one of the most capacious palaces in England. Perhaps to its situation on the river bank Hampton Court owes it that its fate has been happier than that of Hanworth or Nonsuch. In days when means of communication were less easy, the Thames was an important highway, and it was only natural that the palace which could be reached by water as well as by road should be the better appreciated. The fact that King Henry should have two great residences on the Thames seems greatly to have impressed his *vis-à-vis* of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, for Sir John Wallop, the English Ambassador to the court of Francis the First of France, writing to Henry the Eighth, said that the French monarch had enquired as to the whereabouts of Windsor, and learning that it stood on a hill by the river: "'Je vous prie, Monsr. Ambassadour,' quod He,

'que ryver, est cella?' I said it was the Themys. 'Et Hampton Court,' quod He, 'est il sur le mesmes ryver aussy?' I saied, Ye, that theye bothe stode uppon the same



The Great Hall, Hampton Court.

ryver with dyvers other goodly howses, namyng Richemount for one, declaring to hym at length the magnificence of them all three, and specially of Hampton Court; of which He was very

desierous to here, and toke grete pleasure to commun with me thereon, shewing me He hard saye that Your Majestie did use much gilding in your said howses, and specially in the rowffes, and that He in his building used little or none, but made the rowffes of tymbre fyndly wrought with dyvers cullers of woode naturall."

It was at Hampton Court that the King heard of the death of the princely churchman who had built it, and thither George Cavendish journeyed to tell His Majesty details of the death of Wolsey at Leicester, and the King "examined me of divers weighty matters concerning my Lord, wishing that liever than twenty thousand pounds that he had lived." He did not, however, long sentimentalise over the dead Cardinal who had served him all too well, but at once proceeded to ask the whereabouts of a certain fifteen hundred pounds that had been sent to Wolsey just before his death. We seem to get a glimpse of the bluff King in his very habit as he lived in Cavendish's account of his coming to Hampton Court: "Repairing to the King I found him shooting at the rounds in the park, on the back side of the garden. And perceiving him occupied in shooting, thought it not my duty to trouble him, but leaned to a tree, intending to stand there, and to attend his gracious pleasure. Being in a great study, at last the King came suddenly behind me, where I stood, and clapped his hand upon my shoulder; and when I perceived him I fell upon my knee. To whom he said, calling me by name, 'I will,' quoth he, 'make an end of my game, and then will I talk with you;' and so departed to his mark, whereat the game was ended. Then the King delivered his bow to the yeoman of his bows, and went his way inward to the place, whom I followed."

Henry made Hampton Court a favourite place of residence, the district around giving him ample opportunities for indulging in the open air sports in which he delighted: hunting, hawking, and shooting at the mark. Here in 1533, when the trouble-

some proceedings by which he sought to annul his marriage with Katherine of Arragon had come to nought and he had boldly taken the law into his own hands and married Anne Boleyn, that ambitious young woman held high estate as Queen; and here she disappointed the King's hopes by giving birth to a stillborn son. It was, however, but for a brief while, for after marriage the King's ardour cooled rapidly, and in three years came the tragedy of Tower Hill and the King's marriage in indecent haste with Jane Seymour. On October 12, 1537, Queen Jane gave birth at Hampton Court Palace to a son (afterwards Edward the Sixth), and died shortly afterwards. King Henry had at last a male heir to his crown, and the fact that that heir was born at Hampton seems to have increased his liking for the place, for it was in the following year that he procured the passing of an Act of Parliament to create the Honour of Hampton, to make of it a Royal chase. He also added considerably to the buildings and the surrounding grounds so as, to use the words of the Act, "to make it a goodly, sumptuous and beautiful manor, decent and convenient for a King, and did ornate the same with parks, gardens, and orchards, and other things of great commodity and pleasure thereto adjoining, meet and pertinent to his Royal Majesty." This afforesting of the surrounding country was not to the liking of the people, but the monarch was not one to consider much the feelings of others where his Royal pleasure or convenience was concerned, and it was duly carried out, presumably to his great satisfaction. With Anne of Cleves the palace seems to have had but little association —that unhospitably entreated lady, Queen and no-Queen, was however here while awaiting the decree of divorce, when she removed across the river to the neighbouring palace of Richmond, and Katherine Howard was openly shown as Queen at Hampton Court, where she enjoyed part of her brief term of splendour, for brief it was. In the summer of 1540 the fourth Queen was here awaiting the promulgation of her

divorce; in the summer of 1543 the fickle King married Katherine Parr, his sixth Queen, and in the intervening period the tragic figure of Katherine Howard had been raised to the unstable position, queened it for a time and passed to the headsman's block. With his successive consorts Henry held state at Hampton, and there are records of several Christmas feasts. At Christmas in 1544 he held a Chapter of the Garter here, and it is suggested that it was on this occasion that the Earl of Surrey—he who is sometimes credited as first smoothener of our versification and with the introduction of the Italian sonnet—may have renewed his acquaintance with the lovely Geraldine—

> Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine.

The suggestion that these lines were written about 1544 has presumably been made to allow of "Geraldine" being of courtable age, the Lady Margaret Fitzgerald having been born in 1528.

> Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen;
> Bright is her hue and Geraldiné she hight:
> Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine:
> And Windsor, alas! doth chase her from my sight.

It was the fictions of Thomas Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller*, accepted as fact by easily satisfied commentators, that gave rise to the legend of Surrey and the fair Geraldine, and so caused the name to be read into the poet's love verses where it actually occurs but once and once by implication. That there was a lady to whom one or two poems were addressed there can be no doubt. Nashe, acquainted probably with the sonnet from which the above four lines are quoted, makes Surrey apostrophise the place of his meeting with Geraldine in high falutin, which shows how in this matter panting novelette writers of to-day toil after the Elizabethans in vain: "Oh thrice emperial Hampton court, *Cupid's* inchaunted castle, the place where I first sawe the perfect omnipotence

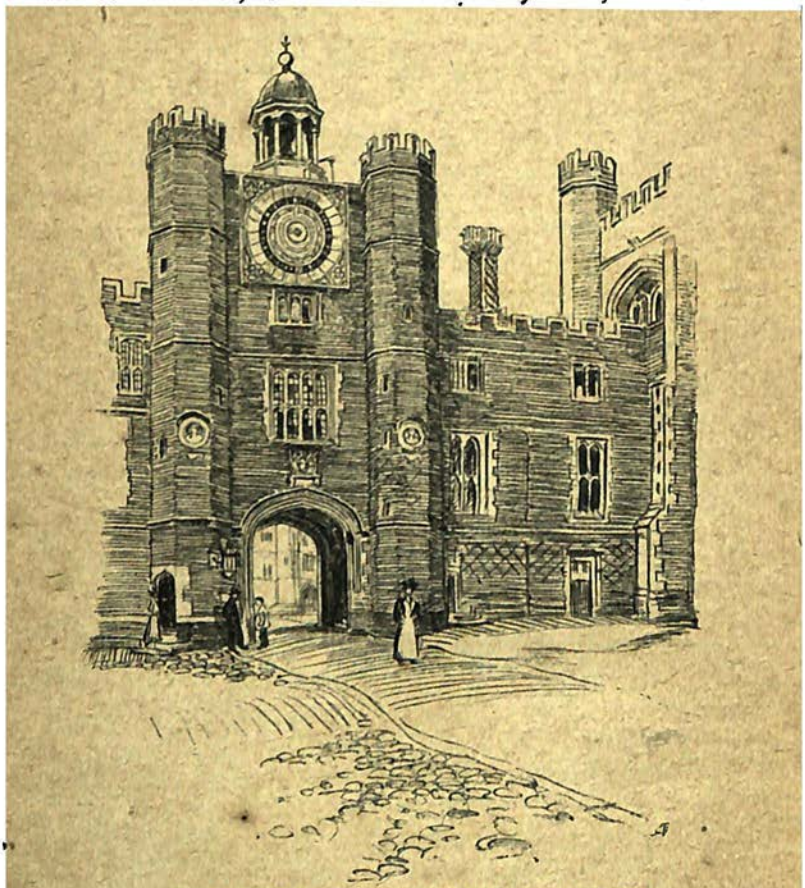
of the Almightie expressed in mortalite, 'tis thou alone, that tithing all other men solace in thy pleasant seituation, affoordest mee nothing but an excellent begotten sorrowe out of the chiefe treasurie of all thy recreations . . . there it was where I first set eie on my more than celestiall *Geraldine*."

Surrey, who was companion at Windsor to the King's natural son, Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, must have been much at Hampton; and here in 1537 the proud and hot-headed young nobleman struck a courtier who repeated a rumour to the effect that Surrey sympathised with the Yorkshire insurgents of the Pilgrimage of Grace. For which act he was confined for some months at Windsor Castle.

Henry the Eighth died at the beginning of 1547, and the boy-King, his successor, is said to have preferred the palace at Richmond to his birthplace, though when his health began to fail he was brought thither before going to another of his Thames-side palaces at Greenwich. It was an unfortunate state of medical knowledge which kept the youth suffering from consumption to residences on the river. In 1549, when the rival parties in the State were entering upon that contest for control of the boy-King, the Protector, Somerset, removed him on September 18 to Hampton Court. The cabal against Somerset was growing stronger, and by October he was feeling so nervous that he must have succeeded in causing a lively sense of disquietude. On the first of the month the following proclamation was issued:

"The King's Majesty straitly chargeth and commandeth all his loving subjects with all haste to repair to His Highness at His Majesty's Manor of Hampton Court, in most defensible array, with harness and weapons to defend his most royal person and his most intirely beloved uncle the Lord Protector, against whom certain hath attempted a most dangerous conspiracy. And this to do in all possible haste. Given at Hampton Court, this first day of October, in the third year of his most noble reign." Six days later, according to the King's

journal, the Protector "commanded the armour to be brought down out of the armoury of Hampton Court, about five hundred harnesses, to arm both his and my men; with all the



Anne Boleyn's Gateway and the Clock, Hampton Court.

gates of the house to be rampiered—people to be raised." It was given out that the rival faction sought to destroy the King, and the people were gathered together in the Base Court

Somerset causing "His Highness Good Prince to say, 'I pray you be good to us and our uncle.'" Whatever the response may have been, Somerset was no longer satisfied of the security of Hampton Court, and so secretly, "at nine or ten o'clock of the night," hurriedly carried the King off to Windsor: only to come by his fall in a few days. A couple of years later his great rival Warwick was created by Edward at Hampton Court, Duke of Northumberland.

The most notable association of Hampton Court with the reign of Edward the Sixth, was that it was then that the people of the afforested district dared to give expression to their grievance and to petition that the neighbourhood should be de-chased. It was set forth that "forasmuch as their commons, meadows and pastures be taken in, and that all the said parishes are overlaid with the deer now increasing daily upon them, very many households of the same parishes be let fall down, the families decayed and the King's liege people much diminished, the country thereabout in manner made desolate," and further that "the King's Majesty loseth yearly, diminished of his yearly revenues and rents to a great sum." Either for the sake of the impoverished people, or on account of the diminished revenue, the order was given that the surrounding country should be de-chased, the deer and palings being removed to Windsor and other of the royal parks, and the land "restored to the old tenants, to pay again the former rents."

In the following reign, under the gloomy rule of Queen Mary, Hampton Court seems to have seen but little of the gaiety of the two previous decades. Hither, shortly after her marriage, she came with her consort Philip the Second of Spain, but she brought no joyous Court. As Holinshed puts it, "the hall door within the Court was continually shut, so that no man might enter unless his errand were first known: which seemed strange to Englishmen that had not been used thereto." In the autumn of that year the Princess Elizabeth was summoned from Woodstock, where she was closely confined

on suspicion of being concerned in intrigues against the Queen, and was duly brought to Hampton Court. Not yet to freedom, however, for on her arrival at the palace she was confined in "the prince's lodgings," and there at first close guarded. She was promptly visited by Bishop Gardiner and other of Queen Mary's ministers, and without hearing their errand exclaimed:

"My Lords, I am glad to see you: for methinks I have been kept a great while from you, desolately alone. Wherefore I would entreat you to be a means to the King's and Queen's Majestys, that I may be delivered from my imprisonment, in which I have been kept a long time, as to you, my Lords, is not unknown." On being told that "she must confess her fault, and put herself on the Queen's mercy," she stoutly replied "that rather than she would do so, she would lie in prison all her life; that she had never offended against the Queen in thought, word, or deed, that she craved no mercy at Her Majesty's hand, but rather desired to put herself on the law." Again the Queen's emissaries visited her in her palace prison-room, and Bishop Gardiner, on his knees, told her "that the Queen marvelled at her boldness in refusing to confess her offence, so that it might seem as if Her Majesty had wrongfully imprisoned her grace." "Nay," replied the princess, "she may, if it please her, punish me as she thinketh good." "Her Majesty," retorted the Bishop, "willeth me to tell you that you must tell another tale ere you are set at liberty." The reply was that the princess would as lief be in prison with honesty, as to be abroad suspected by the Queen, and Elizabeth added, "that which I have said I will stand to." After that she was left to herself for a week, but was then summoned to her dour sister's presence and her imprisonment relaxed. It is diversely said that the astute Philip, with an eye to future contingencies, had persuaded the Queen to release the Princess Elizabeth, and that Philibert of Savoy was at Hampton Court as suitor for her hand.

At Christmas of that same year, 1554, high festival was held

in Hampton Court; Mary was in hopes of giving an heir to the throne, and Elizabeth was allowed to take her fitting place as the Queen's sister. Feasts and tournaments were held here as we learn from the record of Elizabeth's Progresses.

The great hall of the palace was illuminated with a thousand lamps curiously disposed, the Princess Elizabeth supped at the same table with the King and Queen, next the cloth of state, and after supper was served with a perfumed napkin and plate of confects by the Lord Paget; but she retired to her ladies before the revels, maskings and disguisings began. On St. Stephen's Day she heard matins in the Queen's Closet, when she was attired in a robe of white satin, strung all over with large pearls. On the 29th of December, she sat with their Majesties and the nobility at a grand spectacle of justing when two hundred spears were broken. Half of the combatants were accoutred in the Almaine and half in the Spanish fashion.

This is the chief event in the story of Hampton Court under the rule of Queen Mary, and it is notable that it should be memorable principally as part of the story of her sister and successor. Here at the early age of one and twenty, as princess, Elizabeth gave evidence of those qualities of shrewdness in dealing with others and of firmness of purpose which were to make her life and reign remarkable. In her seem to have been combined the pride and will of her father and the ambition and vanity of her unhappy mother.

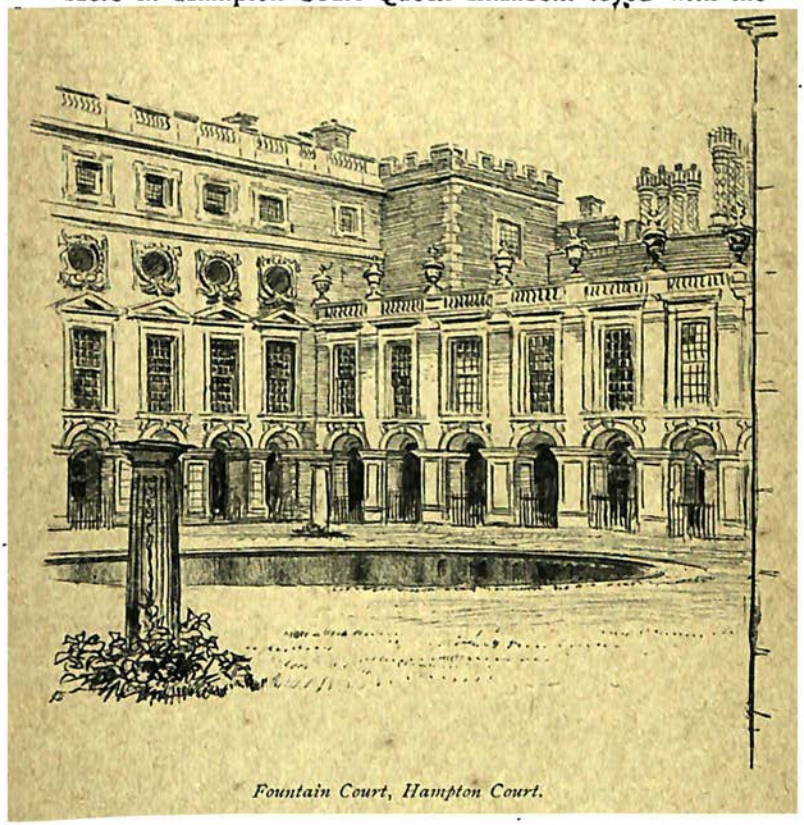
When Queen Mary was expecting the birth of an heir, letters announcing the happy event were prepared, blanks being left for the date of the event, the word *fil* being left so that *s* or *le* could be added according to the sex of the child. The letter to be sent to Cardinal Pole is said to have expressed definitely the sex of the expected infant, stating "that God had been pleased, amongst his other benefits, to add the gladding of us with the happy delivery of a Prince." It does not seem to have been recognised that in the case of a girl this also could at once have been corrected by the addition of *ss*.

Within four years of the Christmas festivities of 1554 and of Mary's disappointed hopes of a child, Elizabeth had ascended

the throne, and during the five and forty years of her reign, Hampton Court was the centre of many brilliant scenes, for the place was one of the Virgin Queen's favourite residences, and here she often held her Court and entertained distinguished foreign visitors—among whom there seems for many years to have been something like a regular procession of wooers or their ambassadors. It was in the Great Hall here that Elizabeth's Conference met on October 30, 1568, to discuss the fate of Mary Queen of Scots, when the toils were closing in on that unhappy woman. The Conference had been adjourned from York that Elizabeth herself might be at hand, and though it continued at Hampton Court Palace it came to no conclusive decision. The second Conference met at Westminster, and this also was adjourned to Hampton Court, where there were meetings in December and the two following months. There Queen Elizabeth received the commissioners who appeared on behalf of Queen Mary, and there also she received the Regent Murray and listened to some of the arguments for and against the unhappy sovereign whom she had made prisoner. It has been said that the Conference at Hampton Court in 1568 sealed the fate of the Scots Queen, but it was nearly twenty years later that she was executed. It has also been stated that it was here the famous Casket Letters were first brought in evidence against Mary, but there seems to be little doubt that the Regent produced these at the first Conference at York. It was nearly two centuries later that those Casket Letters were published—and their authenticity challenged—by one Walter Goodall. In the second of his volumes are given many notes of the meetings that took place at Hampton Court, of the things said and done, of the way in which Elizabeth declared that Queen Mary's charges against Earl Murray had not been established, and that nothing had been proved in regard to the Regent's counter charges. Regent Murray was therefore graciously permitted to return into Scotland, but Elizabeth, though nothing had been produced,

"Quhairby the Quene of Ingland sould conceave or tak ony evil opinioun of the Quene her guid sister," continued to keep Mary a well-guarded prisoner.

Here in Hampton Court Queen Elizabeth toyed with the



Fountain Court, Hampton Court.

thought of marriage, and hither came some of those ambassadors from abroad who sought to win her for one or other royal suitor; here in December, 1570, came La Mothe Fenelon to negotiate marriage between her and the Duke of Anjou. The ambassador having been introduced into

her privy chamber by the favourite, Leicester, "found her better dressed than usual, and she appeared eager to talk of the King's (Charles the Ninth's) wedding"; he retorted "that he could wish to congratulate her upon her own." The Queen repeated that she never meant to marry, adding "that she regretted that she had not thought in time about her want of posterity, and that if she ever did take a husband, it should only be one of a royal house of suitable rank to her own."

Queen Elizabeth "kept Christmas" with Tudor pomp and festivity several times at Hampton Court, and here must often have been seen such sights as Sir John Davies described in his laudation of dancing in 1594.

Her brighter dazzling beams of Majesty
Were laid aside: for she vouchsafed awhile
With gracious, cheerful, and familiar eye,
Upon the revels of her Court to smile
For so Time's journey she doth oft beguile:
Like sight no mortal eye might elsewhere see
So full of State, Art and variety.

For of her Barons brave, and Ladies fair
(Who had they been elsewhere, most fair had been),
Many an incomparable lovely pair
With hand in hand were interlinkéd seen,
Making fair honour to their sovereign Queen:
Forward they paced, and did their pace apply
To a most sweet and solemn melody.

Many are the testimonies to the splendour of the palace as maintained by Elizabeth; to all that Wolsey and Henry the Eighth had done to make the place magnificent she was constantly adding, and noble guests, ambassadors and private travellers during her reign all testify to the splendour of Hampton under the rule of the pageant-loving queen. The Duke of Wirtemburg described it as the most splendid and most magnificent royal palace of any that may be found in England or any other kingdom. "In particular, there is one apartment belonging to the Queen, in which she is

accustomed to sit in state, costly beyond everything; the tapestries are garnished with gold, pearls and precious stones—one table-cover alone is valued at above fifty thousand crowns—not to mention the royal throne, which is studded with very large diamonds, rubies, sapphires and the like that glitter among other precious stones and pearls as the sun among the stars." Then there was the "Paradise" room, which "captivates the eyes of all who enter, by the dazzling of pearls of all kinds." In this room was hung stitchery of Queen Mary's, stitchery of which Taylor, "the Water Poet," and most pedestrian plodder in verse wrote :—

> In Windsor Castle and in Hampton Court,
> In that most pompous room called Paradise,
> Whoever pleases thither to resort
> May see some works of hers of wondrous price.
> Her greatness held it no disreputation
> To hold the needle in her royal hand;
> Which was a good example to our nation,
> To banish idleness throughout the land.

When James the Sixth of Scotland journeyed south to become James the First of England, Hampton Court ceased to be so favoured a centre of royal display as it was under his predecessor, though his first Christmas was spent here with great splendour. The theatre had come to be an important factor in social life, and masques were beginning their brief but brilliant period of popularity. At this Christmas season of 1603–4 many were the masquings carried out in the Great Hall, the most notable being the *Vision of the Twelve Goddesses* of Samuel Daniel. A full account of these Christmas festivities will be found in the second volume of Mr. Law's exhaustive work on Hampton Court.

In the annals of the reign of James the First Hampton Court is chiefly associated with a Conference "now very dimly known, if known at all, as the 'Hampton Court Conference,'" as Carlyle puts it. This was at the beginning of January, 1604,

between representatives of the Established Church and of the Presbyterians, Puritans, and Low Church Party. The Scots King had been less than a year on the English throne when he sought to bring about peace between the Puritans and the Established Church by an exercise of autocratic power. The Conference can scarcely have been expected to compose the difference between the two parties, and the King seems to have summoned it rather for the purpose of browbeating and threatening the minority than with any high idea of being peace-maker. The Church was represented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and seven other bishops, five deans, and two doctors, while the Puritans were only allowed to send four representatives, and the latter were not admitted on the first of the three days of the Conference. James had on coming to England been given a petition signed by some hundreds of English clergy asking for a reform of the Church Courts, the removal of superstitious usages from the Book of Common Prayer, the disuse of lessons from the Apocrypha, a more rigorous observance of the Sabbath, and the provision and training of ministers who could preach to the people. The King promised a conference for the discussion of the provisions of the petition, and this gathering at Hampton Court was the result. In the interval things had occurred which stiffened the King's instinctive opposition to reform, and at the Conference he showed greater readiness in airing his own theological learning than in listening to any discussion of grievances, and charged the petitioners with wishing to set up a Presbytery where "Jack and Tom and Will and Dick shall meet, and at their pleasure censure me and my Council and all our proceedings. . . . Stay, I pray you, for one seven years before you demand that of me, or if you find me pursy and fat and my windpipe stuffed, I will perhaps hearken to you, for let that government be once up, and I am sure I shall be kept in breath." So much did the oratory of King James delight some of his party that

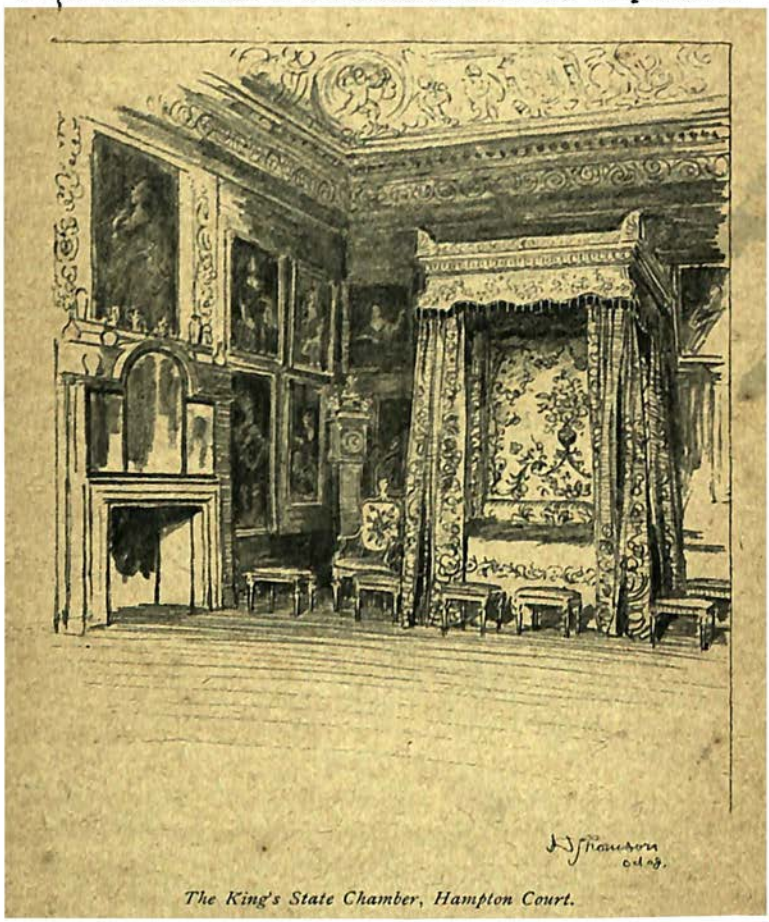
the Bishop of London fell upon his knees, declaring that "his heart melted with joy that Almighty God, of His singular mercy hath given us such a King as, since Christ's time, the like hath not been"; while the Archbishop exclaimed: "undoubtedly Your Majesty speaks by the special assistance of God's Spirit." Had the King's pedantry been tempered with common sense, or his prelates been less subservient, the course of events during the 17th century might have been widely different. The sturdy four continued to question the monarch's infallibility, and James in dudgeon broke up the Conference, declaring "I will make them conform themselves or I will harry them out of this land." Thus we may regard Hampton Court Palace as the place where that breach between Crown and People began which was to widen unbridgeably during the succeeding reign. Indirectly the Conference bore important fruit in the new Authorised Translation of the Bible, which was undertaken the same year and completed in 1611. Two of the Puritans who took part in the discussion were among the translators.

At some time during the first half of the seventeenth century the learned Grotius visited Hampton Court and wrote the quatrain which stands at the head of this chapter, a quatrain which has been uncouthly Englished thus:

> If any Briton what is wealth don't know,
> To Hampton Court let him directly go,
> When he all palaces hath viewed well
> He'll say *there* kings, but *here* the gods do dwell!

Under King James's son and successor, Charles the First, Hampton Court was again a favourite centre of Royal festivities; here ambassadors were received and hither when plague broke out in London the King removed his Court, issuing a proclamation prohibiting all communication with the capital during the continuance of the visitation—His Majesty seeming to have had something of that fear of the plague which was shown by Elizabeth and by Henry the Eighth. For many years Charles

and his Queen came to the Palace, and continued to enrich the rooms with fresh works of art. Here on December 1st the Grand Remonstrance of the House of Commons was presented



The King's State Chamber, Hampton Court.

to him, and hither in 1642, when the tension between King and Parliament was at breaking point and London was getting unpleasant, Charles came from Whitehall on January 10th for

the last time as a free King. Hence he set out for the North and the incidents of the first Civil War. The next time he was at Hampton Court it was as prisoner; the next time he was to be at Whitehall was to be as "victor-victim." It was in August, 1647, that he was at Hampton Court a prisoner negotiating with Parliament and Army with no very good prospect of a settlement in his favour: "the Army Council, the Army Adjutators, and serious England at large, were earnest about one thing; the King was not in earnest, except about another thing: there could be no bargain with the King." Though Charles was no close prisoner but merely guarded in his beautiful palace here, as we learn from Lady Fanshawe, Lady Hutchinson, and other contemporaries, he must soon have become conscious that he and his captors could never see eye to eye. Ann Lady Fanshawe records that her husband, who had been appointed ambassador to Spain, visited him and had with him much talk, adding:

I went three times to pay my duty to him, both as I was the daughter of his servant and wife to his servant. The last time I ever saw him, when I took my leave, I could not refrain from weeping. When he had saluted me I prayed God to preserve His Majesty with long life and happy years. He stroked me on my cheek and said "Child, if God pleaseth it shall be so, but both you and I must submit to God's will—and you know in what hands I am." Then turning to your father he said "Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said, and deliver those letters to my wife. Pray God bless her: I hope I shall do well"; and taking him in his arms said, "thou hast ever been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love and trust to you," adding, "and I do promise you both that if ever I am restored to my dignity, I will bountifully reward you both for your service and sufferings."

In November Oliver Cromwell wrote from the camp at Putney to Colonel Whalley, who was guarding the King, "there are rumours abroad of some intended attempt on His Majesty's person. Therefore I pray have a care of your guards. If any such thing should be done it would be accounted a most horrid

act." On the 11th Cromwell was summoned hurriedly late at night to Hampton Court to learn that the King had fled; at midnight he wrote hence to the Speaker of the House of Commons that His Majesty had "withdrawn himself" at nine o'clock: "the manner is variously reported; and we will say little of it at present, but that His Majesty was expected at supper, when the commissioners and Colonel Whalley missed him; upon which they entered the room; they found His Majesty had left his cloak behind him in the Gallery in the Private Way. He passed, by the back stairs and vault, towards the Water-side." At Hampton Court the King had had little or no restrictions in the matter of visitors: hither his children came from Syon House at Isleworth to visit him, "and the citizens flocked thither as they had used to do at the end of a progress when the King had been some months absent from London." Here came Lady Fanshawe and her husband to affecting interviews, and here came John Evelyn "to kiss His Majesty's hand, he being in the power of those execrable villains who not long after murdered him." The King's flight served to widen the breach between him and his people, and little more than a year later came his execution.

When Royal property was sold under the Commonwealth in 1651 the Manor of Hampton Court was disposed of to one John Phelps, but the palace was presumably not included, for shortly after it passed into the possession of Oliver Cromwell and became one of his favourite residences. Here his daughter Mary was married to Lord Falconbridge on November 18th, 1657, when it may be believed Mr. Andrew Marvell duly read the "Two Songs" which he had written in honour of the occasion, in which the bride was Cynthia and the groom Endymion,

> Joy to Endymion.
> For he has Cynthia's favour won,
> And Jove himself approves
> With his serenest influence their loves.

For he did never love to pair
His progeny above the air,
But to be honest, valiant, wise,
Makes mortals matches fit for deities.

Here in the following August his daughter Elizabeth, Mrs. Claypole, died, he having been for fourteen days constantly at her bedside, and he a little later was stricken with mortal illness. Fox, the Quaker, in his journal has left a remarkable note of a meeting with the Protector shortly after his daughter's death: "I met him riding into Hampton Court Park, and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a dead man." After some days of ups and downs in his illness here, when the great leader of men was so confident of his own recovery that premature thanks were offered up, he was removed to Whitehall, where he died within a month of the death of his daughter. After the Protector's death, the property was again to be sold, but Ludlow moved that it should be reserved "for the retirement of those that were employed in Public affairs, when they should be indisposed in the summer season." Despite Sir Henry Vane's protest that the reservation was contrary to the interest of the Commonwealth, "that such places might justly be accounted amongst those things that prove temptations to ambitious men, and exceedingly tend to sharpen their appetite to ascend the Throne," it was duly ordered "That the House called Hampton Court, with the outhouses and gardens thereunto belonging, and the little park where it stands, be stayed from sale, until the Parliament take further order."

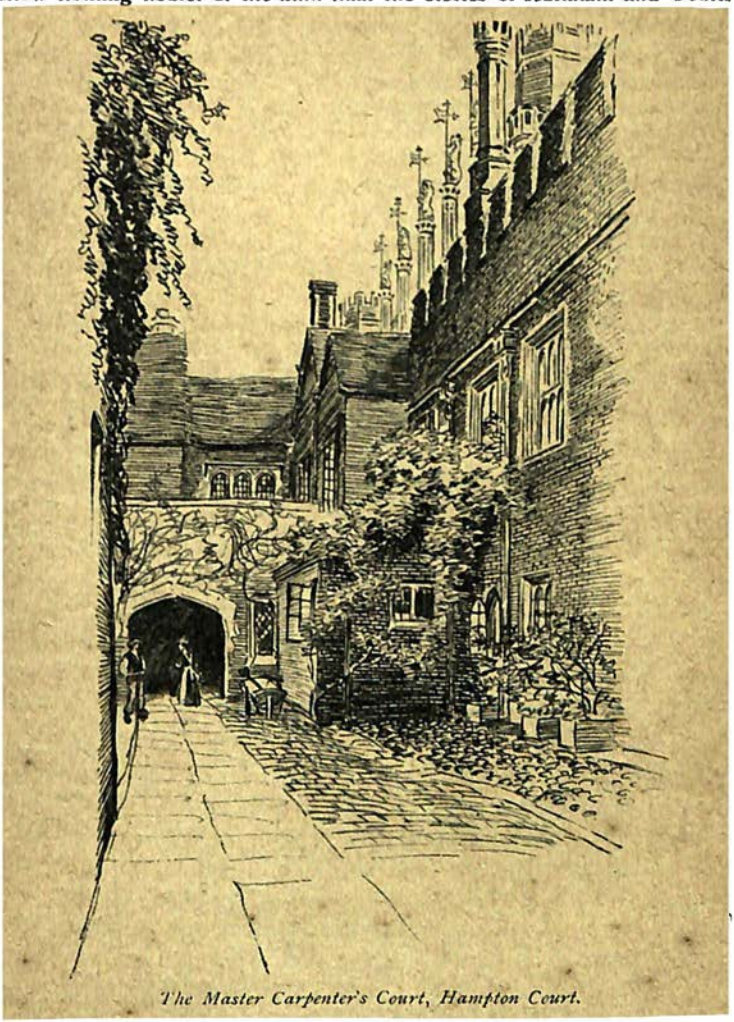
With Richard Cromwell's brief protectorate Hampton Court is but little associated, though Cromwell the Second was reprimanded by Parliament for coming thither and killing a deer. The Long Parliament wished to bestow the Palace on Monck, but that astute man, engaged in the dangerous occupa

tion of seeking to run with the quarry and hunt with the hounds, refused the gift and only accepted the custody and stewardship of it for life. He was already concerned in intriguing for the bringing in of Charles the Second, and his judicious methods succeeded so well that on the Restoration he was confirmed in the multifarious offices of lieutenant, keeper, ranger and steward of Hampton Court.

With the Restoration of Charles the Second Hampton Court Palace became again an important centre of court life. Hither the King brought his bride, Catherine of Braganza, on her way from Portsmouth to the capital; here was played out much of the farce which attended the refusal of the Queen and her compatriots to translate themselves sartorially into English, and here was enacted the more tragic wearing down of the Queen to accept her husband's mistress Lady Castlemaine as member of the Royal entourage. John Evelyn tells us in his Diary how he journeyed to Hampton Court to see the new Queen, and how she arrived "with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingales"; a few days later he "saw her Majesty at supper privately in her bedchamber." To Hampton the King came to indulge in the game and play of tennis, and here he began those alterations of the grounds which were to change their character considerably. Among the improvements of his reign were the cutting of the Long Canal from the eastern front of the palace through the Home Park, and the planting of its borders with avenues of limes, and planting of dwarf yews, presumably those which now contrast so beautifully with the display of spring and summer flowers about the eastern front. Evelyn's account of the palace at this time is worthy of remembrance as coming from a man interested especially in the laying-out of grounds.

Hampton Court is as noble and uniform a pile, and as capacious as any Gothic architecture can have made it. There is an incomparable furniture in it, especially hangings designed by Raphael, very rich with gold; also many rare pictures, especially the Cæsarian Triumphs of Andrea Mantegna,

formerly the Duke of Mantua's: of the tapestries, I believe the world can show nothing nobler of the kind than the stories of Abraham and Tobit.



The Master Carpenter's Court, Hampton Court.

The gallery of horns is very particular for the vast beams of stags, elks, antelopes, etc. The Queen's bed was an embroidery of silver on crimson

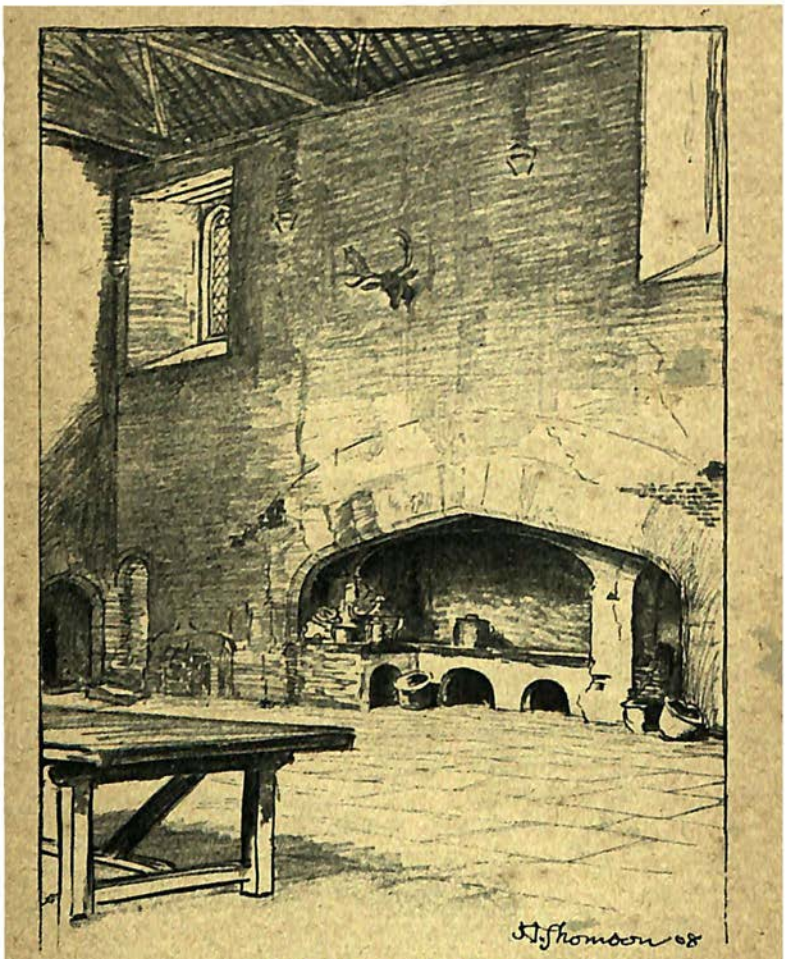
velvet, and cost 8,000 pounds, being a present made by the States of Holland when His Majesty returned, and had formerly been given by them to our King's sister, the Princess of Orange, and, being bought of her again, was now presented to the King. The great looking glass and toilet of beaten and massive gold was given by the Queen-mother. The Queen brought over with her from Portugal such Indian cabinets as had never before been seen here. The great hall is a most magnificent room. The chapel-roof excellently fretted and gilt. I was also curious to visit the wardrobe and tents, and other furniture of state. The park, formerly a flat and naked piece of ground, now planted with sweet rows of lime trees; and the canal for water now near perfected; also the air-park. In the garden is a rich and noble fountain, with Sirens, statues, etc., cast in copper by Fanelli; but no plenty of water. The cradle-work of hornbeam in the garden is, for the perplexed twining of the trees, very observable. There is a parterre which they call Paradise, in which is a pretty banqueting-house set over a cave, or cellar. All these gardens might be exceedingly improved, as being too narrow for such a palace.

Posterity has been well treated in the matter of intimate history of the latter part of the 17th century, and we learn from the other great diarist of the period, Samuel Pepys, that he was frequently at Hampton Court, journeying thither as was the general custom up to his time by river. Here he was thanked by King Charles and by the Duke of York for his services, and here he had the satisfaction of kissing the hands of the Duke and Duchess when coming hither to see the Court set out for Salisbury. Plague was then beginning to make London melancholy with the death "bell always going," but the setting out of the Court from the Palace was nevertheless a gay one, and Pepys notes that "it was pretty to see the young, pretty ladies dressed like men, in velvet coats, caps and ribbands, with lace bands, just like men."

During the reign of Charles much was done towards the further beautifying of Hampton Court Palace. Lely painted the beautiful women of the Court who still look down from his canvases, but not on the scenes familiar to their originals, for the galleries of to-day belong to the additions to the palace made by William the Third. It was Charles, too, who commissioned

Verrio to paint some of the ceilings and stairways—as William was to do later—and we learn from Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting in England* that once when Verrio "had but lately received an advance of £1,000, he found the King in such a circle that he could not approach him. He called out 'Sire, I desire the favour of speaking to Your Majesty.' 'Well, Verrio,' said the King, 'What is your request?' 'Money, sir, money: I am so short of cash that I am not able to pay my workmen: and Your Majesty and I have learned by experience that pedlars and painters cannot give long credit.' The King smiled and said he had but lately ordered him £1,000. 'Yes, sir,' replied he, 'but that was soon paid away, and I have no gold left.' 'At that rate,' said the King, 'you would spend more than I do to maintain my family.' 'True,' answered Verrio, 'but does your Majesty keep an open table as I do?'"

Of the Duke of York, come to be King James the Second, we find little association with Hampton Court, but during the reign of his supplanter the old place saw many changes, the details of which need not be referred to here. It is to William the Third we owe much of the palace as we see it now, for he had the old state chambers done away with and the new ones erected by Sir Christopher Wren. The splendid series of apartments round the Fountain Court, the east and south fronts represent the work of Wren—forming no inconsiderable portion of the buildings as seen to-day. Under William, too, the grounds were laid out much as they are now—the Long Canal of Charles the Second being shortened to permit of the planning of the present beautiful gardens along the eastern front. Queen Mary was something of a gardening enthusiast, growing many strange plants in her stoves here, and though floricultural taste has changed much in a couple of centuries we may well think of her when admiring the floral beauties of the pleasure grounds, and especially when seeing the orangery and some of the orange trees which survive from the time when



The Kitchen, Hampton Court.

they were planted as vegetable puns to commemorate the coming of William of Orange.

It seems probable that the whole remodelling of Hampton Court which was contemplated was not carried out, for there is

in existence a plan designed by Wren for a new grand entrance court to have been laid out on the north with an important entrance giving directly on to Henry the Eighth's Great Hall.

It was at Hampton Court—whither he had come from London for a day's hunting—that William the Third met with his fatal accident. His horse Sorrel, so runs the tradition, fell through putting its foot in a molehill. Had William lived longer, said De Saussure in 1726, "he would have made the palace of Hampton Court one of the most beautiful in Europe."

Though Queen Anne was many times at Hampton Court, on short visits to meet her Council and for other purposes, and though Mr. Law thinks that she probably intended, had life been granted her, to make it a favourite place of residence, it is thanks to a Court scandal and its immortalising by Alexander Pope that her reign is chiefly associated with Hampton Court, for was it not here that "Great Anna, whom three realms obey," would "sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea"? From the opening of the third canto of *The Rape of the Lock* we get a hint of the social life of Queen Anne's days as led in this beautiful place :

> Close by those meads for ever crown'd with flow'rs
> Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
> There stands a structure of majestic frame,
> Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
> Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
> Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home ;
> Here thou, great ANNA, whom three realms obey,
> Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
> Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
> To taste a while the pleasures of a Court :
> In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
> Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
> One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
> And one describes a charming Indian screen ;

A third interprets motions, looks and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

It is not necessary to tell the whole story here: suffice it that a party of ladies and gallants came up the Thames to the palace, playing cards there—it has been said that one might learn Ombre from the poet's description of the game—and that then the bold bad "baron" cut one of the two tempting locks from the fair Belinda's head.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck,
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

The "rape" meant the enmity of the families concerned—until the poet brought about a reconciliation by his treatment of the episode in verse, producing a work which stands alone in our poetry as a perfect example of narrative comedy.

Pope in a letter to one of his lady friends gives us a hint as to the dulness of the Court routine, which such an incident as the "rape of the lock" must have pleasantly varied. The letter was written three or four years after the poem:

First then I went up by water to Hampton-Court, unattended by all but my own virtues; which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves, or me, conceal'd. For I met the Prince with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B. and Mrs. L. took me into protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists) and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. H. We all agreed that the life of a Maid of honour was of all

things the most miserable: and wish'd that every woman who envy'd it, had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia-ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simper an hour and catch cold, in the Princess's apartment: from thence (as Shakespear has it) to dinner, with what appetite they may—and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe, no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this Court: and as a proof of it I need only tell you, Mrs. L. walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave orders to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall.

In short, I heard of no ball, assembly, basset table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except Madam Kilmansegg's to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to stay away.

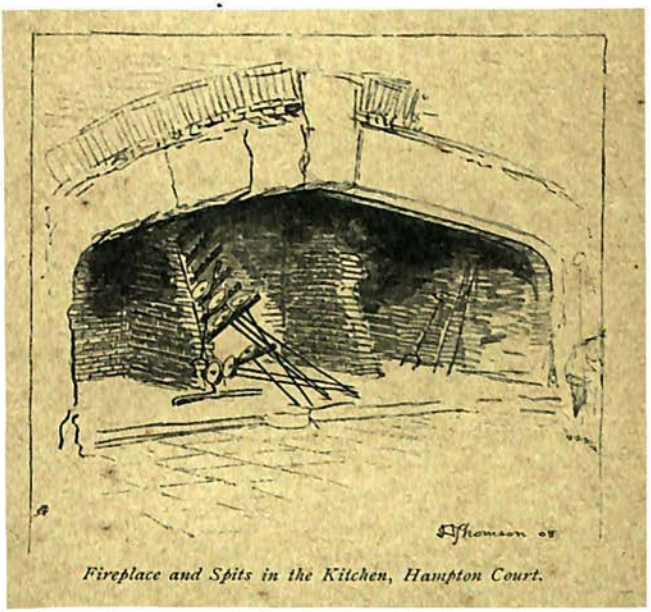
Tragedy as well as comedy is associated with Hampton Court during the reign of Great Anna, for it was at the Toy—an inn which stood near the western or Trophy gate—that a dispute arose between a couple of friends, the one Sir Cholmondley Deering, a member of Parliament for Kent, and the other a Mr. Richard Thornhill. From the quarrel came a fracas, and from the fracas—when Thornhill had sufficiently recovered—a duel in which Deering was killed. Steele a month after the event made the tragedy the subject of an appeal against duelling in the *Spectator*, but thinly disguising Thornhill as Spinamont. The duel took place on May 9, and on August 20 the victor—having been found guilty of manslaughter—was again at Hampton Court, where he once more engaged in a quarrel, was followed by two men and stabbed in the back while riding through Turnham Green on his way to town, his murderers telling him to remember Sir Cholmondley Deering. At his trial it was declared that Deering was the provocative and Thornhill the peaceable person, but the sequel seems scarcely to bear this out.

The chief changes made during the reign of Anne were in the improving of the grounds of the palace, and the laying out of drives in the neighbouring parks, but the stone pillars, surmounted with their grotesque beasts, of the Lion Gate were erected —the gate itself was added in the following reign—and the Diana (which has also been named the Arethusa, but should probably be the Venus) Fountain was removed from the Privy Gardens on the south of the palace to its present position in Bushey Park to the north.

To George the First Hampton Court was a pleasant place to which he could retire with his ill-favoured mistresses away from his new subjects whom he cordially disliked, but when he returned to his beloved Hanover the Prince and Princess of Wales held such goodly state here as contrasted very strongly with that kept by the first of the four Georges, and so perhaps had its share in helping forward the split between father and son. When George the Second succeeded to the throne he was a good deal at Hampton Court, but did not maintain that gaiety which he had earlier sustained by way of foil to his father. The dullness of the second Georgian regime is well summed up in a sentence by Lord Hervey,—whose *Memoirs* and satires record that dullness in amusing fashion and at length—"At Court I need not tell you, Madam, one seldom hears anything one cares to hear, more seldom what one cares to retain, and most seldom of all what one should care to have said." Alterations and redecorations carried out by George the Second—generally recognisable by his monogram—include part of the eastern side of the Clock Court and the hideous decoration of the Queen's Great Staircase. It was at Hampton Court that the final rupture between Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his father took place, and it was here that some years later George the Second boxed the ears of his grandson, afterwards George the Third—an indignity which was never forgiven, and owing to which it is said George the Third would never take up his residence at

the place where it was offered. In his reign much of the furnishing of the palace was removed, and the numerous suites of apartments were granted to various people as residences, a custom that has continued up to the present.[1]

After the time of George the Second, Hampton ceased to be a royal residence—George the Third never forgave it for



Fireplace and Spits in the Kitchen, Hampton Court.

having been the scene of the boxing of his ears by his grandfather—and shortly after the accession of Queen Victoria the State Apartments were thrown open to the public and have become one of the most popular holiday resorts near London, a place which "everybody" visits. It is true that as soon as it had ceased to be a royal residence it became a show place,

[1] An interesting list of successive occupants is given in the third volume of Mr. Ernest Law's *History of Hampton Court Palace*—to which reference has before been made.

the Lady Housekeeper being permitted to supplement her salary by charging each visitor a shilling.

Visitors whether arriving by tram or train mostly enter at the Trophy Gate on the West and pass straight through the Great Gatehouse and Anne Boleyn's Gateway (beneath the clock of many marvels) and so by the successive courts to the tapestried Great Hall, the picture galleries, and the eastern gardens. Thus the beautiful smaller Tudor courts on the north—the Master Carpenter's Court, &c.—are generally overlooked. Through cool dark passages we may from these reach the larger Courts, and from them, or from Tennis Court Lane, may see the hatches through which the viands were passed from the Great Kitchen. The Kitchen itself is not open to the public, but will repay the small trouble necessary to obtain permission to view it. With its huge fireplaces, its long roasting spits, and other relics, it remains much as when used in the days when Hampton Court was a centre of splendid entertainment.

From the outside, if approached from the west we see a medley of red brick buildings with clusters of beautiful Tudor chimneys, the roof of Henry the Eighth's Great Hall and many turrets showing above—turrets that must have added to the dignity of the whole when surmounted by their original lead cupolas. The eye is soon taken by quaint heraldic beasts on coping stones and terra-cotta heads of the Roman emperors let into the gates—these heads being part of Wolsey's original decorations. From the north coming through the Wilderness from the Lion Gates, or from the east through the Home Park or along the towing-path, we see first the fine front of the State Apartments designed by Wren. It may be well to lament the fact that so much of Henry the Eighth's building was destroyed, yet there is great beauty and dignity about that which replaced it. The visitor sees the Tudor work—excepting the Great Hall, with its wonderful tapestries and the chapel—mostly only from the outside. It is the Orange State rooms from which

we carry away impressions of an endless medley of painted courtly beauties, of battle pieces and other pictures, of great beds in which crown-wearing heads have lain more or less easily, of weapon-hung walls—and of glimpses of lovely gardens got from generous windows as we pass through room after room. By the way, I once overheard an attendant drawing a young man's attention to the view across to the Long Canal. The visitor—a holiday-making glazier, perchance—did not see beyond the window, but tapping the glass said, "yes, real plate, too," which recalled the old poet's lines:

> A man that looks on glass
> On it may stay his eye,
> Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
> And the heavens espy.

Before taking a glimpse of the grounds, it may be interesting to spook-fanciers to recall the ghost stories attaching to Hampton Court, for of course an old pile such as this is not without its record of supernatural visitants. Firstly we have Queen Jane Seymour who, clothed all in white, is said to have been seen emerging from the doorway of Katherine of Arragon's rooms, but why she should revisit the glimpses of the moon does not seem to be guessed. Then Queen Katherine Howard is said to haunt the scene of her undoing: it was in the Chapel that the disclosures were made which led her to the block, and her attempt to plead with the King in the Chapel was frustrated, she being forcibly removed shrieking by the guards at the door. Her unhappy wraith is said to appear—also dressed in the approved white of ghosts—to pass along the gallery to the entrance of the Royal Pew, and to return thence shrieking. More substantial is the story of the appearances of Mrs. Penn, nurse to Edward the Sixth, appearances which seem to have been occasioned by the disturbance of the good lady's tomb in Hampton Church. She first manifested herself by unghostly energy, for mysterious sounds of a spinning wheel were heard through the walls of one of the rooms in one of the

large suites in the south west wing of the palace. In due course a hitherto unknown chamber was discovered, and in it was found an antique spinning wheel! Later the phenomenon was renewed—between twenty and thirty years ago—and on that occasion a sentry on duty is said to have run to the guard room in abject terror, declaring that he had seen Mrs. Penn's ghost. Furthermore, the ghost is said to have been seen by a newcomer who knew nothing of the story and whose description of the apparition exactly tallied with the effigy on Mrs. Penn's tomb. Yet again a lady resident heard mysterious noises the origin of which could not be determined—until when excavating was being done in connection with drainage in 1871 two skeletons were found close beneath the surface at the western side of Fountain Court—presumably these were duly given Christian burial and the ghostly sounds ceased.

In spring and summer one of the chief attractions at Hampton Court is unquestionably to be found in its lovely gardens. When on a bank holiday it was estimated that many thousands of persons had visited the palace, a comparatively small proportion was given as having gone through the state rooms. The appreciation of pictures and other links with the past is somewhat of an acquired taste, but poorly endowed indeed would those people be who could not enjoy the beautiful lawns and shrubberies, the lavish floral display which marks the half-mile of borders along the eastern front and the varied southern gardens, or something of the less restrained Wilderness on the north, with its beautiful wild garden, the mazy paths of which are bordered with scattered blossoming plants, and about which in high summer bamboos and other semi-tropical vegetation affords delightful variety. When the spring bulbs and other plants are in bloom, the lawns spangled with myriads of crocuses and scillas in broad belts and patches under the trees and along the walks, and when the hyacinths, narcissi, the tulips and fritillaries are massed in the beds, and all the multitude of early flowering

plants and shrubs are out, then the place should certainly be visited; and again in late spring when the azaleas are out, and yet again when July and August have their untold wealth of bloom along nearly half a mile of border by the broad gravel walk, and the lawn beds are gay with a hundred different flowers, now massed by themselves and now blent each season in new and tasteful combinations. Well may the visitor, seeing rich beds of large-flowering begonias and other low-growing plants varied with slender abutilons, fuchsias, hyacinthus candicans, and many upstanding blossoms, wonder that the old flat carpet bedding was so slow in giving way to more natural and more beautiful horticultural designs. The very name of "carpet" bedding is an insult to the whole world of flowers, though I have overheard a cockney visitor—evidently fresh from the galleries—say to his chum on looking at one of the gay borders:—"There; isn't that beautiful—just like a bit of tapestry"; while a child likened a small bed of dazzling begonias edged with some yellow-foliaged plant to—a big jam tart! These flower borders afford an almost unending delight to visitors—to those who merely promenade the walks and lawns and pause now and again to admire some specially attractive bed, and to those who glance here and there at the labels of plants that take their fancy, frequently it may believed with the object of learning of some fresh plant for their own gardens. Children dart hither and yon smelling at the flowers here and calling out with delight to their elders at some specially brilliant display.

> Who that has reason and his smell
> Would not among roses and jasmine dwell?

says Cowley, and here anyone thus simply equipped may find never-ending delight, though the visitor possessed of the true garden-spirit perhaps finds smaller pleasure in all this floral opulence than in the flowers raised by his own work in his own garden patch, and glories chiefly in all this lavish display that he may pick up hints for the future beautifying of his own

garden. Here he may learn not only of the splendours of selected varieties of plants commonly grown, but also that from amid such strange exotics as the cactuses may be selected a number to make an interesting summer border, Though in another part of the county—in a new public park at Willesden—we shall find a cactus border far finer in extent, in the size of its plants and in the healthiness of their appearance, than in these ancient gardens.

Many are the attractions of the grounds. The Privy Garden with its handsome shrubs bordering grass walks; the terrace avenue of interlaced wych elms rigorously pruned into knotty, arboreal contortions, known as Queen Mary's Bower, though it dates certainly as far back as Charles the Second; and the sunk Pond Garden, are all to the south of the Palace, and are seen by those bound for the great grape vine. The low-hedge and wall-enclosed Pond Garden—or Dutch Garden, as I have heard it named—with its narrow beds of varied bloom, its turf, its small topiary birds, its statue of Venus, as though descending from a bower at the further end, always attracts visitors, and one rarely pauses by it without hearing exclamations of delight from some newcomer. It draws one to linger over its peaceful detachment. Mr. C. Kennett Burrow has daintily interpreted for me the mood this pleasaunce inspires:

Vassal of silence and the sun,
I hear the mystic under-tune
Of life a-blossom round me run
In this deep, drowsy afternoon.

Colour is music to the soul,
Enthrall'd by colour; beauty here
Is like a great musician's scroll
The eye interprets for the ear.

On that embowered western wall
Wistaria's grape-like clusters sleep;
Brave tulips man the borders all,
Like warriors marshalled at the keep.

The fountain's splash is silence' song,
  Transmuted to a silver shower,
That laves the languid airs that throng
  About the cool brink, hour by hour.

Soft puffs of perfume come and pass,
  Soft dove's wing's flash against the blue,
Soft shadows lie along the grass,
  And all the living world is new.

O, how shall mortal memory hold
  The essence of this sun-thrill'd peace,
How hoard it as the spirit's gold,
  How cherish for the soul's increase?

How keep inviolate this sense
  Of utter beauty, utter rest;
How guard for ever this intense
  One hour within the turbulent breast?

Ah, but the hour is with me yet;
  Surely the dial's shadow stays!
My living heart cannot forget
  This hour of hours, this day of days.

Size is always an attraction to the multitude, and though the Hampton Court Vine is not a "record" in this regard, it is one of the largest in the country and is certainly a fine, healthy and prolific plant. Some of the visitors, too, exaggerate the age of the Vine: I have heard a quidnunc tell his companion that it was "hundreds of years old," whereas it was planted here in 1768. Within half a century of its planting it is said in one season to have borne as many as 2,200 bunches, averaging a pound apiece.

North of the palace is the Wilderness, at its best in spring, but always interesting to those who wander about its mazy paths; near it is the Maze itself—unfailing delight to children and cockney visitors, while beyond the lawns and gardens on the east stretches the Home Park—almost bisected by the Long Canal—nearly as far as Kingston Bridge. From the Water Gallery at the end of the long flower-bordered walk, or

from the Privy Garden Terrace, is to be seen a pleasant reach of the Thames, with its many houseboats and smaller craft, and the greenery of Surrey beyond.

Visit after visit may be paid here, but there is always something fresh to see, something that has escaped observation on previous occasions. Tompion's wonderful clock that tells many things besides the time, placed here by Henry the Eighth, the beautiful wrought iron screens that divide the Privy Gardens from the towing-path—designed by Huntingdon Shaw, who died in 1710 and is buried at Hampton—the carvings in wood and stone (Grinling Gibbons himself was "master carver" under Sir Christopher Wren), and a hundred and one other things to which the handy guide books draw attention. The visitor may look about in dark corners in search of a "cardinal spider"—a creature supposed to be, though of course it is not, peculiar to Hampton Court. It is a large, long-legged spider "which often attains the size of five inches in width"; this measurement being presumably from leg end to leg end. Tradition associates the arachnidian monster with Wolsey—hence its name—and declares that it first appeared after his death, and ever haunts the scene of his greatness and downfall.

The Home Park, though it has the beautiful avenue-bordered Long Canal and some fine trees, and though on the north side of it is the old royal stud farm—where some notable Derby winners were bred—is eclipsed by the more extensive Bushey Park to the North, yet here in the centre of the great "Chase" which Henry the Eighth made, we may recall that Charles the First contemplated by liberal and arbitrary enclosures the continuance of this park, so as to link it up with that of Richmond. The plan was one scarcely likely to commend itself to his growingly impatient subjects, and he had the wisdom to drop the project.

CHAPTER III

TWICKENHAM, TEDDINGTON AND THE RIVERSIDE

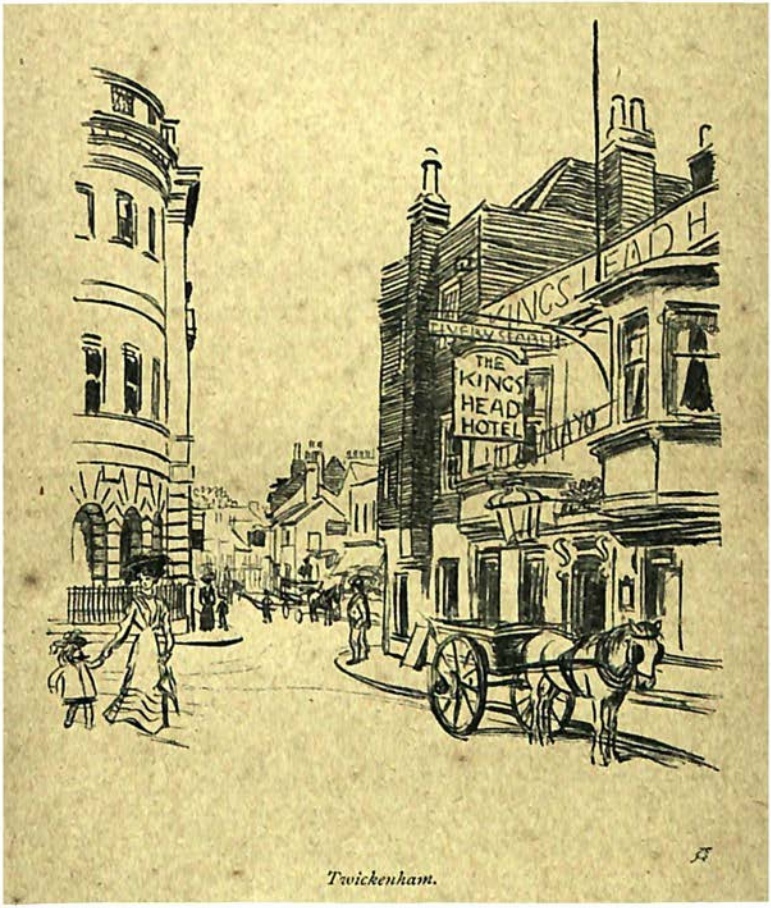
Where silver Thames round Twit'nam meads
His winding current sweetly leads;
Twit'nam the Muse's fav'rite seat,
Twit'nam the Graces' loved retreat.—*Horace Walpole.*

"TWIT'NAM MEADS" have largely fallen victims to the builder, and the Muses and the Graces have fled further afield, yet there are charming bits here and there in this ever-broadening suburb which year by year encroaches further on the once far-stretching orchards that lie inland from Twickenham town: along the riverside are still picturesque bits in old houses and gardens, while so much of Surrey as is seen across the Thames remains in the main unspoiled; and on the London side Orleans Park and the Marble Hill with their outlook across the water to the wooded slope of Richmond Hill remain in general effect much as they have been for generations. It is in the ever-increasing number of its byways of new villas, the yearly uglifying of its highways, that Twickenham is saddening to those who see it as one of the most crowded centres of interesting historical associations if we may comprise in the term historical associations literature, art and the stage, beauty, wit and character. Too often the term is confined to dates and outstanding facts in the development of a country; in such, however, we have but the dry bones of

history, the skeleton of which these other things are the very flesh and blood of life. As a past fact Sir Robert Walpole is an important item in the story of the 18th century, but about his son Horace there is something of that which transcends facts. It is in those associations which give to a locality that which may be defined—if so hard a word as definition be applicable—as historical charm lies the interest of many places. To the visitor gifted with the powers of visualisation Twickenham is one of the richest of such places for springing the imagination: the mind reverts to the days when this was one of the most attractive of Thames-side villages, when it was sufficiently near to the great centre to be the home of those whose duty or pleasure necessitated their frequent presence there, and yet sufficiently far from it to afford a retreat, as they were wont to call it, for those who alone or with chosen companions liked to loaf and invite their souls—so far as eighteenth century folk could engage in that particular form of profitable self-indulgence.

To approach Twickenham to-day by rail, or by tram, is to have an impression of a very ordinary busy suburb. New houses and new shops rise from the pavement with all the display in which modern competitive commercialism delights. A few old-fashioned shops remain at the centre, but they are overshadowed by the new. It is by going down Church Street with its lanes leading to the riverside, or by taking one of the narrow alley ways—Wharf Lane or another—with old brick walls on either hand, and going to the river, that we get the best idea of Twickenham in the time of its hey-day as a place of residence for people who could afford to live away from but yet in touch with the centre of things: the time when Twickenham was Twit'nam—the time of Pope and his friends the Blounts, of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Horace Walpole, or even that time of a century or so later when Twickenham came to be the home of the exiled Bourbons, the new centre of French "legitimacy." It is well within the memory of living people

that this quiet old river-side village entered upon its time of great change: it is not so very many years indeed since a writer referred to "the rural seclusion" of the place. That



Twickenham.

which the coming of the railway began, the coming of the tramway has gone far to consummate. Old houses have been demolished, old trees cut down, beautiful gardens given over

to stacks of bricks and puddles of mortar, and where even a decade since were pleasant residences, and grounds rich in wide-spreading cedars, are now rows of empty shops. Here and there, especially away from the main thoroughfares, however, fine cedars remain, though recent years have seen their number sadly reduced. Two stand melancholy survivals at either side of a new road of red brick villas built on the Lebanon Park estate. The air of Twickenham as a whole has changed; but there are nooks and corners where those who like to recall the persons and doings of the past, where the former lived, where the latter were performed, can still do so to a certain extent.

Twickenham, it has been well said, has so long been the favourite retreat of the scholar, the poet, and the statesman that almost every house has its tale to be told, and it is difficult to know where to begin. It is perhaps best to begin with the church as the natural focus of the life of the place for a thousand years, and this ugly, new edifice with a fine old tower we shall find close to the river from which it is divided by a wharfinger's hideous warehouse. An inscription let into the wall on the town side of the churchyard tells us that when the ground was enlarged in 1713 no less a person than Sir Godfrey Kneller was one of the churchwardens, while an inscription on the wall nearest the river shows that during a time of great flood on March 12, 1774, the water must have been eight or nine feet deep in the roadway.

The first mention of the manor is to be found when it was granted by King Eldred to the monks of Canterbury, and it is interesting to note the anathema—suggestive of that pronounced by "the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims"—which the donor pronounced against anyone who should infringe his charter: "Whatever be their sex, order, or rank, may their memory be blotted out of the book of life, may their strength continually waste away and be there no restorative to repair it." Later on, part of the

manor appears to have belonged to a monastery at Hounslow. Whether King Eldred ever dwelt on the manor he so emphatically gave away is not known, but unsupported and probably erroneous tradition says that William the Conqueror lived here. The fine old stone church tower, embattled and with an octagonal turret curiously topped with a few courses of red brick, was built, it is surmised, by that active pluralist William of Wykeham in the fourteenth century. The body of the edifice fell down in the night of April 9, 1713, and the present inharmonious structure of red brick—now part overgrown with ivy—was erected at the cost of the parishioners. In the centuries that intervened the manor had not remained the property of the Church, for Henry the Eighth, disregarding the anathema of Eldred—as he disregarded anything else that stood in the way of his ambitious designs or his personal gratification—on suppressing the monasteries, promptly added Twickenham to the Honour of Hampton Court.

Of famous residents we shall learn as we follow the course of the river, but numerous interesting memorials in the church suggest something of the many notables who lived here in the time of Twickenham's greatest fame. Here is the memorial to "one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey," Alexander Pope, the presiding spirit of Twickenham's literary annals, to the poet's parents and to his nurse; while for those who like to moralise where people lie buried rather than recall them where they lived, here are also memorials of Admiral Byron, grandfather of the poet, of Kitty Clive and of Richard Owen Cambridge, a mixed company whom we shall meet again in the byways of Twickenham or its environs.

One of Twickenham's most notable ministers seems to have been a worthy vicar-of-Bray-like upholder of the Parliament who was dispossessed at the Restoration for speaking with much emphasis against the Stuarts—and on the very eve of the return of the dynasty. From the Middlesex Sessions Rolls we learn that Thomas Willis, clerk, got into trouble for sermons which he

had preached, and was described by the justices of Peace for the county as "utterly incapable of receiving or haveing any confirmacion" in the Vicarage of Twickenham, for on or about August, 1659, he had "publiquely read a paper of the then pretended Parliament (by them called a Proclamation) against Sir Thomas Middleton, Sir George Booth and others his Majesties good subjects (who were then in armes and raising of forces for the restoreing of his Majestie to the possession of his Crowne and Kingdomes), on which said occasion the said Thomas Willis preaching in the said church uttered these words, to wit, 'They say itt is a Presbyterian Plott; I am of that judgment, and I disowne itt, and I tell you itt is a malignant plott to bring in Charles Stuart and sett upp his interest, &c.'" and further, on consideration of evidence that at another time before April 25, 1660, "in the same church and pulpitt hee the said Thomas Willis did in his sermon publish and say these words vizt 'Wee thanke God for delivering us from that bloody family, meaning his said Majestie's family.'" After this boldness it is sad to learn that a couple of years later Mr. Thomas Willis conformed, got a plurality of livings elsewhere, and duly became chaplain in ordinary to the King.

It is for its monuments that Twickenham Church is most attractive, but the darkness of the building and the wearing away of inscriptions render some of these not easy of recognition. The body of the church and the two long side galleries are fitted with low box-pews. In the wall above the north gallery is the monument erected by Warburton to Pope —a pyramidal slab bearing a sculptured medallion portrait of the poet with at its base a Latin inscription, and Pope's own lines, which have been needlessly reprehended, "For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey:"

> Heroes and Kings your distance keep,
> In Peace let one poor Poet sleep:
> Who never flatter'd folks like you,
> Let Horace blush and Virgil too.

In the east wall of the same gallery is the memorial inscription which Pope put up for his father and mother, and on the outer east wall another in which he honoured the memory of his old nurse. Near to the latter tablet is one to Catherine Clive, better known by the diminutive Kitty, with a long epitaph in verse, announcing to passers along the footpath that

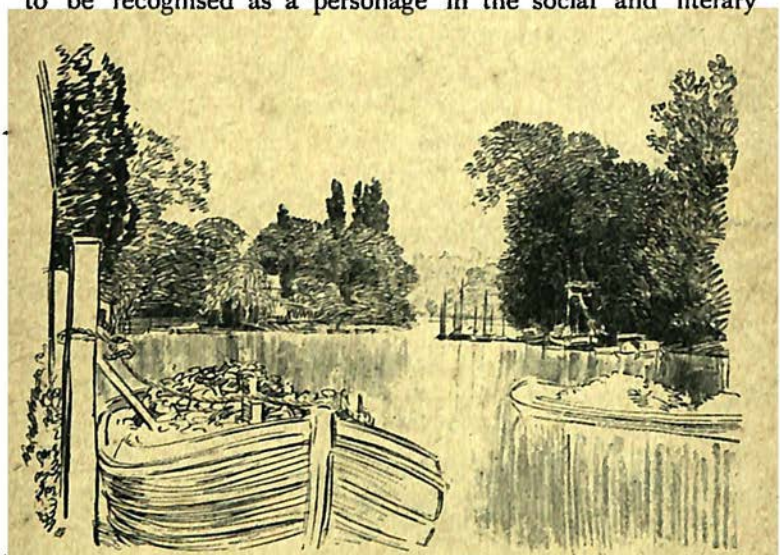
> Clive's blameless life this tablet shall proclaim
> Her moral virtues and her well-earned fame.

Other tablets in the church—the monuments are all mural ones—are to the memory of Richard Owen Cambridge, to Lord Berkeley of Stratton (1678), one-time owner of Twickenham Park, and to Letitia Matilda Hawkins, daughter of Sir John Hawkins, and author of some anecdotal memoirs: here also are tablets to the memory of members of the Twining family "of the Strand," of one of whom Theodore Hook wrote:

> It seems as if Nature had curiously plan'd
> That men's names with their trades should agree:
> There's Twining the Tea-man, who lives in the Strand,
> Would be whining robb'd of his T.

Before we leave the church—which when old may be said to be the highway of the history of its parish—for the byways it may be recalled that there was here an ancient custom of dividing two great cakes among the youthful parishioners on Easter Day, a custom which did not commend itself to a Puritan generation that regarded bread as more important than cake, and in 1645 it was ordered by Parliament that the parishioners give up the custom, and with the money that would be expended on cake buy loaves of bread for the poor of the parish. When Lysons wrote a century ago, he said that one pound a year was then charged on the vicarage for the purpose of buying penny loaves for poor children on the Thursday after Easter, adding, "Within the memory of man they were thrown from the church steeple to be scrambled for." A simple but scarcely a judicious method of distribution.

The name most intimately associated with Twickenham is, of course, that of Alexander Pope—Pope's villa is familiar to thousands who perhaps never knowingly read a line of his work, and it is a fitting place to visit on setting out upon a ramble among the local spots associated with memorable people. It was in 1719 that the poet, who had already come to be recognised as a personage in the social and literary



On the Thames at Twickenham.

world, bought the lease of a house and five acres of land, and this was his home for the rest of his life. "It is here only I live as I ought, *mihi et amicis.*" Here he founded his famous grotto—in accordance with the strange taste of the time—and here he indulged his love of landscape gardening, laying out his five acres so that by means of winding ways and opened vistas it should seem much more. His house was at the roadside and part of his grounds beyond the highway, so he devised a subterranean path linking the two parts of his

estate, and this became the famous grotto. The poet was an enthusiastic landscape gardener, and that he found continuous pleasure in beautifying his place his letters and the testimony of his friends show. He had the help of the leading professional gardeners of the day—Kent and Bridgman—and to his influence is said to be due the breaking up of the Dutch formality which had become popular. In the end he had the pleasure of knowing that he had succeeded in making one of the prettiest and most celebrated gardens in the county. That it was some years in the making we know. In 1723 a friend wrote to Pope saying, "how thrive your garden plants? how look the trees? how spring the Brocoli and the Fenochio? hard names to spell; how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approv'd? what parties have you had of pleasure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames?" A couple of years later the happy gardener wrote, "I am as busy in my three inches of gardening as any man can be in three score acres. I fancy myself like the fellow that spent his life in cutting the twelve apostles in a cherry stone. I have a Theatre, an Arcade, a Bowling Green, a Grove, and what not? in a bit of ground that would have been but a plate of sallet to Nebuchadnezzar the first day he was turned to grass." At about the same time he wrote more fully to his friend Blount, brother of the sisters Martha and Patty who were long his friends.

Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put my last hand to my works of this kind in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto: I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes thro' the cavern day and night. From the River Thames, you see thro' my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly compos'd of shells in the rustic manner: and from that distance under the temple you look down thro' a sloping arcade of trees and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as thro' a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room,

a Camera obscura: on the walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river of smooth stones full of light and open; the other toward the garden shadow'd with trees, rough with shells, flints and iron ore. The bottom is pav'd with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of,

Hujus Nymphe loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandae sentio murmur aquae.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora somnum
Rumpere; sive bibas, sive lavere, tace.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep:
And to the murmur of these waters sleep:
Ah spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,
And drink in silence, or in silence lave.

You'll think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to Art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it.

Statues duly took their place, and the grotto grew even more notable from the uncommon stones and shells, spa and other materials which many friends contributed; yet the description suggests something more curious than beautiful despite the enthusiasm of the deviser. But Pope did not only expatiate on his toy in his correspondence, he also celebrated it in verse—

Lo! the Ægerian Grot,
Where nobly pensive St. John sat and thought,
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul:
Let such, such only tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

Pope's grounds are said to have formed the model on which the grounds at Carlton House were laid out for the Prince of Wales, a fact which could not fail to have been flattering to the poet who, in somewhat affected modesty no doubt, as Horace Walpole put it, said that of all his works he was most proud of his garden. "And yet," his virtuoso neighbour of larger demesnes to the west admitted, "it was a singular effort of art and taste to impress so much variety and scenery on a spot of five acres. The passing through the gloom from the grotto to the opening day, the retiring and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the termination of the cypresses that led up to his mother's tomb, are managed with exquisite judgment, and though Lord Peterborough assisted him

To form his quincunx and to rank his vines,

those were not the most pleasing ingredients of his little perspective." Much has been said about the sharpness and wit of "the little wasp of Twickenham," but there must have been a pleasant strain in a man so devoted to his garden, to say nothing of the warmth of his home affections. That he had something of the instinct which seems to inspire the physically weak in seeking to hurt the strong may be admitted, but there was more of wit than of justice in the description of him as

Mens curva in corpore curvo.

Here it is not so much the satirist whom we recall as the poet, the landscape gardener, one of the members of a remarkable literary and social circle. Though we may seek to revive the slight figure, and some of his more famous visitors, Jonathan Swift, Gay, Bishop Atterbury, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and others, we have to remember that the links with the poet are few. His house was pulled down a century ago, the grounds he laid out have been changed by successive owners. The weeping willow which he planted and which long grew

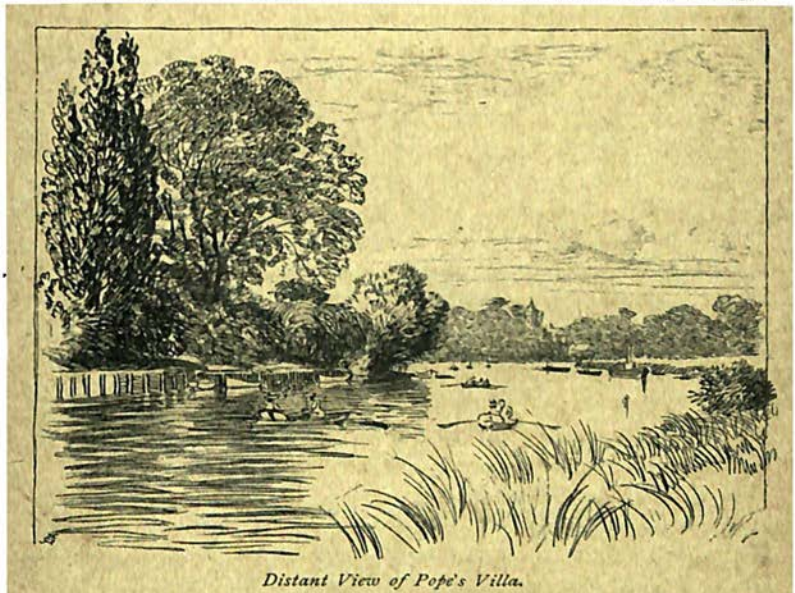
aslant the Thames died in 1801, but year after year it provided cuttings which were grown in such widely different places that it has been declared that representatives of Pope's willow have penetrated as far as his works. The after-fate of the place upon which he had devoted so much care not unnaturally troubled the poet, who said somewhat bitterly, "as to my mines and my treasures they must go together to God knows who. A sugar-broker or a brewer may have the house and gardens, and a booby that chanced to be my heir-at-law the other: except I happen to dispose of it to the poor in my time." The forecast was all too true. After changing hands several times the property came into the possession of the Baroness Howe—daughter of the hero of "the glorious first of June"—who was so annoyed by the visits of Pope's admirers that she determined to pull his villa down, and destroy anything reminiscent of him in the grounds. Her house in its turn was demolished three or four decades later and the present strange architectural hodge-podge erected. There is thus, it will be seen, little beyond the name "Pope's Villa" to associate the poet now with his beloved spot. The present house was for many years in the occupation of Mr. Henry Labouchere. In the early part of the eighteenth century Pope's house had something of the character of a rural retreat, with cottages neighbouring the grounds on either side by the river; in the early part of the twentieth it is but a large eccentric villa in a suburb of villas.

Near to Pope's house lived Joseph Hickey, "a most blunt, pleasant creature," preserved like a fly in amber in Goldsmith's *Retaliation*.

> What was his failing? Come, tell it, and burn ye,
> He was—could he help it?—a special attorney.

A little beyond the architectural *olla podrida* still known by Pope's name—going towards the no less famous Strawberry Hill—also on the river side of the road is the long, white

"Gothic" Radnor House, now a centre of technical education, in the grounds of which, converted into a public pleasure garden, it is said that Alexander Pope in 1740 first met William Warburton, after writing "let us meet like men who have been many years acquainted with each other, and whose friendship is not to begin, but continue." The friendship was to have a notable influence on the fame of both men, though



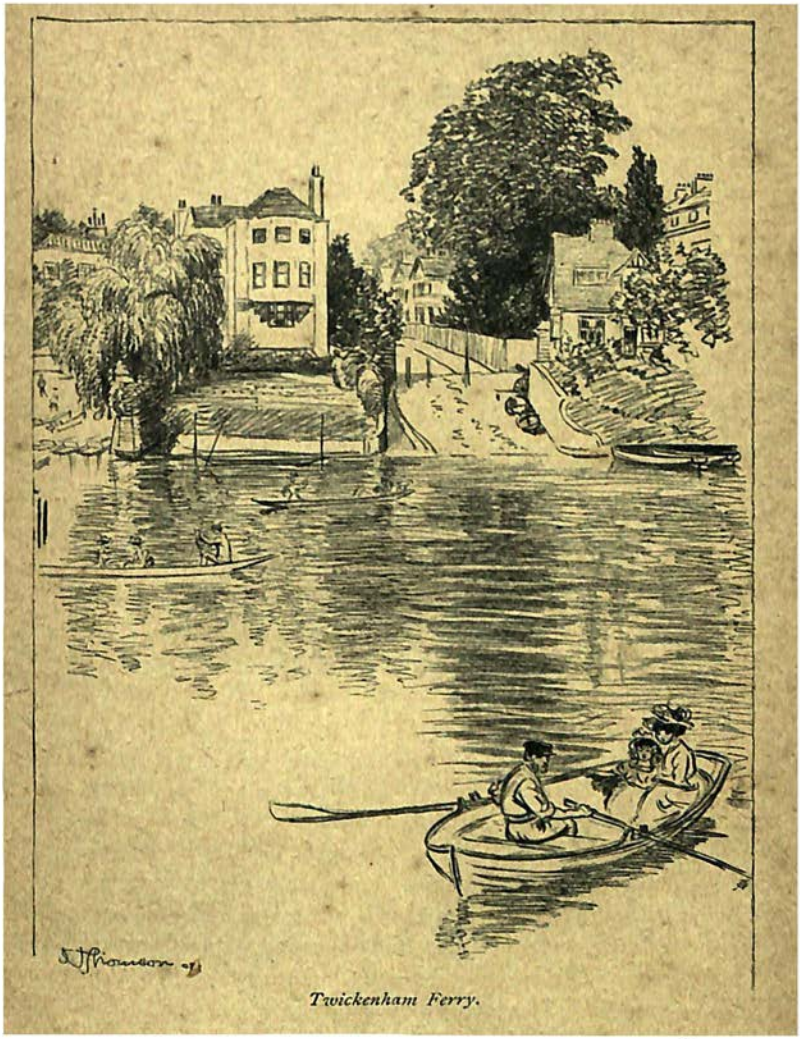
Distant View of Pope's Villa.

Pope only lived for little more than four years after the first meeting, dying at his villa and being buried at Twickenham Church, where we have seen his monument.

Returning to the riverside by way of the narrow red-brick walled alleys suggestive of what the place must have been like a century ago, what indeed some of the riverside bits between London and Westminster were probably like at a yet earlier date, we may come out on the small portion of

public river-front which Twickenham boasts. This tree-shaded space, known as the Embankment, lies between the grounds of a substantial old villa and the left stream of the Thames which is here divided by the famous Eel Pie Island—immediately in front of us with its hotel, its ugly shed-like buildings, and at either end its pleasant trees. Looking east beyond the moored barges we get a beautiful vista down the Thames with fine trees on either side, the grassy shore of Surrey on the right, and the slopes of Richmond Hill in the distance. With the white sails of one or two craft, and a number of smaller pleasure boats, it is at once an animated and a beautiful view, among the prettiest that our Middlesex reaches of the river afford. Eel Pie Island has for centuries been a place of resort for holiday makers. Readers of *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures* may remember that good lady's curiosity when she learned by accident that her husband had become a director of the Eel Pie Island Railway Company, and how she mastered the flourishes of the prospectus which declared "that eel pies are now become an essential element of civilisation, that the Eastern population of London are cut off from the blessings of such a necessary, and that by means of the projected line of railway eel-pies will be brought home to the business and bosoms of Ratcliff Highway and the adjacent dependencies."

The staring red warehouse on the left as we look down the river is the principal blot in the view; to the left of this again the fine old tower of the church shows above the varied roofs of the small houses which mark the narrow ways from the centre of Twickenham to the waterside. The path takes us between the warehouse and the church, and between the brick walls—the upper part close grown with ivy, of the richly timbered grounds of York House. Tall elms and other trees show beyond the walls, and the two parts of the grounds are connected by a rustic bridge closely grown over with wistaria and other creepers.



Twickenham Ferry.

Beyond the narrow way leading to the famous Twickenham Ferry are the wide grounds of Orleans House. But the Ferry

may well detain us a moment. Among my earliest recollections is that of being a small boy of eight on the Surrey bank in the summer twilight—"the briar in bud and the sun going down"[1]—when the loud cry of "Over Cooper" summoned the ferryman, and the journey was continued by narrow ways with bats flitting close overhead. Old Tom Cooper has presumably long since crossed the last ferry, and the place at which he plied has been made famous by Theo Marzials' sentimental song, one verse of which is now painted up in bold letters by the ferryhouse, with a crude representation of the fair maiden whose charms so impressed the gallant young waterman that though she confessed to having no penny wherewith to pay for the voyage he was ready to take her, so that any later comer had but a poor chance:

O hoi-ye, ho ho! you're too late for the ferry
(The briar's in bud, the sun going down),
And he's not rowing quick, and he's not rowing steady
You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham town,
O hoi, and o ho! you may call as you will—
The moon is a-rising o'er Petersham Hill
And with Love, like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
There's danger in crossing to Twickenham town.

Beyond the road leading down to the Ferry we pass on between the walled grounds of Orleans House, spanned at one point by an ugly iron bridge. Here again are a number of fine trees, the most notable being a stately group of Lombardy poplars on the riverside lawns—a glimpse of which with their pillars and floral basins may be had from the river-bank footpath a little further on. Though the estate is beset with hoardings announcing that it is now to be sold (and placed presumably at the disposal of the enterprising builder of suburban residences), we may well recall some of the associations of the place which for so long during the nineteenth century was the spot in which centred the hopes of the exiled Bourbons. The

estate was in the sixteenth century parcelled off from the manor of Twickenham, and in 1650 was notable for its cherry orchards and gardens, "rare for pleasure but exceedingly profitable." It knew a succession of owners, and in 1694 was lent to the Princess Anne (afterwards Queen) that she might bring thither the Duke of Gloucester, who had been ordered change of air. Here that royal youth—apparently an early believer in boy scouts!—"brought with him his regiment of boys whom he used to exercise in the opposite ayte," now known as Eel Pie Island. Early in the eighteenth century the lease was acquired by James Johnstone, Secretary of State for Scotland, and the house as improved by him became "much the brightest figure here" according to Defoe, while the gardens were increasingly famous. "He has the best collection of fruit of all sorts of most gentlemen in England. His slopes for his vines, of which he makes some hogsheads a year, are very particular." The Twickenham vintage has long since ceased to be known. It was in 1800, after seven years of wanderings, that Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, acquired the place which has come to be associated with his name. Some time after the Duke's return to France in 1817 the property was acquired by the Earl of Kilmorey, and it was when once more an exile in England at Claremont that Louis Philippe reacquired it in 1852 as a residence for his son, the Duc d'Aumale. Other members of the French Royal Family settled in the neighbourhood—the Comte de Paris at York House near to the church; the Prince de Joinville at Mount Lebanon, which lay between York House and Orleans Park, but this estate has within recent years been largely built over, and the fine old mansion, now used as a warehouse, stands, seemingly derelict, in a narrow patch of ground overlooking the ferry. The Duc de Nemours was at Bushey Park—so that this neighbourhood was long the home of French Legitimacy. It is to be desired that when the fine stretch of parkland and gardens is finally disposed of the portion between the river and the road from the church to

Marble Hill may be acquired for the public use as an extension of the latter place.

All too much of the riverside is built over and the acquisition of this would save from destruction a further bit of beauty and help to retain unspoiled the magnificent view from Richmond Hill. Leaving the doomed parkland of Orleans House we have in front of us the fine grounds of Marble Hill, a few years since saved from the builder and now a well-used playground for the people, where football and cricket are freely indulged in on the broad stretch of turf bordered by fine chestnuts and elms. The house itself—Marble Hill, or Marble Hall as it is sometimes named—stands well back from the river, from which its white solidity is a conspicuous object. The house is now as open to the public as are the grounds, the pillared hall having been converted by the London County Council into a tea room. It is a fine specimen of Georgian architecture, built by George the Second for Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, so lavishly that Swift predicted that it could never be finished, for

> Now she will not have a shilling
> To raise the stairs or build a ceiling.

The raising of the stairs, by the way, it is said, nearly led to war, for the King is supposed to have directed one of his captains, whose course lay near the Bay of Honduras, to land and cut him a few of the finest mahogany trees. The captain executed his commission literally and with such scant ceremony that the Spanish Court presented a remonstrance, and the subsequent interchange of opinions on the subject nearly plunged England and Spain into war. The stairs are alive at this day to testify. The splendid timber of these stairs, boldly carved, looks little the worse for over a century and a half of wear, and some of the floors are made of the same costly wood. There is a fine drawing-room at the top of the stairs, with smaller rooms opening out of it on either side; in the decoration is over-much of

gilding for most modern tastes. When the house was built the King's mistress, for whom the place had been designed, made it a famous centre of wit and society. We learn from Swift that "Mr. Pope was the contriver of gardens, Lord Herbert (Earl of Pembroke) the architect, and the Dean of St. Patrick's (Swift himself) chief butler and keeper of the ice-house." Nearly twenty years after the death of the Countess of Suffolk the house was rented by Mrs. Fitzherbert, and tradition long repeated that that lady's private marriage with the Prince of Wales took place in it. The last owner was General Peel—brother of Sir Robert Peel—who died herein, and after his death it was left neglected until acquired by the London County Council in order that the destruction of the property should not spoil the famous view from Richmond Hill. Along the river side runs a footpath leaving the road by Orleans Park river garden and continuing to Richmond Bridge—the best bit left of that waterside way from Strawberry Hill to Isleworth which a hundred and fifty years ago was described as one of the most beautiful walks in England. Such would be over-praise to-day, but the stretch indicated round the broad bend of the Thames with Petersham Meadows and Richmond Park and Hill on the further side is beautiful indeed. At one portion of this path as we approach Richmond some happily inspired person has planted many tritomas, or "Red Hot Pokers" as they are popularly named, which with their flaming heads of flower make a fine show among the long grasses of autumn.

Between Marble Hill and Orleans Park runs Montpelier Road with tall, neat, flat-fronted residences along one side,—a place for literary pilgrims. Here at Chapel House, the last house in the row on the right if we approach it from the main road, came early in 1851 Alfred Tennyson, married lately. Here his son, the present Lord Tennyson, was born, and here in the "Green Room" was written the recently appointed Laureate's *Ode in memory of the Duke of*

Wellington. In the autumn of 1852 the Thames floods were so severe that the Tennysons left Twickenham—though the flood was presumably far from the height of that of 1774 duly marked on the wall near the church. Chapel House is now Tennyson House, and the fact that the poet lived there is recorded on a board precariously fastened on the garden wall. Rich as Twickenham is in associations with notable people, many of the houses in which they lived have been pulled down or entirely altered; here is one much as it must have been when the most representative poet of the Victorian age occupied it, and it would surely be well to have some permanent record of the fact that he did so. It can never be such a place of pilgrimage as Farringford and Aldworth, yet will always attract some of those who like to visit the homes where their heroes have lived and laboured. As has been said, all about Twickenham are to be found spots with such associations, though not always with the buildings remaining. Not far to the north of Tennyson's house—close to St. Margaret's Station—is a house now known as 4 Ailsa Park Villas, where Charles Dickens spent the summer of 1838. Standing well back from the road, this house—a substantial double-fronted stuccoed villa—may be seen half hidden by the conifers on its lawn, at the immediate northern foot of the St. Margaret's railway bridge. In outward appearance the house is much as it must have been when "Boz" occupied it in the early days of his fame and when engaged on *Oliver Twist.* Some scenes of that story, it may be recalled, belong to the Thames Valley, for it was by Isleworth, Hampton, and Shepperton that Mr. William Sikes took the miserable but unsuspecting Oliver on his burgling excursion to the neighbourhood of Chertsey. We may well believe that it was during his stay at Ailsa Park Villa that the novelist, on such walking expeditions as he delighted in, covered the ground over which the ill-assorted couple were to pass. At St. Margaret's, we learn from Forster, "with Talfourd and with Thackeray and Jerrold, we had many

friendly days: and the social charm of Maclise was seldom wanting." It was but a summer holiday that the novelist spent here, when the following year he returned to the neighbourhood it was to the Surrey side of the Thames at Petersham.

It is more on account of its association with eighteenth than with nineteenth century worthies that, as an old writer put it, "at the name of this village the imagination glows." From Isleworth to Teddington was the olden Twickenham, but St. Margaret's has grown over the northern part of this tract and Strawberry Hill over the southern, giving two new residential suburbs to London. Much of what is now St. Margaret's was anciently and variously Twickenham Park, Isleworth Park, or the New Park of Richmond, an estate at one time the property of Sir Francis Bacon, "who passed in this retirement the earlier and more happy part of his valuable life." Here Bacon entertained Queen Elizabeth—and presented her with a sonnet in honour of the Earl of Essex—but the place has more interesting association with him, for here he seems to have carried out experiments towards a project he had for exploring deserted mineral works. Among the papers he left was one dealing with this matter. "Let Twit'nam Park, which I sold in my younger days, be purchased, if possible, for a residence for such deserving persons to study in, since I experimentally found the situation of the place much convenient for the trial of my philosophical conclusions expressed in a paper sealed to the trust which I had put in practice, and settled the same by act of parliament, if the vicissitudes of fortune had not intervened and prevented me." The project was not carried into execution, and the property changed owners many times before it gradually fell into the hands of the builders. On this estate it is said that the first weeping willow grown in England was planted about a couple of hundred years ago—now that graceful tree is to be seen here and there all along our riverside. Twickenham Park has disappeared, is indeed largely built over, though a number of houses lying between the Isle-

worth and St. Margaret's road and the river are situated in good grounds that still give a semi-rustic aspect to this bit of our district. A broad embankment stretches along the Middlesex shore from near the Richmond tidal lock and footbridge to the South Western Railway Bridge, beyond which a footpath near the river may be followed to the picturesque Richmond Bridge itself, from which we get good views of the hillside town, and of fine stretches of the Thames both up and down stream—stretches which in warm summer weather are gay with pleasure craft. On our Middlesex side here up stream from the bridge stood the "beautiful villa" of a poet and conversationalist of some importance in his day, with whom but few readers now have parleyings. This was Richard Owen Cambridge, author of *The Scribleriad* and other works, a man of many aquaintances—"a synonymous term for his friends," said Chesterfield in a subtle compliment. All the leading literary people of the Johnsonian period were known to Cambridge and entertained by him at the villa which he bought in 1751—the year of *The Scribleriad*—and where he died in 1802. A glimpse of him and three remarkable visitors may be quoted from the account of one of the latter, James Boswell by name: "On Tuesday, April 11th (1775), he (Samuel Johnson) and I were engaged to go with Sir Joshua Reynolds to dine with Mr. Cambridge, at his beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, near Twickenham. Dr. Johnson's tardiness was such, that Sir Joshua, who had an appointment at Richmond early in the day, was obliged to go by himself on horseback, leaving his coach to Johnson and me." On the journey down "the great Lexicographer, the stately Moralist, the Masterly Critick" discoursed of many things to his faithful companion and

No sooner had we made our bow to Mr. Cambridge, in his library, than Johnson ran eagerly to one side of the room intent on poring over the backs of the books. Sir Joshua observed (aside), "he runs to the books as

I do to the pictures: but I have the advantage. I can see much more of the pictures than he can of the books." Mr. Cambridge, upon this, politely said, "Dr. Johnson, I am going, with your pardon, to accuse myself, for I have the same custom which I perceive you have. But it seems odd that one should have such a desire to look at the backs of books." Johnson, ever ready for contest, instantly started from his reverie, wheeled about and answered, "Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. When we enquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues, and the backs of books in libraries." Sir Joshua observed to me the extraordinary promptitude with which Johnson flew upon an argument. "Yes (said I), he has no formal preparation, no flourishing with his sword; he is through your body in an instant."

"Cambridge, the Everything," as Horace Walpole dubbed him, was a man of many friends with a reputation for witty conversation, though but few of his good things have come down to us. One recorded by his son may well be given: "A note from Mr. Moore (of *The World*) was put into my father's hands on a Sunday morning as he was going to church; my mother, observing him inattentive during the sermon, whispered, 'what are you thinking of?' He replied, 'of the next *World*, my dear.'"

Not far from Richmond Bridge, too, at Sandycomb Lodge, lived a man of far greater and more enduring fame than the author of *The Scribleriad*. For this house, though much altered since, was built from his own designs in 1813 by J. M. W. Turner, our greatest landscape painter. For fourteen years the poet of the palette spent part of his time here; and here he did some of his work, from the early "Crossing the Brook" to the famous "View from Richmond Hill." He finally gave up the house (to which he had first given the name "Solus") owing to the infrequency with which he made use of it, and also because his old father was always catching cold from working in the garden. During his stays at the villa Turner was able to indulge in his favourite sport of angling. If he did not paint much here, it may be

well believed that from his days spent on the Thames he learned much that was of incalculable value to him when observing the river, the sky, and the ever-varying atmospheric conditions of the misty fluvial meadows.

It is in some of its byways that the Twickenham district is most attractive to-day; along its highways are the overhead wires of the electric tramway, and the great cars are ever passing to and fro. Their coming, with the consequent road widening and other changes has been the signal for razing old houses, cutting down old trees, and destroying many broad pleasure grounds. Still on the Isleworth side of the town the tramcars take us through wide orchards and by acres of glass houses and nursery grounds, but each year the houses are encroaching further into the fruit gardens. Where have been close-grown orchards one summer, the next we see a row of new villas with on each lark's-turf of lawn a single plum-tree, pathetic survivor of the hundreds that have fallen. It is the usual story of city expansion—every year the circle becomes larger, and we can but sigh over the march of progress, every footprint of which is marked by destruction of beauty and the immediate growth of rows of gardenless dwellings, and wish that that law had never lapsed which decreed that every new house built should have four acres of land attached to it.

To the many definitions of man that have been made—as a cooking animal, a clothes-wearing animal, and so on—might be added that he is, so far as we can tell, the only retrospective animal. It is true that we have been exhorted to act in the living present, but it may be said that our knowledge of and sentiment for the past help to shape the future. There is something more than mere curiosity in our desire to see places and things associated with men and women of bygone days, something more than mere sentimentality in our regrets over their destruction. Leaving the centre of Twickenham and its network of converging tram-lines by the western

road, we reach at the first fork a spot on which stood a house said to have been once the residence of the notorious Philip, Duke of Wharton, and later of James Craggs, that friend of Pope's whom the poet addressed:

> Since my friend has grown so great
> As to be Secretary of State.

It is curious that this house at the very corner of the road leading shortly to Pope's villa should have been occupied successively by one whom the poet summed up in what has been described as a masterpiece of unfavourable delineation, and one for whom he had a close and lasting friendship. Wharton, who it has been suggested was the original of Richardson's Lovelace, was summed up with such satire as has but little in it of exaggeration:

> Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
> And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
> Grown all to all; from no one vice exempt;
> And most contemptible to shun contempt;
> His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
> His life, to forfeit it, a thousand ways;
> A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
> An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
> A fool with more of wit than half mankind;
> Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
> A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
> A rebel to the very king he loves;
> He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
> And, harder still, flagitious, yet not great.
> Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule?
> 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

The life story of the profligate nobleman—one time president of the Hell Fire Club—shows that the poet has given us a portrait rather than a caricature. In Back Lane, not far from where Copt Hall stood on the further side of the main road, was "a quaint old-fashioned wooden structure"—long since gone—where Henry Fielding lived for a time.

Here he brought his second wife (said to have been maid to her predecessor); here the first child of that marriage was born; and here it is probable that Fielding wrote part of *Tom Jones*. In his preface to that novel which was published early in 1749, the author said that it was the work of many years, and as he had left Twickenham in 1748 there are certainly good grounds for the tradition. On the south side of Heath Road which now leads to the triangular Twickenham Green, but which of old evidently led to the broad extent of Hounslow Heath, the south-eastern extension of which came far in this direction, were two houses with associations, Saville House and Twickenham House, at the former of which for many years lived Lady Mary Wortley Montagu ("worldly" Montagu as the Duke of Wharton neatly dubbed her). Pope, who had long carried on a sentimental correspondence with Lady Mary, persuaded her and her husband to join the Twickenham circle, and thus it was that the house (owned by Sir Godfrey Kneller) here was taken a year or two after the couple had returned from the East in 1708. If it be true that distance makes the heart grow fonder the converse is also true with some individuals, and soon the poet and the lady were at pens drawn, and squibs and satires written by them or their respective partisans were flying about to the entertainment of "the town." The squabble does not concern us here. More pleasant is it to recall that it must have been from Saville House that Lady Mary carried on part of her campaign in favour of inoculation as a preventive of the ravages of that scourge of the time—smallpox, an innovation that raised such a storm as made her again and again repent of her patriotic undertaking.

Close to Lady Mary's house was one which twenty years after she had left Twickenham was occupied by that Sir John Hawkins whom Johnson stigmatised as "a most unclubable man," who wrote a history of music, edited—being an ardent angler—Izaak Walton's immortal work, and produced a

biography of Johnson which was promptly and permanently eclipsed by Boswell's great book. Hawkins was an active Middlesex magistrate who at first refused the acceptance of fees until, finding his generosity abused by the encouragement of litigation, he took the fees and handed them over to the poor of the parish. The worthy Knight—knighted for the part he took in suppressing the election riots at Brentford in 1768, and the Moorfields riots of 1769—was afflicted with a drawl which one of his critics ridiculed in the following proposed epitaph :—

> Here lies Sir John Hawkins
> Without his shoes and "stawkins."

In 1858 his house came to be occupied by Dr. Hugh Diamond, who established it as a private lunatic asylum. Diamond is, however, chiefly remembered as a successful student and practitioner of photography in its earlier days. Further to the west by Twickenham Green, tradition says, was a house occupied by the lively Bishop Corbet, whose father, according to Aubrey and other authorities, was a gardener in the Twickenham district, though later research (as embodied in the *Dictionary of National Biography*) gives Ewell, in Surrey, the credit of being the birthplace of the convivial bishop. Vincent Corbet, the father who died in 1619, was epitaphed by Ben Jonson with conceits quaintly culled from the old man's horticultural pursuits :

> His mind as pure, and neatly kept,
> As were his nurseries, and swept
> So of uncleanness or offence,
> That never came ill odour thence.

At another house near the Common, Colne Lodge, lived for many years Paul Whitehead, a satirist, whose satires are forgotten, a man chiefly remembered from his association, as secretary and steward, with the "Monks of Medmenham,"

those ill-famous folk who under the leadership of Sir Francis Dashwood established the Hell Fire Club at Medmenham on the banks of the Thames, and sought to live up to their defiant motto "Fay ce que Voudras." Whitehead is remembered rather by the lashes he received from another satirist than by achievement of his own. In the *Candidate* of Churchill is a stinging reference to the monks, and to the fact that "Paul the aged chalks behind a door, 'a nation's reck'ning like an alehouse score.'" When Whitehead died he bequeathed his heart to Lord le Despenser (Dashwood), who had it buried with hideous mock ceremonials in his hillside mausoleum at West Wycombe. Further along the Staines Road was a little cottage, demolished about forty years ago, in which Joanna Southcott, the fanatical prophetess, is said to have dwelt. Half a century after her death in 1814 a Twickenham curate recorded that he still found in the district traces of attachment to her. Returning to the riverside through the villadom of Strawberry Hill, we come just beyond the attractive new riverside public gardens of Radnor House to the place which has given the district its name. With green fields between it and the river, but many residential roads close neighbouring it on other sides, is the house which Horace Walpole made famous. In June 1747 he wrote, to the father of the lady to whom just half a century later he left his property:—

> You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little-plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop and is the prettiest bawble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with philigree hedges:
>
> A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd
> And little finches wave their wings in gold.
>
> Two delightful roads that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; barges as solemn as barons of the exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham-walks bound my prospect: but thank God, the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's

ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's, when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind, but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it out for themselves: up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without any glasses. Lord John Sackville predecessed me here, and instituted certain games called cricketalia, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow.

The enthusiastic note on which Walpole began his possession of what had been "Chopped Straw Hall"—but which became Strawberry Hill ("which I have found out in my lease is the old name of my house") within a year of his ownership—was sustained all through the fifty years that he lived there. He added to the building, making of it a castellated "Gothic" mansion, devoting much attention to the laying out of the grounds, and to establishing a veritable museum of artistic and other rarities. Where the beautification of his place was concerned he seems to have had few scruples in acquiring what money could command: if a stained glass window was to be got from an old Sussex church—so much the worse for the church. Though "Strawberry Hill Gothic" has come to be a term of architectural opprobrium, the fame which the noble owner gained for his possessions was such that many people sought permission to visit Strawberry Hill to see the collections of the great virtuoso, the "agreeable trifler" as Burke dubbed him. Such permission was periodically granted to a strictly limited number of persons. Towards the end of his life he wrote that he was preparing "to receive an invasion of royalties . . . . If I *fall*, as ten to one but I do, to be sure it will be a superb tumble, at the feet of a queen and eight daughters of Kings: for besides the six princesses, I am to have the duchess of York and the princess of Orange." Of his wonderful collection Walpole himself made catalogues. At the great Strawberry Hill sale of

1842 his treasures—which included several collections already famous when they were added to his—were dispersed. They had been bequeathed with the house by him to his friend Mrs. Damer, the sculptor, with two thousand pounds a year for their preservation, and she had died in 1828, having some years previously removed to York House on the other side of Twickenham. The art treasures and curios are then no longer housed in the "Little Gothic Castle" which they make famous, but the reader interested in such may find full particulars of them in Walpole's own writings, printed at the press which he set up in a cottage in his grounds—the famous private printing-press of Strawberry Hill, or "Officina Arbuteana." His own place is said to have suggested Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*—architectural stucco expressed in terms of romance—and the idea of the picture walking out of its frame in the opening chapter is believed to have been suggested by the author's portrait of Henry Carey, Lord Falkland, in white painted by Vansomer. The fame of the place has about it such a savour of playfulness, that we do not think of Walpole's collections as of some others—those might be celebrated in a humorous ode or a thoughtful sonnet, these, perhaps, have their most fitting praise in a sprightly ballad "to the old tune which you remember of Rowe's ballad on Doddington's Mrs. Sawbridge" by the Earl of Bath—

Some cry up Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare,
And some say that with Chiswick House
No villa can compare;
But ask the Beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
If Strawb'ry Hill, if Strawb'ry Hill,
Don't bear away the bell?

Some love to roll down Greenwich Hill,
For this thing and for that;
And some prefer sweet Marble Hill,
Though sure 'tis somewhat flat:

Yet Marble Hill and Greenwich Hill,
If Kitty Clive can tell,
From Strawb'ry Hill, from Strawb'ry Hill
Will never bear the bell.

Since Denham sung of Cooper's,
There's scarce a hill around
But what in song or ditty
Is turn'd to fairy ground—
Ah, peace be with their mem'ries,
I wish them wondrous well;
But Strawb'ry Hill, but Strawb'ry Hill
Must bear away the bell.

Strawberry Hill itself is almost as flat as "sweet Marble Hill," for truth to tell our Thames-side forefathers seem to have needed little excuse to fasten the name of "hill" upon slight swellings that accord but poor support to the title.

Walpole enlarged his estate until he had fourteen acres of grounds, and at a cottage belonging to him named Little Strawberry Hill, the last house in Twickenham, on the lower Teddington Road, lived for many years, and died in 1785, one of the most famous of English actresses, that witty Kitty Clive, who won highest praise from such diverse people as Walpole and Johnson, Goldsmith and Garrick, and of whom Churchill in the *Rosciad* wrote in an unwontedly encomiastic strain:

First, gigling, plotting chamber-maids arrive
Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes she shone:
For Humour fam'd, and Humour all her own.
Easy as if at Home the stage she trod;
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please.
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On humour's base, more merit or more praise.

After supping at Mrs. Clive's when Walpole returned to his congenial task of letter writing he committed as bad a pun as the sturdiest anti-punster ever perpetrated: "the truth is I

make the most of this acquaintance to protect my poor neighbour at Clivden—you understand the conundrum, Clive's den." Six years after Clive's death the owner of the cottage persuaded his two young friends, his "twin wives" as he called them, Mary and Agnes Berry, to occupy it, and on his death bequeathed it to them for life. After inheriting it they do not appear to have used the cottage themselves, but to have let it to various tenants, and notably to that Alderman Wood who was friend and counsellor to the unhappy Queen Caroline, and the butt of Theodore Hook. At Little Strawberry Hill we are at the very confines of the parish of Twickenham, and are practically at Teddington, another old-time riverside village grown to be a large residential suburb.

Much ingenuity has been expended in seeking the derivation of the name of Teddington, the happy source of it in a corruption of "Tide-ending-town" is discredited not only on account of the fact that the tide was probably felt further up stream before it was stayed by the lock, but also because of the ancient forms of the place-name in Totyngton and Todynton. As at Twickenham the new town has spread inland considerably and many of the old residences have disappeared, their grounds being now occupied by streets of shops and villas. The small old ivy-clad brick church is no longer used, but its three-gabled roof of red tiles, and squat ivy-tod tower, its tree-grown grave-yard and moss-grown paths, form the most picturesque bit of the town. Teddington Church is like that at Twickenham in that it is more notable for the worthies buried there than for any architectural distinction. It is overshadowed on the other side of the road by the tall, almost cathedral-like but as yet uncompleted Decorated stone structure by which it has been superseded and in which are seven lamps which came from the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. At the old church are buried Sir Orlando Bridgman, Lord Keeper to Charles the Second; and Dr. Stephen Hales (died 1761), perpetual curate of the parish, who held the charge for over fifty years, building

the north aisle and tower during his long ministry. Hales, who was a friend of Pope's ("I shall be very glad to see Dr. Hales, and always love to see him; he is so worthy and good a man") and witness to his will, was the author of works on natural history and physiology of considerable repute in their day. He was buried under the tower which he had erected, and a tablet in the vestry commemorates the fact. It is worth recalling that Hales was instrumental in securing for the parish a good water supply, duly recording in characteristic fashion in the parish register that the outflow would fill a two-quart vessel in "3 swings of the pendulum, beating seconds, which pendulum was $39+\frac{2}{10}$ inches long from the suspending nail to the middle of the plumbet or bob." It was at Teddington that Peg Woffington spent the last three years of her life and on the east wall is to be seen a tablet commemorating "Margaret Woffington, spinster." In Teddington, too, resided John Walter, founder of *The Times*, and a mural memorial tablet tells us that he was buried here in 1812. Richard Bentley—son of the Greek scholar, and friend of Horace Walpole—also lies here, and also that Paul Whitehead—whom many writers too readily confuse with his contemporary, William Whitehead, the Poet Laureate—who as we have seen lived at Twickenham Common and left his heart to be the centre of mock ceremonies, an account of which belongs to the neighbouring county of Buckinghamshire. An old writer spoke of lying like an epitaph, and though Whitehead's last resting-place is left unmarked it was not because no one could be found courageous enough to speak well of the dead, for Garrick drew up the following epitaph.

Near this place are deposited the remains of Paul Whitehead, Esq., who was born January 25, 1710, and died December 30, 1774, aged sixty-five:

Here lies a man misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a poet, honour'd as a friend:
Though his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame;

Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
WHITEHEAD stood forth, the healing balm apply'd:
Nor quitted their distresses till he died.

Teddington has had two poetical curates, the one who immediately succeeded Hales being John Cosens, a poetaster who wrote the *Tears of Twickenham*, which no longer move readers, the other a seventeenth century poet who, though recently discovered, ranks at once with Vaughan, Donne, and Crashaw. This was Thomas Traherne, whose *Poetical Works* have been discovered, identified, and published by Mr. Bertram Dobell, and are recognised as one of the greatest literary "finds" of our time. That Traherne—who was Chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman—was curate of Teddington there seems to be little doubt though no direct evidence. Here he certainly came when the Lord Keeper, not being sufficiently subservient to his royal master, was relieved of the seals and retired to his house at Teddington, and here patron and poet passed away, the first at the age of nearly seventy on June 25th, 1674, and the other but about three months later at the age of about thirty-nine, being buried on October 10th, 1674. Particulars of Traherne's life are very scanty, but one story about him which Mr. Dobell recovered from Aubrey's *Miscellanies*—and which Aubrey had from Traherne himself—may be given as affording a glimpse of the man presumably as a visionary boy.

Mr. Traherne, B.D. (Chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, Lord Keeper) a learned and sober person, was son of a shoemaker in Hereford: one night as he lay in bed, the moon shining very bright, he saw the phantom of one of the apprentices, sitting in a chair in his red waistcoat, his head band about his head, and strap upon his knee; which apprentice was really in bed and asleep with another fellow apprentice in the same chamber and saw him. The fellow was living 1671. Another time, as he was in bed, he saw a basket come sailing in the air, along by the valence of his bed; I think he said there was fruit in the basket: it was a phantom.

How far Traherne's poems were written during his years at

Teddington we know not, but Mr. Dobell has shown that he must still have been engaged upon his rich prose work, the *Centuries of Meditation* when he died. A couple of verses from *Wonder* may well be recalled in a place that should be proud of its long-dead though but newly-acclaimed citizen :—

How like an Angel came I down.
How bright are all things here.
When first among His works I did appear
Oh how their glory me did crown.
The world resembled his Eternity,
In which my soul did walk ;
And everything that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
The lively, lovely air,
Oh, how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair.
The stars did entertain my sense,
And all the works of God so bright and pure,
So rich and great did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
Within my bones did grow,
And while my God did all his Glories show,
I felt a vigour in my sense
That was all Spirit. I within did flow
With seas of life, like wine ;
I nothing in the world did know
But 'twas divine.

Traherne was buried at Teddington, but no monument marks his resting-place. Perhaps when his position in our literature is more widely known some late memorial may be placed here to acquaint visitors with the fact. One of Traherne's predecessors was in 1638 suspended for preaching a sermon of more than an hour's length ! Half a dozen years later, according to the parish register, was buried a wretched victim of boulimia, a young man named James

Parsons, who "had often eat a shoulder of mutton, or a peck of hasty pudding at a time, which caused his death."

Among the notable residents of Teddington have been Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and William Penn, who wrote hence his protest against being described as a Papist. A more recent celebrity was R. D. Blackmore, the popular author of *Lorna Doone*, who here doubled the parts of novelist and market gardener, and who, if report speaks true, came to set more store by the produce of his gardens than by the children of his pen. For about forty years Blackmore lived here, and here he died in 1900. The few years that have elapsed since have seen his market gardens give way before the irresistible tide of bricks and mortar, which is ever more closely linking together into Suburbia the old riverside villages.

Further up stream than Teddington about a mile—rather more if the willow-fringed Thames be followed—we come to Hampton Wick, another such mixture of new and old, as is characteristic of the suburbanised villages along these lower reaches of the Stream of Pleasure. Hampton Wick—I have heard that the late Mr. Grant Allen declared that the name was a triple insistence upon one fact—owed its old importance to its position at the London side of Hampton Court, and to its near neighbourhood to Kingston-on-Thames, with which it has been connected since 1224, when the first wooden bridge was built. The latest successor of that bridge is a handsome one of stone, all too narrow for present day requirements, and more especially since it has been practically annexed by an electric tramway. Of old, it is worthy of mention, for the fact seems to have escaped the attention of most writers, this place was not Hampton Wick but Kingston Wick, and as such it appears in Richard Blome's "Mapp of ye County of Middlesex" in 1673, and in the accompanying text it is described as "joined unto Kingston, a large Market-town in Surrey, by a fair Wooden-bridge."

On a pleasant reach of the Thames, with the Home Park of Hampton Court immediately to the south, and the broad extent of Bushey Park to the west, Hampton Wick is so fortunately situated that its possible expansion is strictly limited. Subordinated to its neighbours, the place has but little that is notable in its history. It was indeed only granted the dignity of an ecclesiastical parish about eighty years ago when its church was erected, the architect being Edward Lapidge, who had designed the existing Kingston Bridge, built 1825-28, and who may especially be recalled as a local worthy, having been a son of the chief gardener at Hampton Court. In the church is a stained glass window as memorial to "a village Hampden," one Timothy Bennet, who vindicated the right of the public to a walk through Bushey Park which had been closed. An old mezzotint portrait of this humble benefactor is said to have been inscribed—I have not seen a copy—"Timothy Bennet of Hampton Wick, in Middlesex, shoemaker, aged seventy-five, 1752. This true Briton (unwilling to leave the world worse than he found it) by a vigourous application of the laws of his country in the cause of liberty, obtained a free passage through Bushey Park which had many years been withheld from the people."

It was at Hampton Wick "in the shadow of the palace" that Captain Richard Steele—yet to be creator of the *Tatler* and Sir Richard—had a country box to which he gave a whimsical name and whence he dedicated the fourth volume of the *Tatler* to Lord Halifax: "From the Hovel at Hampton Wick, April 7, 1711." In the course of that dedication he says, "I could not but indulge a certain vanity in dating from this little covert, where I have frequently had the honour of Your Lordship's company, and received from you many obligations. The elegant solitude of this place, and the greatest pleasures of it, I owe to its being so near those beautiful manors wherein you sometimes reside." Thackeray, it will be remembered, makes Henry Esmond spend the night at the Hovel as guest of

the Steeles, and does not give a very flattering account of the *menage*: "Harry had ridden away from Hampton that very morning, leaving the couple by the ears, for from the chamber where he lay, in a bed that was none of the cleanest, and kept awake by the company which he had in his own bed, and the quarrel which was going on in the next room, he could hear both night and morning the curtain lecture which Mrs. Steele was in the habit of administering to poor Dick." The Hovel is said to have been a house of some elegance, from which we may imagine that its name was given by the rule of contrariety or in the spirit of that pride which is said to ape humility. Thackeray certainly does not flatter Mrs. Prue as housekeeper. I have been unable to ascertain whereabouts the Hovel stood.

CHAPTER IV

THE COUNTY CAPITAL AND THEREABOUTS

Now nearer town and all agog
They knew dear London by its fog,
Bridges they cross, through lanes they wind,
Leave Hounslow's dangerous Heath behind,
Through Brentford win a passage free
By shouting Wilkes and Liberty.—*Whitehead.*

As the capital town of Middlesex Brentford might perhaps claim pride of place, but it scarcely has such attractions as make the visitor desirous of lingering in its mile-long, narrow, tram-congested High Street. Yet there are bits about some of the alley-ways going down to the Thames and about the canalised River Brent that have a picturesqueness such as delights the artist, while here women are still to be met wearing the old-fashioned print sun bonnets. By the casual visitor passing along the main road from near Kew Bridge to where, as Leland put it, "there is a bridge upon Brent ryveret," there is chiefly remembered a narrow, crooked thoroughfare with scanty footways between the traffic and the shops; and thanks to the breweries and warehouses on the riverside there is an air of dinge over the whole. The place has indeed long been famous for its dirtiness and its disproportionate number of public-houses. Gay stigmatised it as

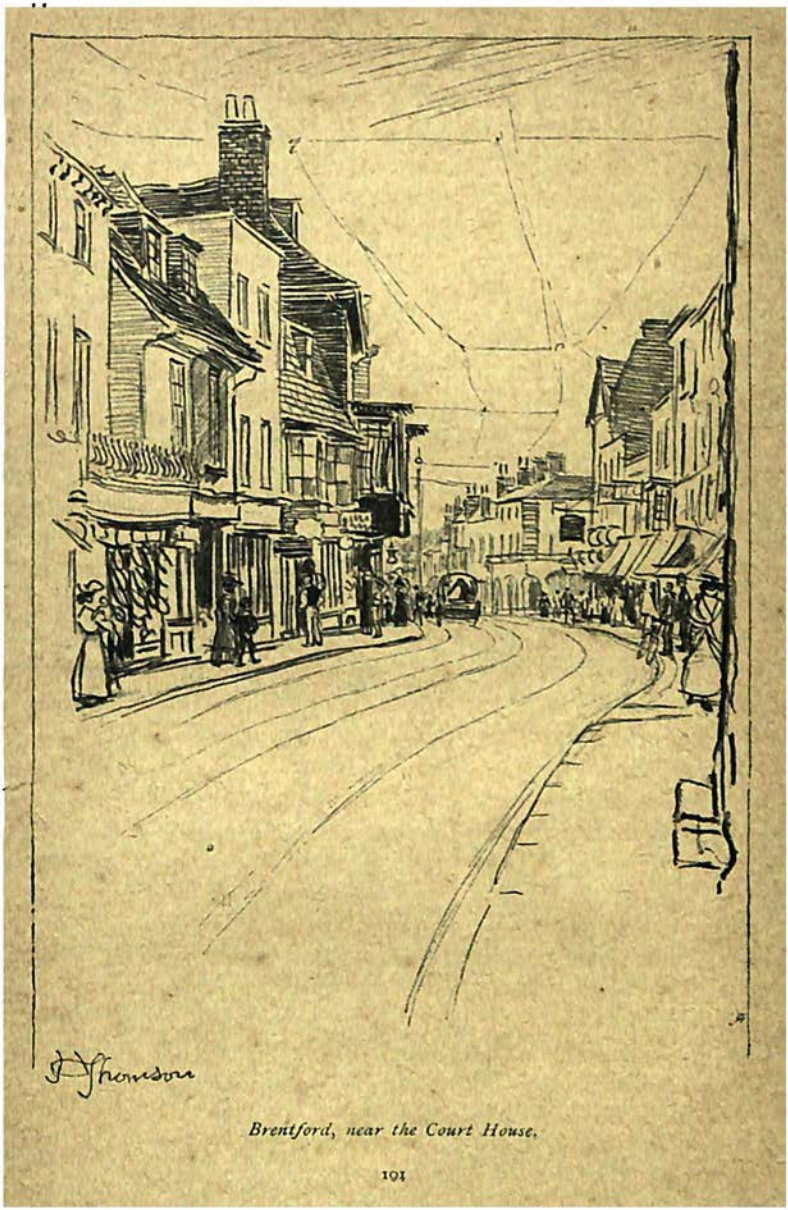
Brentford, tedious town,
For dirty streets and white legged chickens known.

Thomson, who lived at Richmond, concludes *The Castle of Indolence* with a neat picture of eighteenth-century Brentford :—

> Even as through Brentford town, a town of mud,
> A herd of bristly swine is prick'd along,
> The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
> Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
> And oft they plunge themselves the mire among;
> But as the ruthless driver goads them on,
> And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
> Makes them renew their unmelodious moan,
> Ne even find they rest from their unresting tone.

Three or four years after Thomson had written thus, another visitor saw pleasant possibilities in the place, probably on viewing it from the river : "that part of it called Old Brentford is situated upon a fine rising bank close to the Thames, and is naturally capable of being made as beautiful a spot as anything of the kind." It has been cruelly suggested that it was the characteristic dirtiness of the place, reminding him of his beloved Hanover, which made George the First give the order when *en route* for Hampton Court that he should be driven slowly through Brentford. Since those early years of the eighteenth century Brentford has spread, it is true, further afield, but its main characteristics are comparatively little altered; while George the First's picturesque Old Hanover is almost overwhelmed by the great modern city of broad, clean thoroughfares.

There is a tradition—chiefly surviving in literary allusions—of "Two Kings of Brentford." Cowper in the *Task* says—apropos of the convenient settee—"So sit two Kings of Brentford on one throne," and a later writer refers to "Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one rose." The story of the two kings seems to have no foundation in history, and its origin as a legend appears to date no farther back than the appearance in 1672 of *The Rehearsal* by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Another apocryphal King of Brentford is the one whose



Brentford, near the Court House.

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"Testament" is among the most delightful of Thackeray's ballads, where we learn how the worthy monarch being about to die and knowing that his son Tom was an over-prudent, miserly young man, and that his son Edward was a spendthrift, devised his property in a humorously wise fashion. After summarising their respective qualities the will concludes with that delightful unexpectedness which is of the essence of wit:—

Wherefore my lease and copyholds,
My lands and tenements,
My parks, my farms, and orchards,
My houses and my rents,
My Dutch stock and my Spanish stock
My five and three per cents. ;
I leave to you my Thomas
("What all?" poor Edward said,
"Well, well, I should have spent them,
And Tom's a prudent head.")
I leave to you, my Thomas—
To you IN TRUST for Ned.

Thackeray was, indeed, fond of poking fun at Brentford. I have seen an unpublished letter of his to the great tragedian Macready, written in February, 1840, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's first State visit to the city after her marriage, beginning "Sir, Being occupied with a historical picture (for the town hall of Brentford representing Prince and Princess Prettyman's visit to the Theatre of that city"). This letter is subscribed—with such a trick as Titmarsh enjoyed—"Theresa Maria Wiggins" and is headed by a clever pen-and-ink sketch of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert (she with an enormous crown on her head) seated in the Royal Box. Thomas Hood, too, used Brentford as the scene of his punning ballad *The Duel.* Another legendary person connected with this place was Gillian or Julian of Brentford, presumably a famous witch, for there are several references to her in our old dramatic literature, and she even finds a place in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff, to evade the just

indignation of Ford, personates the wise woman of Brentford, otherwise "my maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford," for in the quarto edition of the play, the reference is to "My maid's aunt, Gillian of Brentford." In Robert Laneham's Letter about the Queen's Progress in 1575, there is reference to a book "Iulian of Brainford's Testament." This is a coarse poem in which a Brentford alewife "Jyl" or "Julian" satirises various people, and was written by that excellent old printer Robert Copland.[1] It is curious that Thackeray should have devised his story in the form of a "Testament" also associated with Brentford, for it is not probable that he knew anything of Copland's poem.

If Brentford has its place in legendary lore and in literature it has also its place in history, as is only befitting the county capital. Here Offa of Mercia is said to have held an early Council of the Church, and here, more than two centuries later, when Edmund Ironside was busy beating off the harrying Danes, he defeated those persistent invaders, and later crossed the Thames at this point and pursued them into Kent, and engaged with them at the Battle of Otford. Again in the time of the Civil War there was fighting here when dashing Prince Rupert, having captured Reading, pushed his advantage thus far towards London on November 12, 1642. After much hard fighting about the river meadows to the south-west of the town it was continued in the streets until the two regiments of the Parliamentary army set to guard it were driven off, and the Royalists proceeded to sack the town. London was roused by having the danger of conflict approach so near, and soon there were twenty thousand men at Turnham Green under Essex, to oppose the further approach of the King's forces, which were compelled to withdraw, so that the Battle (or skirmish) of Brentford was but inconclusive. Desultory fighting continued in the neighbourhood for a

[1] Dr. F. J. Furnivall in editing Robert Laneham's Letter (1907) promised an early reprint of "Julian of Brainford's Testament."

short time; there was an encounter at Acton three days after that at Brentford. A contemporary account of the battle, apparently written by one of the Royalist officers, is worth giving at length, because the Battle of Brentford is not allowed much prominence in the history books, and as showing that the advantage gained for the King was so considerable, that had the Royalists been able to follow it up they might have been able to modify considerably the subsequent course of events:

On Saturday very early (says the writer) we marched from Ashford, and at Hounslow Heath all the King's foote met, expecting a battaile, but none offered: on still we went to Hounslow Towne, thence to Brainforde, where unexpectedly we were encountered by two or three regiments of theirs, who had made some small barricadoes at the end of the first towne called New Brainford. The van of our army being about 1000 musketiers, answered their shot soe bitterly, that within an hour or lesse they forsooke their worke in that place, and fled up to another which they had raised betwixt the two townes, from whence, and a brick house by with small ordinance, they gave us a hot and long shower of bullets. My Colonel's (Sir Edward Fitton's) regiment was the sixth that was brought to assault, after five others had all discharged, whose happy honour it was (assisted by God, and a new piece of canon newly come up) to drive them from that worke too, where it was an heart-breaking object to see and hear the miserable deaths of many goodly men: we slew a lieutenant-colonel, two serjeant-majors, some captains, and other officers and soldiers there, about thirty or forty of them, and took 400 prisoners. But what was most pitiful was, to see how many poore men ended and lost their lives, striving to save them; for they run into the Thames, and about 200 of them as we might judge, were there drowned by themselves, and so were guilty of their own deaths; for had they stayed, and yielded up themselves, the King's mercy is so gracious that he had spared them all. We took there six or eight colours, alsoe their twoe pieces of ordonance and all this with a very small losse, God be praised; for believe me, I cannot understand that we lost sixteen men; whereof, one was a son of Mr. Daniel of Tabley, Mr. Thomas Daniel, a fine young gentleman who was a lieutenant of our regiment, but none of our countrymen. Then we, thinking all had been done for that night, two of our regiments passed up through the old towne to make good the entrance, but they were again encountered by a fresh onset, which scattered like the rest after a short conflict, fled away towards

Hammersmith, and we were left masters of the townes. That night most lay in the cold fields. Next morning early we were startled afresh by the loud music of some canon, which proved to be but some fourteen barges of theirs, who, with thirteen ordinance, and 600 men, attempted very indiscreetly to pass up [down] the river from Kingston on Thames, but by the towne, where we lay, for London; but being discovered, what from the bancke and from Sion Howse (the Earl of Northumberland's) where we had placed some four musketeers within two or three howers space, we sunk four or five of their vessels with the canons in them, took the rest, and eight pieces in them for our breakfast; after which, within two hours, we could descry a great army marching downe upon us from London, whoe came up within musket shot of us; but the King finding his men weary, and being satisfied with what he had done before for that tyme, and havinge no convenient place for his horse (which is the greatest pillar of his army) to fight, very wisely drew off his men by degrees, and, unperceived by them, left the towne naked; some of his horse dragoons keeping them deceived till the foot were all gone, and then they galloped in the rear after; which the enemy perceiving, played on their backs with their canon, but with no harm or successe at all, God be praised; soe that night we marched back toward Hampton Court, next day into Kingston on Thames, a great towne which they had manned the day before with 6000 men in it, but left it upon our fight at Brainford; soe here we are now very safe, our foot and our horse roundabout us.

The Parliamentary account of the battle recorded heavy loss to the enemy and "very few on our side," which shows that the over-estimating of damage done, the under-estimating of damage received, is no innovation in military despatches.

These episodes in the history of Brentford, and another now claimed for the town, have been commemorated by the erection this spring on the river-bank—at the top of the ferry steps—of a capped round granite pillar about ten feet high on a granite base. On the four faces of the pillar are bold inscriptions running:

B.C. 54. AT THIS ANCIENT FORTIFIED FORD THE BRITISH TRIBESMEN VNDER CASSIVELAVNVS BRAVELY OPPOSED IVLIVS CÆSAR ON HIS MARCH TO VERVLAMIVM. A.D. 1909. THE IDENTITY OF THE PLACE HAS BEEN RECENTLY ESTABLISHED BY THE DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF LINES OF OAK PALISADES EXTENDING BOTH ALONG THIS BANK AND

IN THE BED OF THE RIVER, AND BROVGHT TO PVBLIC NOTICE BY MONTAGV SHARPE ESQ. D: L. CHAIRMAN OF QVARTER SESSIONS AND COVNTY COVNCIL OF MIDDLESEX.

A.D. 780–1. NEAR BY OFFA, KING OF MERCIA, WITH HIS QVEEN, THE BISHOPS AND PRINCIPAL OFFICERS HELD A COVNCIL OF THE CHVRCH.

A.D. 1016. HERE EDMVND IRONSIDE, KING OF ENGLAND, DROVE CNVT AND HIS DEFEATED DANES ACROSS THE THAMES.

A.D. 1642. CLOSE BY WAS FOVGHT THE BATTLE OF BRENTFORD BETWEEN THE FORCES OF KING CHARLES I. AND THE PARLIAMENT.

Its importance as the county capital, its position on the river in days when the Thames was one of the main highways to and from London, and its nearness to that all-important centre, made Brentford a place of some note. When the theatres of London were suppressed during the Civil War came John Lowin of the Globe Theatre—one of Shakespeare's "fellows"—as landlord of the "Three Pigeons," where about 1659 "he dyed very old, for he was an actor of eminent note in the reign of King James the First (and his poverty was as great as his age)." It has been said—though there is considerable doubt as to the first—that Lowin was the original performer of the parts of Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and of *Henry VIII.* Then Jonson and other of his old London friends, according to tradition, made Lowin's inn a place of rendezvous. But it seems to have been a notable house before the old actor took it, for in the *Alchemist* Jonson makes one of his characters say:—

> We will turn our course
> To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word . . . . .
> My bird o' the night. We'll tickle it at the Pigeons.

If in Brentford we turn our course for the old inn we shall find it—no longer old, for Lowin's house was demolished in the mid-nineteenth century—near the plain Town Hall at the corner of the High Street and the small market square. It was at the Three Pigeons that George Peele, the dramatist, set out with four companions to have a good time and yet

bring back the five pounds with which they started. It is an amusing story of elaborate cheating—"how my host and my hostess looked when they saw the event of this, go but to the Three Pigeons at Brentford, you shall know"—as set forth in the *Merry Conceited Jests* of George Peele. Another of the innumerable Brentford hostelries worth passing mention is The Lion, for there in 1445 Henry the Sixth actually held a Chapter of the Garter—establishing a precedent which has never since been followed. It is certainly difficult to think of such a royal meeting being held in a Brentford inn to-day.

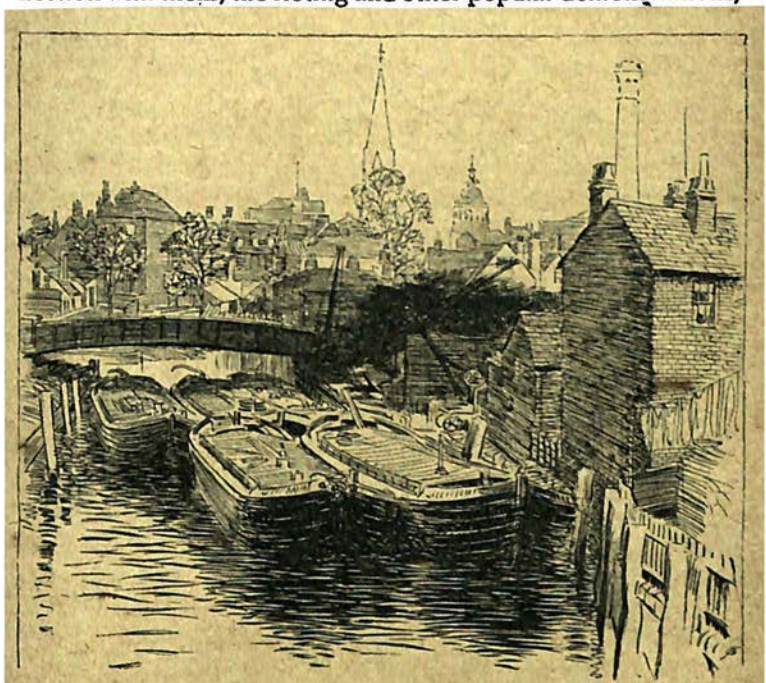
In the eighteenth century it is recorded in Spence's *Anecdotes* there was a strange kind of Zionist movement, the Jews desiring to buy Brentford that they might settle there. Lord Godolphin was offered £500,000—"and they would have made it a million—if the Government would allow them to purchase the whole town of Brentford, with leave of settling there entirely with full privileges of trade, &c. The agent from the Jews said the affair was already concerted with the chief of their brethren abroad, that it would bring the richest of their merchants hither, and of course an addition of above twenty millions of money to circulate in the nation." Godolphin declared that the proposal would provoke the clergy and the merchants, two of the most powerful parties in the country, and it was dropped. Why the Jews fixed upon Brentford we are not told. Its appearance to-day does not suggest any Promised Land. Its riverside dinginess is certainly not prepossessing, its slumdom not inviting, though there have not been wanting enthusiastic describers of the picturesque bits to be seen on the canal and riverside. But if the Jews of the eighteenth century really wished to make Brentford their own, they may have desired that time should bring about its revenge for their treatment nearly five hundred years before. When the scale of tolls was fixed for the bridge over the Brent, in the early part of the reign of Edward the First, it was enacted that all Jews and Jewesses who passed over it on horseback were to pay one

penny, and those who passed over it on foot one halfpenny—other passengers being exempted. Under the father of that Edward, according to Fuller, a Brentford worthy, known as Fulke de Brent, won fame as a soldier, but in time of peace found himself little respected.

> He endeavoured therefore to embroil the nation in a new war, and, like a dishonest chirurgeon wilfully to blister the sound flesh into a sore to gain by the curing thereof. This not succeeding (all being weary of civil war), he presuming on the King's lenity, and his own merit, (accounting himself too high to come under the roof of any law) committed many outrages of felonies and murders. He was esteemed too bad to live, such his present desperateness; yet too good to be put to death, such his former deserts; and therefore (as an expedient between both) he was condemned to perpetual banishment. He went to Rome (none had more need to confess his faults), where he lived obscurely, died miserably, and was buried ignobly, anno 1226.

Brentford, which drags its slow length along for about a couple of miles, is sometimes differenced into Old Brentford and New Brentford, and that on a kind of *lucus non lucendo* principle, for the latter is the old part about the market square and bridge while the former is the more modern extension eastwards by the waterworks and brewery. The dingy-looking church of St. Lawrence on the south side of the main street was rebuilt in the latter half of the eighteenth century, but retains its ancient tower with six bells reputed to be some of the very first cast in this country. The other church, St. George's, was erected a few years after the old one had been rebuilt, and is chiefly notable for its altar piece "The Last Supper" painted by Zoffany, in which the artist represented himself as St. Peter. It is worthy of note that the Rev. John Horne—later to be known to fame as Horne Tooke—was curate from 1760 to 1773, and that it was while here that he entered upon his career as political pamphleteer. His brother was a market gardener in this district. In the famous election of 1768 when Wilkes was candidate for Parliament—Brentford being the county polling-place—Horne Tooke (to give him the

name by which he is always known) became one of the most enthusiastic supporters of Wilkes, whom he had met during a journey abroad as tutor, later to become one of his most scathing critics. Though Wilkes's successive elections were carried out at Brentford, the most exciting scenes in connection with them, the rioting and other popular demonstrations,



Brentford.

took place in London and Westminster, but there were lively times here also when these elections were in progress, and the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty" was heard in the land. When Wilkes having polled 1143 votes and his opponent only 296, that opponent, Colonel Luttrell, was declared duly elected, the supporters of the former may well have felt that they had

good reason for their wrath. During the contest, when Wilkes and Luttrell were on the hustings, the former asked the latter whether he thought there were more fools or rogues in the crowd about them. "I'll tell them what you say, and put an end to you," said Luttrell, and as Wilkes seemed in no way alarmed, added, "Surely you don't mean to say you could stand here one hour after I did so?" "Why," said Wilkes, "you would not be alive one instant after." "How so?" "I should merely say it was a lie, and they'd tear you to pieces in a moment."

In the church lie buried several people of minor note, including the father of Horne Tooke—a Westminster poulterer. It is recorded that the future clergyman when at school and called upon to give an account of himself said, "I am the son of an eminent Turkey merchant." Two eighteenth century actors who lived in the neighbourhood are buried here, Luke Sparkes, the comedian, and Henry Giffard, who was sole proprietor of the theatre in Goodman's Fields when David Garrick made his first appearance there. Later at Drury Lane he and Garrick together played the principal parts in tragedy and genteel comedy. A far more notable person to be recalled is "Mr. William Noy, the King's Attorney," who was buried here on August 11th, 1634. Noy was one of the opponents of the Royal Prerogative until after his appointment in October, 1631, when as James Howell wrote in one of his *Familiar Letters*, "our greatest news is, that we have a new attorney general, which is news indeed, considering the humour of the man. He has lately found out among the records in the Tower, a precedent for a tax called ship-money, when the Kingdom is in danger." Noy himself wittily translated "Attornatus Domini Regis" as "one that must serve the King's turn," but he died just before the issue of the Writ of Shipmoney which led to so much trouble. According to Aubrey, Noy was a frolicsome man much given to practical joking; according to Anthony à Wood he seems to have been the reverse—"a morose, amorphous, cynical

Law-Pedant, and an invincible heap of learned rubbish" as Carlyle summed him up. It was declared that on dissection Noy's heart was found "all shrivelled up like a leather penny purse," while it was also declared that his brain was found reduced to a mass of dust, his heart a bundle of old sheepskin writs, and his belly consisted of a barrel of soap. The lawyer had been buried eight years when the struggle which he had helped to bring about broke in battle about his very resting-place. The brass which marked his grave has long since disappeared, possibly removed by those who resented the part he had played in the promotion of the hated taxes.

In the good old times of the seventeenth century the parish rates of Brentford were mainly raised by the profits gained from public sports and diversions, and in the parish account books, as Lysons showed, were entered many items of charges in connection with the games during early Stuart times, as well as some other curious entries such as (1634) "Paid Robt Warden, the constable, which he disbursed for conveying away the witches, 0 11 0." In 1688 come the following, the disbursement in each case being one shilling:—

"paid for a declaration of liberty of conscience"
"For a form of prayer for the Dutch not landing"
"For a thanksgiving for delivery from Popery."

We have seen that Brentford has long enjoyed a reputation for dirtiness, but, though its main thoroughfare is gradually changing, wider streets are opening out on the north side of it where the inevitable development is taking place, and fields and market gardens are giving way to houses and garden patches between here and Ealing. Still, however, wide stretches of orchards and of rhubarb and of various vegetable crops are to be seen about the neighbourhood: here women on their knees gathering and bundling radishes, there a number of men —a dozen planting as one—dibbling many acred stretches of lettuces.

Before journeying into the adjacent parts it is pleasant to recall both a savage and a genial bit of satire concerning Brentford.

Boswell, on one occasion reminded Johnson how when Adam Smith was expatiating on the beauty of Glasgow, he had cut him short by saying, "Pray, sir, have you ever seen Brentford?" and Boswell says, "I took the liberty to add, 'My dear sir, surely that was shocking.'" "Why, then, sir (he replied) YOU have never seen Brentford."

In the eighty-sixth of those letters of *The Citizen of the World*, which might be read with pleasure and with profit by many who know nothing of them beyond their title, Oliver Goldsmith gives an amusing account of a race "run on the road from London to a village called Brentford, between a turnip cart, a dust cart, and a dung cart: each of the owners condescending to mount and be his own driver." The account is, of course, a satire at the expense of those who give their attention to horse-racing and lard their talk with Turf terminology. The odds at starting, our Chinese visitor is made gravely to tell us, were dust against dung five to four, but after half a mile of going the knowing ones found themselves all on the wrong side, and it was "turnip against the field brass to silver."

Soon, however, the contest became more doubtful; Turnip indeed kept the way, but it was perceived that Dung had better bottom. The road re-echoed with the shouts of the spectators; Dung against Turnip; Turnip against Dung was now the universal cry; neck and neck; one rode lighter, but the other had more judgment. I could not but particularly observe the ardour with which the fair sex espoused the cause of the different riders on this occasion; one was charmed with the unwashed beauties of Dung; another was captivated with the patibulary aspect of Turnip: while in the meantime unfortunate gloomy Dust, who came whipping behind, was cheered by the encouragements of some, and pity of all.

The contention now continued for some time, without a possibility of determining to whom victory designed the prize. The winning-post appeared in view, and he who drove the turnip cart, assured himself of success; and successful he might have been had his horse been as ambitious

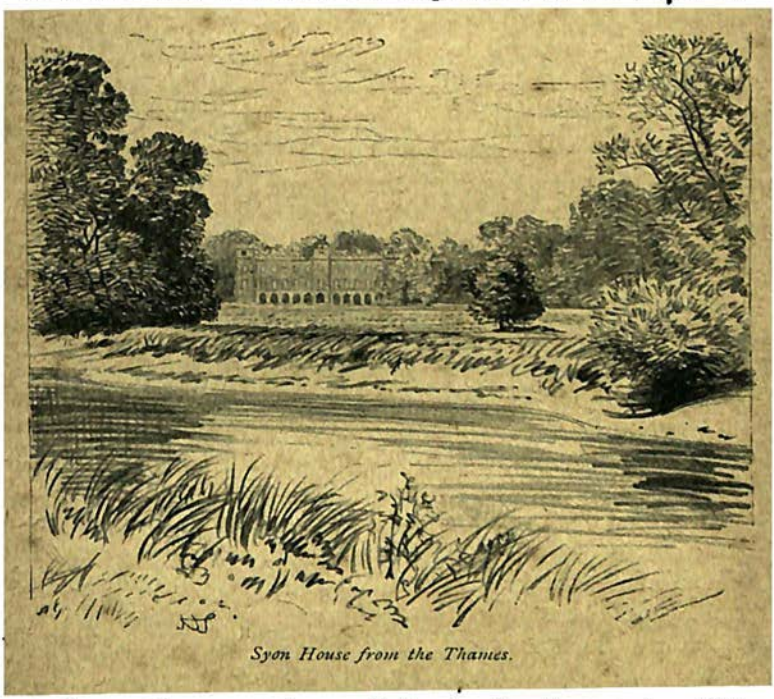
as he; but upon approaching a turn from the road, which led homewards, the horse fairly stood still, and refused to move a foot farther. The dung cart had scarcely time to enjoy this temporary triumph, when it was pitched headlong into a ditch by the wayside, and the driver left to wallow in congenial mud. Dust in the meantime soon came up, and not being far from the post, came in amidst the shouts and acclamations of all the spectators, and greatly caressed by all the quality of Brentford. Fortune was kind only to one, who ought to have been favourable to all; each had peculiar merit, each laboured hard to earn the prize, and each richly deserved the cart he drove.

The philosophic Chinaman goes on dryly to observe that having said so much he has perhaps anticipated what he would have said about Newmarket—"I am told there is little else to be seen even there. There may be some minute differences in the dress of the spectators, but none at all in their understandings; the quality of Brentford are as remarkable for politeness and delicacy as the breeders of Newmarket."

Great electric cars now dominate the road on which that race was run, and west-bound motor-cars take this route from London, often to be "held up" in the narrow highway of the Brentfords. But little of the town crosses the bridge which has long since superseded the ancient ford, and from this bridge we generally get a glimpse of barges that have come from one or other of the branches of the Grand Junction Canal which intersect the county, and in a somewhat grimy scene invite us to some pleasant spots but a few miles away. The Brent joins the Thames at a short distance eastwards of the river bridge, of which it may be said now, as a century ago, that it is "still incommodious and unworthy of its situation." A branch line of the Great Western Railway crosses the road, passing under which we have an extension of small Brentford houses, then a few larger old-fashioned villas in shrub-grown grounds, and then, on the right, open fields and many trees stretching up to Osterley Park, while on the left, behind a bordering fringe of houses, lies the parkland surrounding Syon House—one of the few noblemen's seats still left on the fringe

of London. The park can be crossed by a catering, railed-in footpath which starts from the main road by an alley between the houses a little west of the Brent and comes out again near Isleworth Church. Syon Park has had a varied history, for it first becomes of note in the fifteenth century when a large monastery was established here—or rather two such institutions. This was founded by Henry the Fifth and "named of the most Holy Mount Sion," and here he "appointed so many nuns, priests, and lay-brethren, as in number did equal our Saviour, his Apostles and Disciples; with a fair allowance for their livelihoods." The order consisted of the abbess and fifty-nine nuns, thirteen priests, four deacons, and eighty lay-brethren. Hither, in the days when the Aldington maid-servant was prophesying about King Henry the Eighth and his projected divorce, the unhappy Holy Maid of Kent was brought during her brief period of notoriety, and here Sir Thomas More twice visited her. When the poor Maid had expiated her fraud at Tyburn and the autocratic Henry was beginning his new work as Defender of the Faith, Syon was one of the first of the large monasteries to suffer. Remembering the monks' countenance of the Maid, and the refusal of some of them to acknowledge his supremacy, the King took possession of the monastery and retained it as long as he lived, utilising it as a prison for Queen Katherine Howard until her execution. The story runs that when the nuns were evicted from Isleworth they took with them the keys as a sign of their continued rightful ownership. They re-established a convent at Lisbon, and long afterwards a Duke of Northumberland visiting this convent presented the nuns with a silver model of their old time Syon. "We still hold the keys," the Abbess is reported to have said. "I dare say," replied the Duke significantly, "but we have altered the locks since then." Edward the Sixth presented it to the Protector, Somerset, who built himself a palace here but did not enjoy it for long. Here his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane

Grey, the nine-days' Queen, was proclaimed; but on Mary's accession the property was restored to the church (though its scattered people were not easily found), only to revert to the crown when Elizabeth came to the throne. James the First granted the house and manor to the Earl of Northumberland, and when that nobleman was imprisoned in the Tower on



Syon House from the Thames.

a charge of supposed complicity in the Gunpowder Plot a grand-daughter was born at Syon House destined to be famous in literature as the Sacharissa of Edmund Waller:

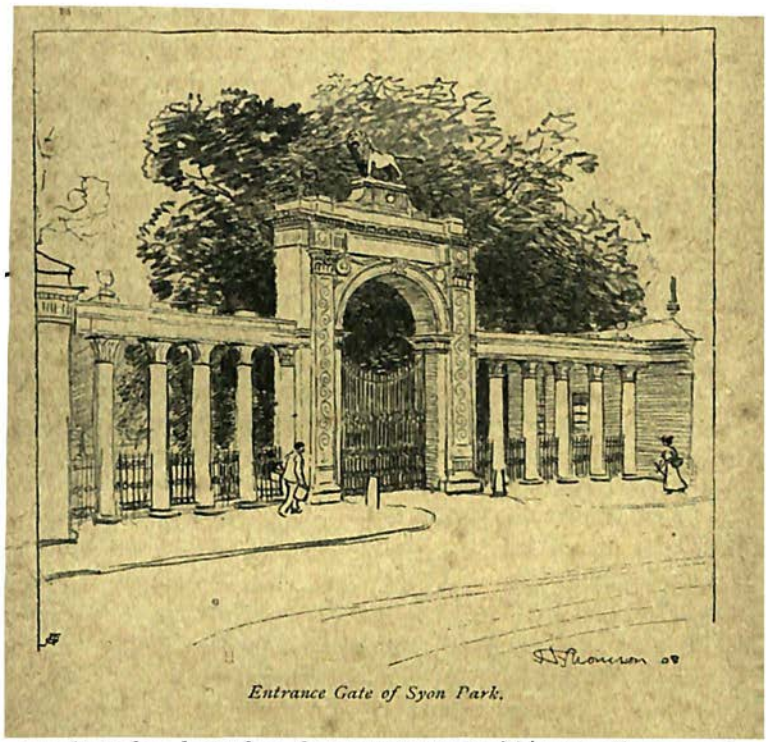
> Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train
> Fair Sacharissa loved, but loved in vain—. . . . .
> Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise
> He catched at love, and filled his arms with bays.

But for Waller, Dorothy Sidney would be buried in the peerage records; but for Sacharissa, the poet would to-day be but little quoted.

From the public path a fine view of the western front of the quadrangular, castellated mansion with its square turret at each angle is to be obtained, beyond a broad lawn, at either corner of which is a small, square lodge. A more distant view of the eastern side, surmounted by the famous lion, is to be had from the towing-path on the right bank of the Thames. The lion long stood on the Strand front of Northumberland House until that one of the last of the London riverside mansions was demolished thirty and odd years ago, when the great figure was removed here and re-erected in its present position in 1874. When on Northumberland House, the story runs, the lion faced westwards until the Duke of that day, having quarrelled with the Prince Regent, had it altered so that it should turn its back towards Carlton House! Syon has long been famous for its grounds, its glass-houses, and its magnificent trees, including a number of fine specimens of cedars and various conifers, also some mulberries, traditional survivors of the old monastery gardens. The Protector, Somerset, is said to have started the fashion during his brief occupancy by forming one of the first botanic gardens in the Kingdom. When in the time of plague Charles the Second held his Council here John Evelyn came hither and does not seem to have been much impressed with the place as it was then. "When business was over, I viewed that seat belonging to the Earl of Northumberland, built out of an old nunnery, and fair enough, but more celebrated for the garden than it deserved: yet there is excellent wall fruit, and a pretty fountain, nothing else extraordinary." In the eighteenth century the grounds were laid out by "Capability" Brown, and they were again remodelled in the early part of last century by Richard Forrest. The Great Conservatory was long known as housing one of the finest

collections of tropical plants in England. Now it can ill compete with its over-river neighbour of Kew.

The main entrance to the park on the Brentford Road is, by a handsome gateway erected by the first Duke of Northumberland. These gates are much admired by many



Entrance Gate of Syon Park.

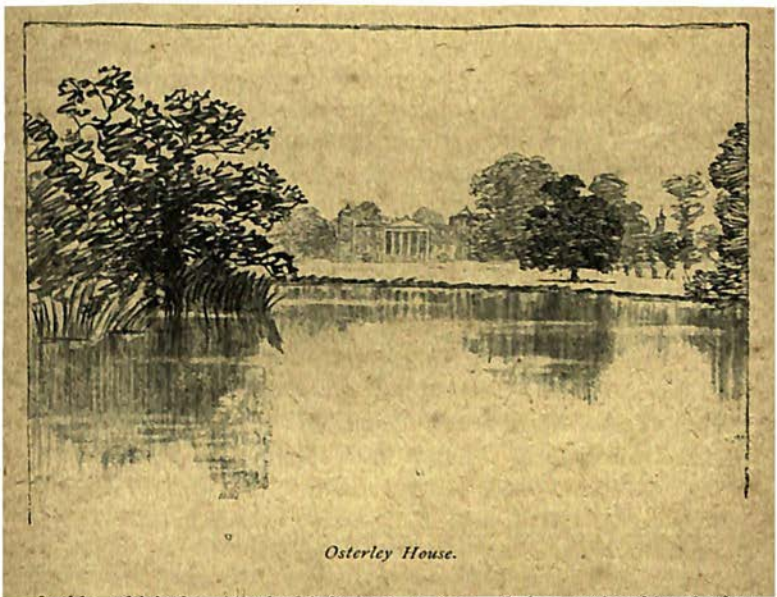
people to-day, but when first put up met with some disapproval from Horace Walpole, a critic always difficult to please. Their style, it is true, is scarcely in accordance with that of the house, but they are so far from it as to make that a matter of no moment. Writing to a friend in 1773 Walpole said: "Mr. Adam has published the first number of his *Architecture*. In

it is a magnificent gateway and screen for the Duke of Northumberland at Syon, which I see erected every time I pass. It is all lace and embroidery, and as croquant as his frames for tables; consequently most improper to be exposed in the high road to Brentford. From Kent's mahogany we are dwindled to Adam's filigree. Grandeur and simplicity are not yet a fashion." The "lace and embroidery" refers, presumably, to the decoration of the stonework; the iron is simple enough.

When the Royalists attacked Brentford in 1642 they first took possession of Syon House, and the Ordnance Survey maps mark the park as the actual scene of the fighting, though the letter quoted on an earlier page suggests that it was general in the town. Nearly opposite the Lion Gate of Syon Park a quiet turning off the noisy tram-road will take us through a slightly rising tract of fairly countrified fields and orchards in about a mile to the confines of the far larger Osterley Park, one of the most beautiful places of the kind still left thus near to London. Its well-wooded ground, its fine lake margined with trees and shrubs beautiful with blossom in May and the open land still surrounding it offer such an extent and variety of beauty that it is difficult to realise that it is close-neighboured by the crowded centres of Brentford, Hounslow, and Hanwell. A carriage-drive like road passes through it, bisecting the lake and affording an attractive glimpse of the mansion, from the Brentford side to Norwood Green. The story of Osterley is much the same as that of Syon, to which at the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries it was attached. In the early years of Queen Elizabeth's reign it was acquired by that prince among merchant princes Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the mansion a little on the plan of Syon House, though of red brick. Like its slightly older neighbour it is quadrangular with turrets at each angle. Of the building of the house, Fuller tells us a good story illustrating at once the imperiousness of Queen

Elizabeth and the courtliness of Sir Thomas Gresham, who was giving her magnificent entertainment:

Her Majesty found fault with the court of this house as too great; affirming, "that it would appear more handsome, if divided with a wall in the middle." What doth Sir Thomas, but in the night-time sends for workmen to London (money commands all things), who so speedily and silently apply their business, that the next morning discovered that court



Osterley House.

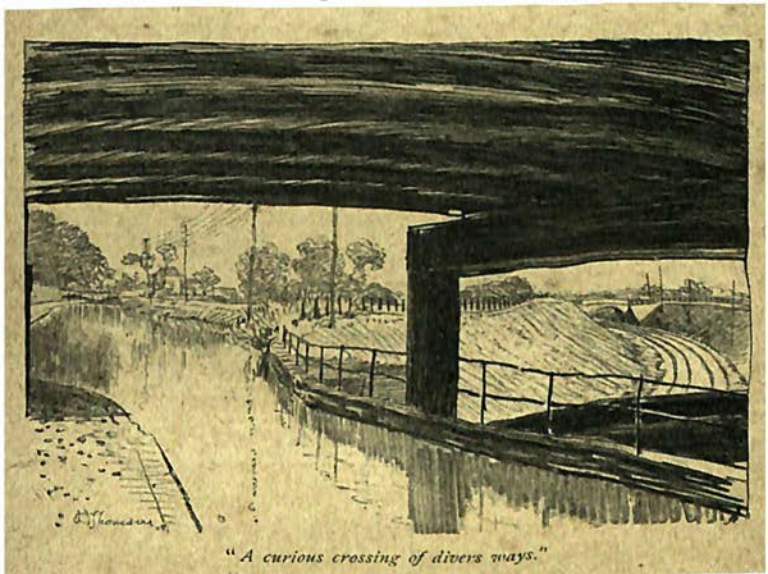
double, which the night had left single before. It is questionable whether the Queen next day was more contented with the conformity to her fancy, or more pleased with the surprise and sudden performance thereof; whilst her courtiers disported themselves with their several expressions, some avowing it was no wonder he could so soon change a building, who could build a Change; others (reflecting on some differences in this Knight's family) affirmed, "that any house is easier divided than united."

Such is the old story, but a later tradition—possibly an ill-remembered version of Fuller's account—said that there

was a wall to which the Queen objected and that Gresham had it removed in the night. Not only did Gresham build the house but he enclosed the park, and it was possibly in protest against such enclosure that some people of the neighbourhood broke down the palings and did other damage, as is duly recorded in the Middlesex Sessions Rolls, and did it, too, when the Queen was staying with Sir Thomas. It was in May, 1576, that Joan Eyer, Mary Harrys of Heston, and other women were concerned in breaking into Osterley Park "enclosed with pales and posts for the preservation of deer and other animals of Sir Thomas Gresham Knt. (the said Q. Elizabeth with divers great and honourable persons of her Privy Council, and many other exalted men and servants of the same Queen, in attendance there on the same Lady the Queen, being then in the mansion house of the same Sir Thomas Gresham Knight called Osterley Park House within the said park in Heston)." The women tore up and threw down four rods of the posts and poles, which they "maliciously, diabolically and wickedly burned and consumed with fire to the very great disquiet and disturbance of the said Lady the Queen and of the magnates and honourable men, and the exalted men and servants of the same Queen." The two women named made their bonfire about the second and third hours of the morning, and later were joined by the others with staves, two-pronged forks, spades and axes to continue their destructive work "at the command and instigation of George Lenton, taylor, and Nicholas Hewes, husbandman." The result of this apparently spirited protest against enclosures is unfortunately not recorded.

After the death of Gresham Osterley Park was much neglected and was "fallen all to ruine" when Norden wrote his *Speculum*. Later the place was the residence of Sir Edward Coke, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, and of Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary leader. Early in the eighteenth century it was bought by Sir Francis Child, whose grandson

renovated the mansion about 1770 and employed Robert Adam to complete and furnish it, so that when Walpole visited Osterley in 1773, though he unkindly dismissed the park as "the ugliest spot of ground in the universe," he was enthusiastic about the rooms and their furnishings—"a drawing-room worthy of Eve before the Fall"!—the pictures, the kitchen garden—"that costs £1,400 a year"—and the menagerie. In 1842 the park was the scene of one of the last



"A curious crossing of divers ways."

duels fought in England, when two Members of Parliament met, Craven Berkeley and Captain Boldero, in consequence of the latter having used words which the former regarded as disrespectful to Queen Victoria. Each fired twice, but neither was hit.

At the northernmost point of Osterley Park—with Hanwell Asylum a little way beyond—is a curious crossing of divers ways. Here the road rises by means of a high bridge over

the Grand Junction Canal, which is by an aqueduct itself carried at the same point over the Brentford branch of the Great Western Railway. I know of no other place in which the three successive stages of means of intercommunication are so strangely brought into juxtaposition. Following the road along the west side of the park for about a mile we come to the old village of Norwood with its large, triangular, elm-bordered green and pond; near the eastern apex of the green is the small restored church with its wooden turret and shingled spire—several specimens of which are still to be seen in this part of Middlesex. Though restored less than half a century ago, it has many features of interest in altar tombs, ancient glass and brasses. One of the latter in the chancel, to Francis Awsiter (1624), of Southall Manor, bears the following somewhat enigmatic inscription:

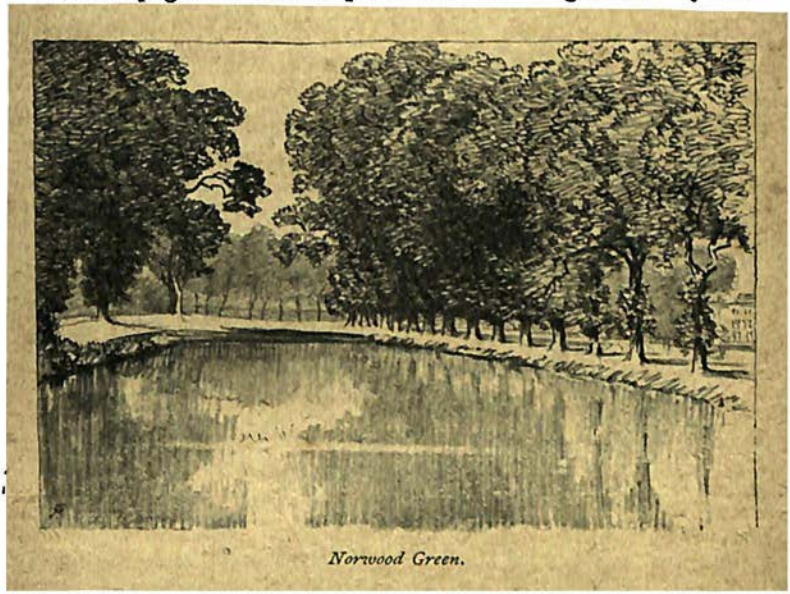
> His soul ascends; his body here remains;
> The Church enjoyed his costs; the Parish had his pains.

When the church was restored the old "God's acre" was laid out as a garden and a cross erected to the memory of Archbishop Chichele, who, in the fifteenth century attached about four hundred acres to the church. The manor had been bequeathed to Canterbury nearly six hundred years earlier.

A western extension of Norwood by the canal is known as Frogmore Green, and beyond are Southall Green and the new, tram-made suburb of Southall—centre of an old-time cattle market that once rivalled Smithfield—the manor-house of which is an interesting half-timbered Jacobean mansion. This part of our county is flat and has no particular claims to beauty, for along the road to Uxbridge, as along that to Hounslow and Staines, the extension of the electric tramways has led inevitably to the lessening of the number of old-fashioned houses and villas standing each in its own grounds, the cutting up of residential estates into "building estates," and the consequent

building of villas and villa-like cottages in couples and long rows marked by an unedifying sameness.

To the south of Norwood is Heston, the centre at one time of the most famous wheat-growing district of the county and still largely given over to market gardening; as an old writer puts it, our Middlesex cultivators seem early to have mastered "the Propagation and Improvement of Vegetables by the



Norwood Green.

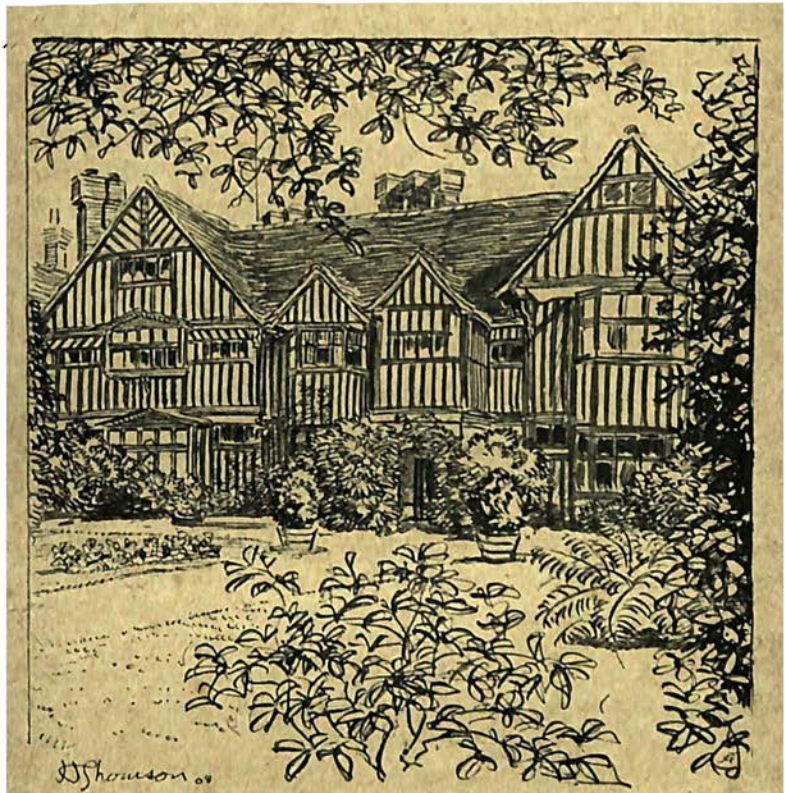
concurrence of Art and Nature." The interesting old Perpendicular church was pulled down, with the exception of the tower, in 1865 and the present edifice erected. The quaint old oak lych gate is picturesque and interesting. From behind the church a pleasant field path may be followed to the southern extremity of Osterley Park and the hamlet of Scrattage or Scratedge. As an illustration of the way in which our forefathers dealt with those of their fellows who refused to toe the line set by conventionality it may be recalled that in 1594 at

Heston five men, "all late of London, yomen," were taken, tried at the Sessions and had a true bill returned against them merely because they "were seen and found in the consort or society of vagabonds commonly called Egipcians and that the same John &c. call themselves Egipcians and that thus they feloniously did, continued and remained there and elsewhere in the same county for the space of one month." For this dread offence three of the men were duly sentenced to be hanged; the other two seem to have eluded capture. A few years ago when a band of Continental Gipsies came to England we were satisfied with harrying them from county to county.

In the parish of Heston lands were inherited by the youngest son in accordance with the custom of borough English, and in the same parish an old estate was at one time held by a curious tenure—Edmund Fauconer (who died in 1396) holding his property by a grant from Edward the Third on the terms that the tenant was bound to ride among the reapers in the lord's demesnes at Isleworth upon the Bedrape day (Reaping-day) in autumn with a sparrow-hawk in his hand; presumably as a practical pun on his patronymic.

By a network of byroads from Heston we may go north-westerly to the canal again at North Hyde, an uninteresting centre of brick-making; west, to the more attractive Cranford and Harlington; or south by the hamlets of Sutton or Lampton to Hounslow, of which Heston may almost be now regarded as the northern extension. Leaving Cranford as part of the outer fringe of another district we find Hounslow, an extensive new town with large shops on its main street and residential extensions in either direction. Its old fame as the first big posting place on the western road soon fell away before the triumph of steam on the railways. In its palmy days Hounslow consisted largely of inns, for in 1650 the village was described as consisting of "a hundred and twenty houses, most of them inns and ale-houses depending upon travellers"; at the later time of the "coaching days" it is said that as many as 1,500 horses

were kept here, and they must have been required, for as many as five hundred coaches daily passed through the place, keeping it, we may be sure, in a state of incessant bustle day and



Old half-timbered Manor-house, Southall.

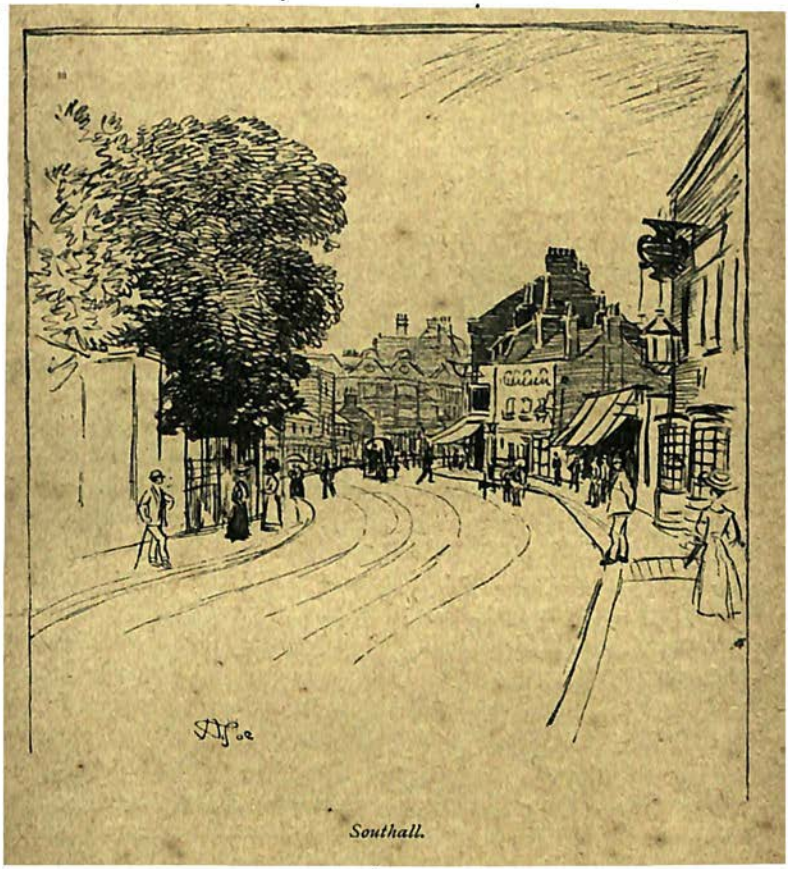
night. If Hounslow was to our forbears of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries a town at the mention of which memory called up the sound of the coach boy's horn, a vision of busy ostlers changing horses, recollections of dismounting and

stretching the legs after a cramped drive, there soon followed thoughts of the neighbouring Heath long the dread of nervous drivers and passengers. This gloomy waste was a favourite haunt of highwaymen and footpads, who looked upon it as the royal road to easily gained means and ignored the shadow of the gibbet which must have closed the prospect every way. Hounslow Heath extended for about five miles west of the town, while in a southerly direction it appears almost to have touched Twickenham, and joining the now non-existent Hampton Common to have extended nearly to Hampton-on-Thames. Four miles due west the hamlet of Heathrow indicates something of its old extent, but its many square miles were gradually lessened by enclosures on all sides and when Cobbett wrote his *Rural Rides*, over eighty years ago, the last part of the Heath, "bad in soil and villainous in look," was enclosed "and what they called cultivated."

Possibly its reputation as the unhappy hunting ground of lawless persons—"in those days Hounslow Heath was as celebrated for Highwaymen as it was for plovers' eggs"—had something to do with the completeness with which the work of enclosing was carried out. Certainly the letters, memoirs and stories of the eighteenth century suggest that the dangers of the Heath had got on the nerves of people generally, and not without reason, for in the mid-part of that century "the road beyond Hounslow was literally lined with gibbets, on which were in irons the carcases of malefactors blackening in the sun." Horace Walpole wrote in 1774:

> Our roads are so infested by highwaymen, that it is dangerous stirring out almost by day. Lady Hertford was attacked on Hounslow Heath at three in the afternoon. Dr. Elliot was shot at three days ago, without having resisted; and the day before yesterday we were near losing our Prime Minister, Lord North, the robbers shot at the postilion, and wounded the latter. In short all the freebooters that are not in India have taken to the highway. The Ladies of the Bedchamber dare not go to the Queen at Kew in the evening.

Two years after that Mr. Northall, Secretary of the Treasury under the Rockingham administration, being stopped on Hounslow Heath, refused to deliver his money, and so lost his



Southall.

life, for he was shot and so badly wounded that on being taken to an inn he only lived long enough to write a letter describing the robber to the Bow Street magistrate.

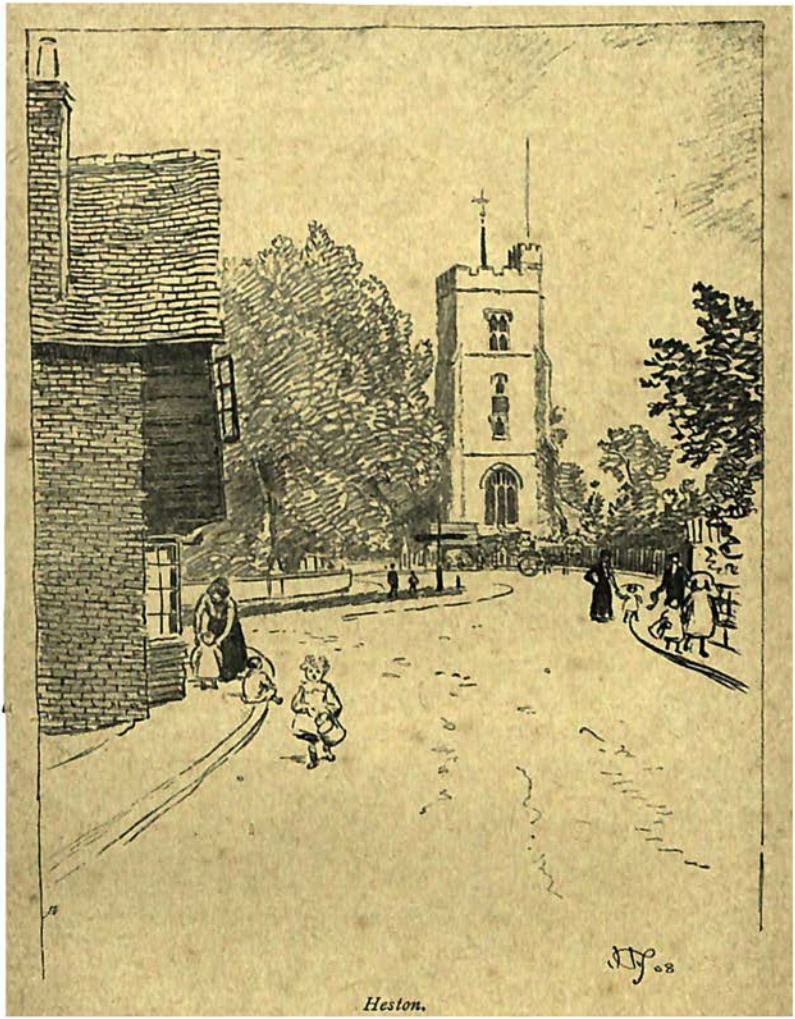
Many stories were told of the people who either for gain or

for the mere abandonment of adventure-seeking took to the road. Tradition runs that "even a dignitary of the Established Church was found on the Heath collecting tithes in rather a promiscuous way," Bishop Twysden of Raphoe being found at night on Hounslow Heath "most unquestionably shot through the body." "Was this," asked a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "the bishop who was taken ill on Hounslow Heath and carried back to his friend's house, where he died of an inflammation of the bowels?" If the Bishop was so taken ill and died, the story that he was engaged in highway robbery might have been invented as a grim jest; if he had been engaged in such robbery nothing was more likely than that his friends should say he had been taken ill.[1]

Earl Berkeley, who lived at Cranford on the border of the infested Heath, had been robbed once and said that he would not be so treated again, and therefore always travelled with loaded arms. Being once roused as he was driving over the Heath by the sudden stoppage of the coach, he saw a head peer in at the window, "Now, my lord, I have you at last; you said you would never yield to a single robber—deliver." "Then who is that looking over your shoulder?" said the Earl. Thrown off his guard, the fellow turned round to look, when the Earl shot him dead. Grantley Berkeley, the Earl's son, gives other versions of the incident.

"Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you this evening upon the Heath?" asks one of the characters in Gay's *Beggars' Opera*, and readers of Smollett will remember the excitement in *Roderick Random* when "Strap rode up to the

[1] Swift declared, in bitter satire of the men generally chosen for Irish bishoprics, that "excellent and moral men had been selected upon every occasion of vacancy. But it unfortunately has uniformly happened that as these worthy divines crossed Hounslow Heath, on their road to Ireland, to take possession of their bishopricks, they have been regularly robbed and murdered by the highwaymen frequenting that common, who seize upon their robes and patents, come over to Ireland, and are consecrated in their stead."



Heston.

coach door, and told us in a great fright, that two men on horseback were crossing the Heath (for by this time we had

passed Hounslow), and made directly towards us." The highwayman seems first to have come into prominence here and on the Continent as a consequence of the disbanding of armies after the Peace of Ryswick; crowds of old soldiers had been turned into marauders. Macaulay in his *History* tells us how in 1698 a company of masked horsemen waited on Hounslow Heath for the great people who had been to see the King at Windsor; "Lord Ossulston escaped with the loss of two horses. The Duke of St. Albans with the help of his servants beat off the assailants. His brother, the Duke of Northumberland, less strongly guarded, fell into their hands. They succeeded in stopping thirty or forty coaches, and rode off with a great booty in guineas, watches and jewellery."

The records of the Middlesex Sessions give us the sequels to many exploits but mostly of a less picturesque sort than that, and they further show that if Macaulay was right as to the increase of highway robbery consequent upon the Peace of Ryswick, the Heath was already the haunt of "gentlemen of the road" ready to prey upon unprotected travellers. About a hundred years before the brilliant coup narrated above there was returned "a True Bill that at Heston in a certain place called Honesloweheathe co. Midd. on the said day John Seyntlger alias Sellenger, John Carrowe and William Hulton, all of London gentlemen, assaulted on the highway and beat and wounded Thomas Phillpott, esq. and robbed him of a gold chain worth one hundred marks." Hulton suffered the extreme penalty, the other two evaded capture. In 1673 six labourers of Hounslow assaulted a man and robbed him of twenty pairs of silk stockings worth £11, and two ounces of silk worth 3*s*. —and five of them were hanged for the exploit. A volume might be compiled of such episodes of the Heath. But crime has been diverted into different channels, and some of the most famous scenes of these infamous exploits have been enclosed and become farm land, market gardens or villa plots.

Hounslow—still familiar for its barracks—afforded at one

time on its Heath a notable military camping ground. As an old writer said, celebrating it in this respect, and drawing it rather closer to Hampton Court than geography warrants,—

Near Hampton Court there lies a common,
Unknown to neither man nor woman;
The Heath of Hounslow it is styled;
Which never was with blood defiled,
Though it has been of war the seat
Now three campaigns almost complete.

Here you may see great James the Second
(The greatest of our kings he's reckoned)
A hero of such high renown,
Whole nations tremble at his frown;
And when he smiles men die away
In transports of excessive joy.

It is recorded that a tournament was held here in the reign of King John, while in 1267 the Londoners under the Duke of Gloucester encamped on the Heath in warlike array against King Henry the Third; here King Charles for a short time had his headquarters while Prince Rupert was raiding Brentford in 1642, and here a few years later (Charles being prisoner at Hampton Court) Fairfax "appointed a general rendezvous" for the whole of the Parliamentary Army. In the days of Charles the Second and James his brother Hounslow Heath came to be a popular ground for military display. Here James in his fatal obstinacy gathered an army in 1686 hoping to overawe London, but the result was only productive of cordiality betwixt the military and the civilians, for, to borrow Macaulay's summing up, "the Londoners saw this great force assembled in their neighbourhood with a terror which familiarity soon diminished. A visit to Hounslow became a favourite amusement on holidays. The camp presented the appearance of a vast fair. Mingled with the musketeers and dragoons, a multitude of fine gentlemen and ladies from Soho Square, sharpers and painted women from Whitefriars, invalids in

sedans, monks in hoods and gowns, lacqueys in rich liveries, pedlars, orange girls, mischievous apprentices and gaping clowns, was constantly passing and repassing through the long lanes of tents. From some pavilions were heard the noises of drunken revelry, from others the curses of gamblers. In truth the place was merely a gay suburb of the capital." Four years later James was in exile and his daughter and her husband on the throne; and then, when a French Admiral breathing fire and slaughter was ranging the Channel, and Englishmen were rallying all over the country to the cry of "No Popery," the Heath was once more the scene of military display, for there Queen Mary reviewed two and twenty troops of volunteer cavalry raised in the Home Counties.

To turn from warlike matters to peaceful, Hounslow Heath was in 1784 the scene of the beginning of General William Roy's trigonometrical survey for determining the relative positions of the Greenwich and Paris observatories. It was on the Heath that the General measured his base line of 27,404 feet, the measurement being made three times, successively by means of cased glass tubing, seasoned deal rods and a coffered steel chain, and the utmost discrepancy in the three measurements was but three inches. The work occupied nearly three months and attracted much attention. The King and many men of science visited the scene of operations, and the General received the Copley gold medal of the Royal Society for his achievements. Three years later Roy continued from this base his triangulation to the Kentish coast, and on Romney Marsh actually measured a base of verification of over 28,000 feet, when it was found to differ only twenty-eight inches from its calculated length as determined by the triangulations of the Hounslow base. When in 1792 the General Ordnance Survey of the British Isles was begun, operations were commenced by the remeasuring of Roy's Hounslow base line, and the result was within two and three-quarter inches of his measurement, the mean being adopted.

When Leland visited Hounslow he said: "There rennith a lande water thorough the hethe of Hundeslow as a drene to the whole hethe, that is of a great cumpace, and I passed by a bridge of tymbre over it." Presumably he meant the River Crane which flows by the west of the scrap of the "hethe" which remains. Powder, snuff and paper mills have long flourished on the banks of this stream, which runs east to near Twickenham, and then forks, each branch going in a northerly direction, the left one reaching the Thames by Isleworth Church, and the other about half a mile up stream at the further end of the large willow-grown ait. The left branch is said to have been cut by the monks of Syon to convey water power to their flour mill, the successor to which still stands near Isleworth Church.

To the south of Hounslow—about midway between it and Twickenham, to which parish it belonged—is Whitton, once a pleasant village, now a much be-built and little-attractive suburb, best known for its Kneller Hall, headquarters of the Royal Military School of Music. This building has its name from an earlier owner, that Sir Godfrey Kneller

> by Heaven and not a Master, taught
> Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures Thought,

some of the best of whose work is to be studied at Hampton Court, who built the original mansion and long lived here. Kneller who, as we have seen, was churchwarden at Twickenham, was a Justice of the Peace noted for an unconventional rough-and-ready "sort of equity which commanded respect" and was immortalised by Pope—

> I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
> Who sent the thief that stole the cash away
> And punished him that put it in his way.

Kneller died in London, and in accordance with his wishes was buried in his garden at Whitton, November 7, 1723. The monument for which he had already made arrangements was to have been placed in Twickenham Church, but as the particular

spot he desired could not be allotted he would have none of it, and in his will left money and directions for the carrying out in Westminster Abbey of the design he had approved. After the great painter's death his house changed owners several times, and before being taken over by the Royal Military School of Music was for a few years a Training School for Schoolmasters of Workhouse Schools, the first Principal being Frederick Temple, late Archbishop of Canterbury. But little of Sir Godfrey's original house has survived the many remodellings and additions that Kneller Hall has undergone.

Between Whitton and Hounslow there used to stand on the Heath a post known as "the Bloody Post," inscribed with a hand grasping a knife, and the intimation that a wicked murderer and suicide was buried beneath (1765) "with a stake drove through his body."

Whitton Park, with small houses already fringing it, with its fences broken down, its many oaks and fine cedars apparently doomed to early destruction, is all that remains of the estate (partly carved out of Hounslow Heath) formed by Archibald Earl of Islay, afterwards Duke of Argyle. Here that nobleman indulged in a laudable taste for arboriculture, introducing many cedars, Scotch firs and other notable trees and plants, and thus helping forward a movement which, as his neighbour of Strawberry Hill said, "contributed essentially to the richness of modern landscape." After his death in 1761 most of his loved trees and plants were removed, many of them being taken to Kew. The Rev. James Bramston, a satirist hard to please, to whom Mr. Austin Dobson has recently drawn attention,[1] wrote an amusing epigram in which he gibed at the Earl and his tree-planting experiments:

> Old Islay, to show his fine delicate taste
> In improving his gardens purloined from the waste,
> Bade his gardener one day to open his views,
> By cutting a couple of grand avenues;

[1] In *Ex Libris Prose and Verse.*

No particular prospect His Lordship intended,
But left it to chance how his walks should be ended.
With transport and joy he beheld his first view end
In a favourite prospect—a church that was ruined:
But alas, what a sight did the next cut exhibit,
At the end of the walk hung a rogue on a gibbet.
He beheld it and wept, for it caused him to muse on
Full many a Campbell that died with his shoes on.
All amazed and aghast at the ominous scene,
He ordered it quick to be closed up again
With a clump of Scotch firs, that served for a screen.

Bits of gorse and bramble-grown ground looking like portions of the ancient Heath, and fine oak copses, and a grand group of cedars near the church yet remain, but coming events cast their shadows before in the shape of boards announcing the land as ready for (hateful word) development. As I write, however, comes the gratifying news that there is hope of the Park being saved for public use if money can be raised to ransom it from the destroyer. Should it be so saved, a small scrap of the ancient "Heath" would return to its old use. The curious triangular brick tower surmounted by three turrets which arches the way to the small lake and house might well be restored and maintained as a belvedere.

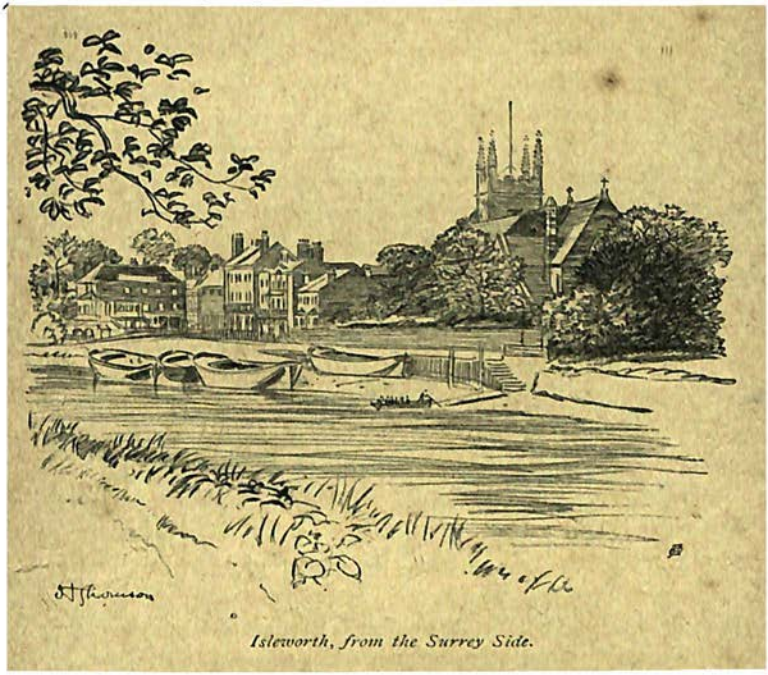
Whitton is the birthplace of Sir John Suckling, "*facile princeps* of 'wit about town,'" the poet of *The Wedding*, the singer of "Why so pale and wan, fond Lover?" The exact date of his birth is not known, but he was baptised at Twickenham on February 10, 1609. In an old farmhouse here it is said that the wretched Dr. Dodd—one time tutor to Lord Chesterfield's nephew, and selector of the *Beauties of Shakespeare*—was found and arrested after the discovery of the forgery for which he paid with his life.

Following more or less closely the course of the left branch of the Crane—mostly through orchards and market gardens, broad stretches of seakale, thick-grown "groves" of Jerusalem artichokes—we reach Isleworth, an ancient place, now but a

kind of eastern extension of Hounslow, with which it is linked to Spring Grove, a residential district, once known as Smallbury Green, and the residence of Sir Joseph Banks. This stretch of the Crane, from between Twickenham and Whitton to Isleworth, a stretch nearly three miles in length, partly through open market gardens, partly tree-shaded, is closely preserved as a trout stream, and affords excellent sport, fish being occasionally taken of over two pounds in weight, and the capture of a dozen in a half day's fishing being not uncommon according to Mr. Walter M. Gallichan in *The Trout Waters of England.* Here and there along the stream are osier beds, close set with thousands of twigs which in late autumn and winter flame with scarlet. Near the Crane, about half a mile from Twickenham Station, the Rugby Union is laying out a football ground, and erecting huge stands to accommodate those folk who take their pleasure, say, on a genial east-windy winter day, in watching "the muddied oaf at the goal." Mr. Kipling was over severe on the players of football—he could scarcely be too severe on the majority of those who are onlookers at a match.

Isleworth—of old Thistleworth and other variants—with its soap-works, its brewery, and its somewhat gloomy aspect, is not to-day a particularly attractive place. Most of its famous old residences have gone, and the usual fate has overtaken their grounds; but there is still Syon Park on the one side and extensive market gardens inland from the river, though the broad acreage of even a few years since is being rapidly diminished. A hundred years ago it is recorded that the fruit harvest from Isleworth orchards was carried to Covent Garden in weighty loads by women—"these laborious females sustain their burden on their head." The amazons who undertook this feat are said to have come from Shropshire and Wiltshire. Gumley House on the road to Twickenham, now a Convent, was at one time the residence of William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, who had married the only child of General Lord Lake,

a descendant of that Joseph Gumley, the glass-manufacturer, whose name the house perpetuates. Lacey, one of the patentees of Drury Lane Theatre, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan lived at Lally House on the river bank at Isleworth, and here the latter was visited in 1792 by Madame de Genlis and her distinguished



Isleworth, from the Surrey Side.

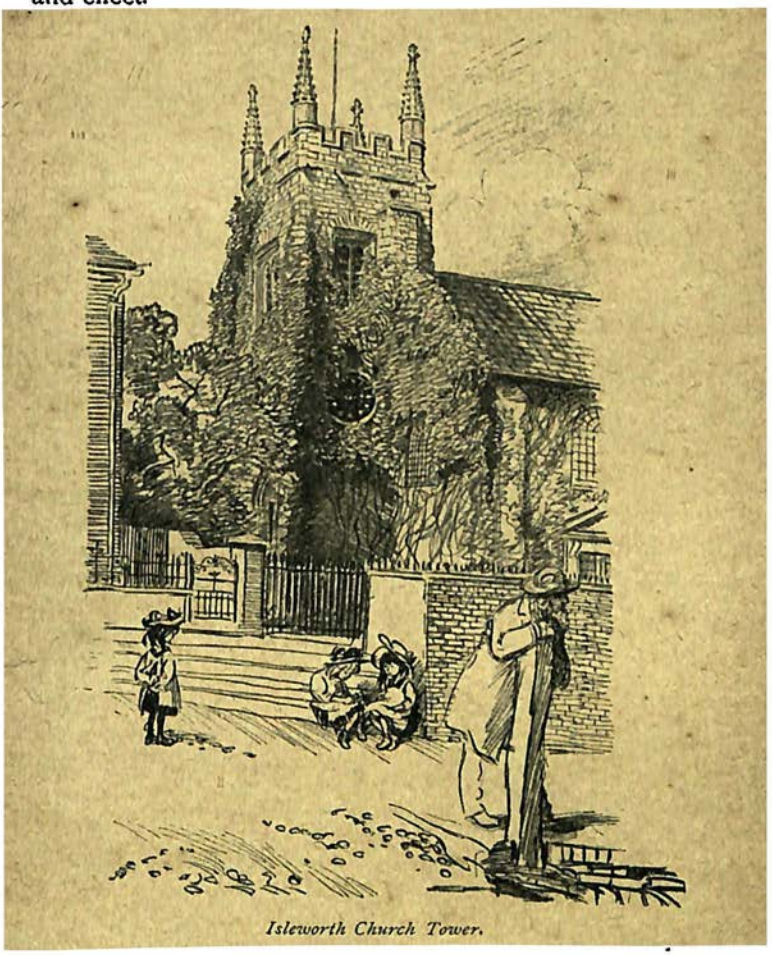
young charges in temporary exile, including Mademoiselle Adelaide of Orleans, sister of Louis Philippe.

By somewhat dingy ways we reach the riverside near the flour mill—with the Tolson almshouses in front—and the church a little beyond. It is not exactly a pleasing approach —for so far as Isleworth is concerned the poet was right, distance lends enchantment to the view. The most picturesque appearance it makes is from the Surrey side of the river under

the row of fine chestnuts which fringes the old Deer Park of Richmond at this point. From the towing-path the church shows pleasingly above the small quayside. To the right are the many trees of Syon, and to the left the clustered town more or less broken to the view by the osiered ait. With the tide up there is a "picture" which attracts the artist, but with the river low there is over much of grey, oozy mud on either side of the narrowed stream. Just below, across meadow and lawn dotted with clumps of trees, is the eastern front of the great Syon with stretches of varied foliage, amid which dark cedars stand sombrely to right and left. This Syon reach of the river is the quietest stretch between London and Hampton, and here I am told may sometimes be seen many herons, probably from Osterley Park.

But, except for the sake of a view of Isleworth, we must not here cross the ferry to the right bank of Thames. Isleworth Church, a weeping willow overhanging the road from its graveyard, is, but for its ancient low castellated stone tower with corner spirelets, an ivy-coloured yellow brick edifice of no particular interest built a couple of hundred years ago. On the south wall is a large sundial,—"Watch and pray, Time passeth away like a shadow," its scarcely decipherable legend —the gnomon of which is of ornate scroll work. Within are a couple of brasses, one to a "sister professed yn Syon 1561," and several monuments to minor worthies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, monuments which do not call for any special description, except perhaps that to Mrs. Anne Dash (1750), the inscription on which tells of a good lady who, twice married, was in her second widowhood reduced to keeping a small school until blindness prevented and she sank into poverty. Then the death of a distant relative brought her unexpectedly into a fortune, and she put aside five thousand pounds for the erection and endowment of the Tolson almshouses for six poor women and six poor men. After coming into her fortune she married yet again.

A case, it may not uncharitably be assumed, of obvious cause and effect.



Isleworth Church Tower.

If Syon Monastery and its palatial successor have formed one of the most notable features of Isleworth for centuries, before the time of Henry the Fifth the place was famous as a royal

residence, for the manor was held by King John's second son Richard, Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans, "the only Englishman who attempted to rule the Holy Roman Empire." During the Barons' Wars Simon de Montfort was encamped in Richard's park in 1263, and then in the following year the Londoners under the Constable of the Tower proceeded to Isleworth and "spoiled the property of Richard, his park was laid waste, his gardens and fish ponds destroyed." For this the Londoners had later to pay him one thousand marks in compensation: but he had demanded fifty thousand in a grasping spirit which on the conclusion of peace was remembered against him by the writer of a song that, says Bishop Creighton, is remarkable as being the earliest composition of the kind in the English language. The old writer playing upon words says

> Richard, though thou be ever trichard (treacherous),
> Trichen (deceive) shalt thou never more.

The very site of the ancient manor house is unknown, though various guesses as to its position have been hazarded.

CHAPTER V

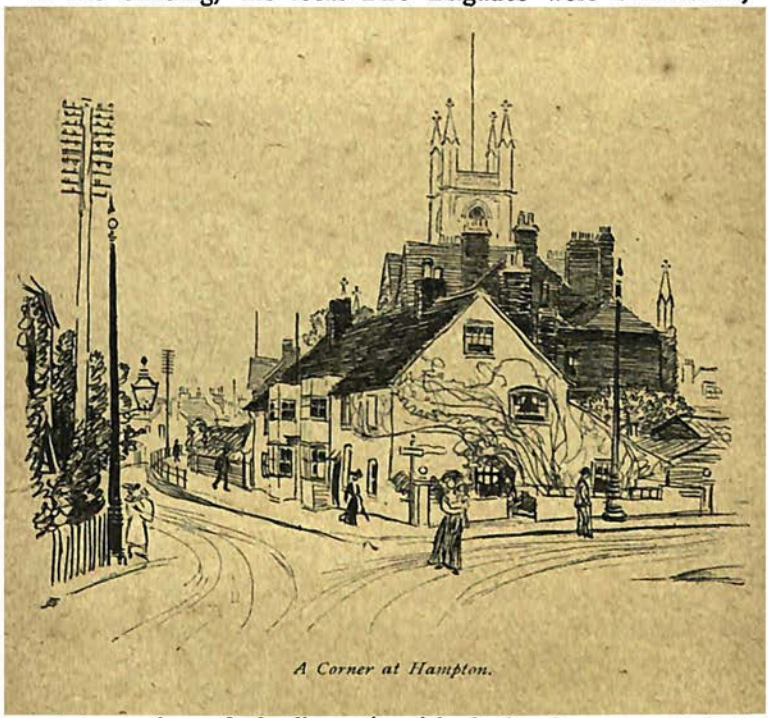
THE HAMPTONS AND THE RIVERSIDE TO LALEHAM

Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity . . .
O, could I flow like thee and make thy stream
My great example as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.—*Denham.*

HAMPTON COURT has so dominated the district that when Hampton is named most people assume that the Palace is referred to, but that famous pile takes its name from the village a mile further up stream, the centre of the old parish of Hampton, generally known as Hampton-on-Thames—to differentiate it from its name-borrowing neighbours, Hampton Court, Hampton Wick, Hampton Hill, and New Hampton. Here the river between two aits widens considerably, and from the water the church of Hampton, of pale brick happily largely hidden by ivy, stands a conspicuous but scarcely beautiful object on a slight knoll. To the right is the red brick vicarage covered with Virginia creeper, the autumn tints of which contrast vividly with the sombre ivy of the church. Here, again, we find the familiar Middlesex tale of "expansion," of estates cut up in recent years, of the building of villa residences, of rows of small houses

being erected. The irregular riverside road has a certain picturesqueness where it becomes Thames Street, with its curve of varying house and shop fronts, its glimpses of a few remaining cedars. It is to the east of the church that there is least of recent change, except where the widening of the road, made necessary by the coming of the tramways, removed a picturesque corner group of cottages. Just beyond this corner stands Garrick Villa, from near which is a remarkably picturesque glimpse of the village—a pyramid of roofs and gables dominated by the tower of the church; the medley of cottages in the foreground at one time formed an inn of considerable note in the neighbourhood, "The Feathers," and the name was retained on one portion until a few years ago, when it was changed "by some modern nomenclatist." Here lived the late Henry Ripley, who compiled a useful but ill-arranged miscellany of Hampton lore. Old Hampton, once famous for its inns, has now nothing to show of note. "The Feathers" has disappeared; "The Bell," which Dr. Johnson described as "neat without and clean within," and where a meeting took place in 1838 at which the Thames Angling Preservation Society was formed, has been made aggressively modern, while on the further side of the triangular "square" the Red Lion has also had to suffer the hand of improvement, the old rambling, picturesque inn, with portions dating back to Tudor days, having recently given place to a pleasant, many-windowed brown brick successor. Gone, however, has the cross-street sign, a picturesque survival that might well have been retained. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the old house was a notable gathering place of "the wits," and of theatrical folk. In the early part of the nineteenth century it was famous for its tulip gardens, the proprietor giving a Tulip Feast when the bulbs were at their best. At this feast in 1828 it is recorded that "seventy persons sat down to an excellent repast," that "the flowers in the show were some of the finest in England," and further

that "for four roots one hundred pounds was offered and refused." When street-widening early in 1908 necessitated the demolishing of the old inn it was decided to start operations by having a fire there. The street front of the place suddenly burst into flame, the occupants bundled out of the building, the local Fire Brigades were summoned,

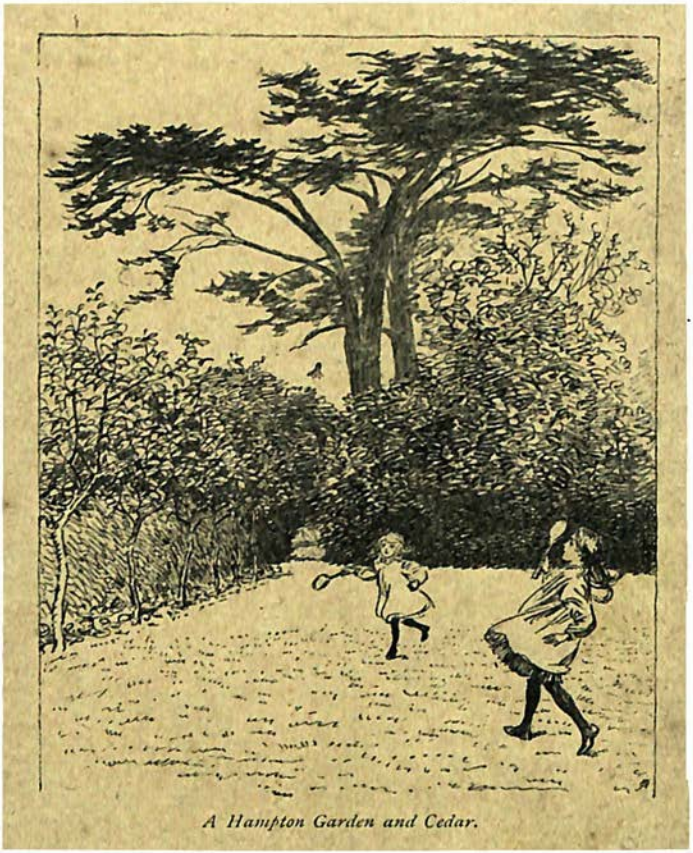


A Corner at Hampton.

set to work, and finally extinguished the flames—and incidentally an admirable series of cinematograph pictures had been obtained.

As in so many of these riverside places—one-time villages within easy reach of town—there are in Hampton a number of houses associated with people of some minor importance

in their day. Jessamine House—in which these words are written—was at one time the residence of Thomas Rosoman, "lessee of Sadler's Wells Theatre in its palmy and legitimate



A Hampton Garden and Cedar.

days"; and a century later was occupied by one of those music hall "stars" which blaze brilliantly with fugacious light; the same house seems to have been that described as Surbiton Cottage in Anthony Trollope's novel of *The*

Three Clerks. Here on the left of the road begins the long range of Hampton Water Works which, with their pumping stations, filtration beds and reservoir, occupy the greater part of the riverside land for nearly a mile. Close to where the first fine pumping station stands—covering the old Pillory Field—was the house where the notorious forger Henry Fauntleroy lived until the discovery of his crimes, when speedy retribution overtook him. For about ten years he had, as banker, been selling the property of the bank's clients by means of forged transfers, when in September, 1824, he was found out, in October he was tried, and in November he was hanged—the last criminal to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for forgery.

The Hampton house of the most interesting associations lies to the east of the village, at one time known as Hampton House, but now as Garrick's Villa. Here the great actor lived from 1754 until his death "eclipsed the gaiety of nations" in 1779; and here his widow continued to reside until her death in 1822. On buying the place the actor employed the Adams brothers to enlarge it for him, and to add the Corinthian portico, and here he was visited by many of his literary and theatrical friends from London, as well as, no doubt, by those who were more or less in his neighbourhood at Teddington and Twickenham, and also by dukes, ministers, and other social importances, "*sur un assez bon ton* for a player" as one of his visitors put it. Hither the great lexicographer came more than once, and here he made his often repeated remark after being shown round the house and grounds, "Ah, David it is the leaving of such place as these that makes a death-bed terrible." It is said to have been Johnson who suggested the connecting of the grounds on either side of the public road by the tunnel which gives access to the pleasant riverside lawn: the social centre every July of Molesey Regatta, the course of which is here between the left bank of the Thames and Garrick's and Tagg's Islands. At the western end of this

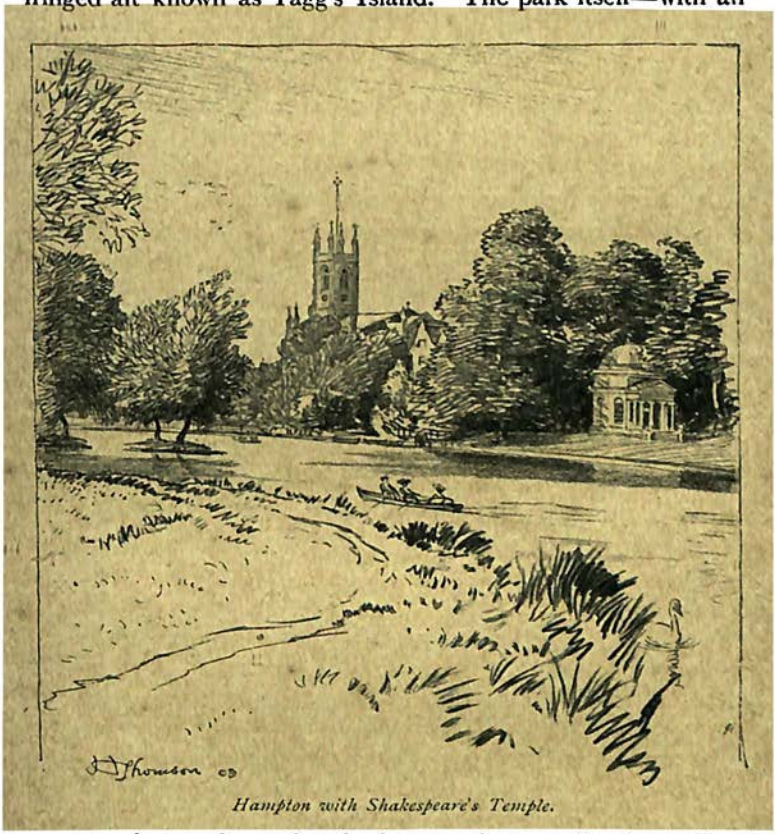
lawn is the octagonal domed summer house known as the Shakespeare Temple, which Garrick built to house Roubilliac's statue of Shakespeare. This statue was bequeathed by the actor to the British Museum, and its place was taken by a copy. The temple fronting the long, narrow lawn and backed by Scotch firs and other trees, is best seen from the river or from the Surrey side towing path. Garrick must have set about this toy shortly after he took possession, for a couple of years later Walpole writes:

> John and I are just going to Garrick's with a grove of cypresses in our hands, like the Kentishmen at the Conquest. He has built a temple to his master Shakespeare, and I am going to adorn the outside, since his modesty would not let me decorate it within, as I proposed, with these mottoes—
>
> *Quod spiro et placeo, si placio, tuum est.*
>
> That I spirit have, and nature,
> That sense breathes in every feature,
> That I please, if please I do,
> Shakespeare, all I owe to you.

The next house down stream, which takes its name from its cedars, was also Garrick's, and bequeathed to him by his nephew and namesake; the one beyond is said to derive its name from its owner the first Duke of St. Albans, son of Charles the First and Nell Gwynne, it was at one time the residence of the first Lord Lytton.

On the coming of the tram-cars the narrow road had to be widened. Of Garrick's Villa, hidden behind a high wall, but little was before to be seen; now those passing on the cars can get a clear view of the house and grounds. A few months before this change I heard a screech owl close overhead in the Scotch firs by Shakespeare's temple, now it is probably but rarely that such birds come from the more retired parts of Bushey Park, which extends from near Garrick's Villa to Hampton Wick, and Teddington. Where the park comes nearest to the Thames there is in front of it a neat bit of public

pleasure garden known as the Recreation Ground along the riverside, with a pleasant reach of the stream, the backwater running down to Molesey Weir, and across it is the house-boat fringed ait known as Tagg's Island. The park itself—with an

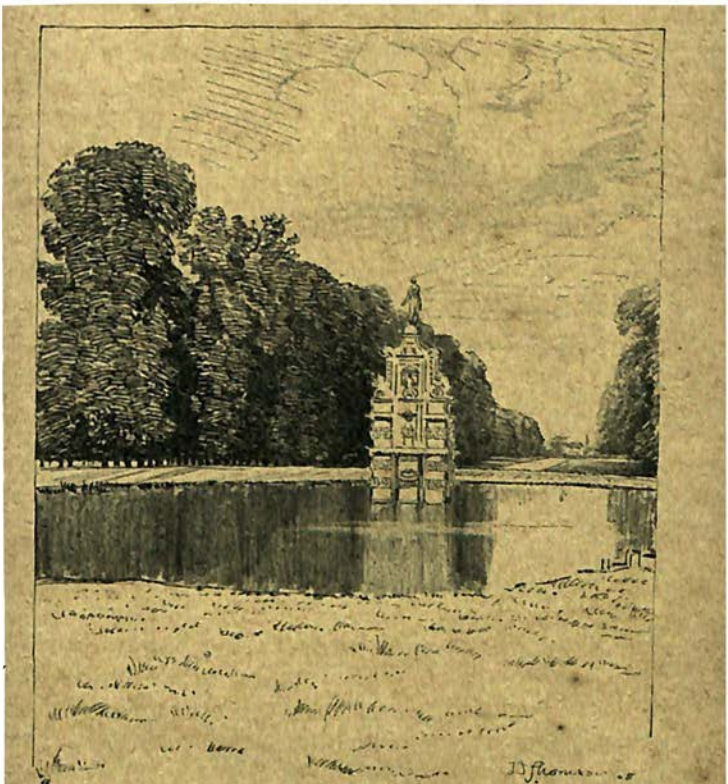


Hampton with Shakespeare's Temple.

extent of over eleven hundred acres—has much of woodland beauty, though being flat it can scarcely be said to rival its not distant neighbour of Richmond. The most famous feature of Bushey Park is its fine chestnut and lime avenue—about a mile in length and five hundred and sixty yards wide,

running from opposite the Lion Gates of Hampton Court Palace to Teddington. In flowering time the magnificent doubled and trebled rows of chestnuts, a succession of pyramids of bloom, form a beautiful sight which brings thousands of Londoners to Bushey even as the massed irises, plums and wistarias of Japan draw the flower-loving people of that land. In a whirlwind in the summer of 1908 a number of these trees near the Teddington end were uprooted, and their places have been taken by small successors, the contrasting appearance of which should make us newly grateful to those who first planted the magnificent avenue. Not far from the Hampton Court end the avenue describes a loop on either side round the Diana Fountain, the pond in the centre of which is the brass goddess by custom named Diana, but which Mr. Law tells us should properly be known as Venus. East and west from this "bason," as it is termed in the old accounts, run fine lime avenues. The main and branch avenues were laid out and planted by William the Third just over two hundred years ago. There are, as in Richmond Park, some considerable stretches of woodland and undergrowth enclosed, which serve at once to maintain the rustic look of some parts of the park and as sanctuaries for wild life. Owls may frequently be heard here and the screaming of jays, though these birds are but rarely to be seen by visitors crossing the park. The deer, on the other hand, evince what Cowper has called a "shocking tameness." I have on one occasion seen the training of hawks in the park and the flight of the graceful predatory birds, their return to the lure, irresistibly called to mind the days when Henry the Eighth and others indulged in hawking here as a regular pastime. Through the park from the west to near the Diana Fountain, with a small branch going off and joining the Thames at the Recreation Ground, is the Cardinal's River—cut, but after Wolsey's time, for the purpose of supplying the Palace with water—a pleasant canal-like stream which, when it passes through a bracken-grown stretch of the park, suggests that we

might be far in the heart of the country, though the illusion does not remain long unbroken by the hum of the wires as the electric cars pass hidden from sight by the trees. In this



The Diana Fountain, Bushey Park.

part of the park a number of writhen hawthorns remind us that Bushey Park is said to owe its name to the number of thorn bushes by which it was of old overgrown.

Bushey House, on the Teddington side of the park, now the

National Physical Laboratory, has been the residence of many prominent people who have occupied the sinecural post of Ranger of Bushey Park. One of these was Steele's friend Halifax, who built the existing mansion; another was Lord North, to whom immediately on the death of Halifax George the Third wrote: "I shall immediately appoint you Ranger of Bushey Park." When the appointment was gazetted, however, it was to Lady North. When William the Fourth ascended the throne he was living at Bushey House, which he had occupied for many years. It was during the Rangership of Halifax that the public path through the Hare Warren—the eastern part of the park—was closed: an arbitrary deed which roused Timothy Bennet of Hampton Wick to take action for vindicating the public right of way, an action which succeeded so that to-day we can still go from near the Diana Fountain to Hampton Wick by a park path parallel with the high road. In the early summer the park, more particularly the famous chestnut avenue, draws many visitors, and, thanks to the growth of the local water works and the development of "building estates," it offers the most countrified walks remaining within reach of the one time village of Hampton.

Hampton Church has already been mentioned as a plain building ivy clad almost into beauty. It was rebuilt 1829–31, the parishioners meanwhile worshipping in the Great Hall of Hampton Court Palace. The consecration of the new building —to which William the Fourth presented an organ—was performed in September, 1831, Queen Adelaide being present. An ornament of the old churchyard was a grand yew, "one of the finest and most ancient in the kingdom." Tradition, as recorded on a snuff box made of the wood, summarised up the tree's life thus:

> "Planted by King Egbert, about 830;
> Felled, in the prime of life, 1830."

The building is chiefly worthy of a visit for its monuments, which include one to Mistress Penn, the nurse of Edward the

Sixth, whose ghost has haunted the palace since the disturbance of her remains—"only a little yellow hair and a few hair pins"—at the time of the deplorable destruction of the old church eighty years ago. Other monuments are rather to connections of celebrities than to celebrities themselves. Richard Tickell (1793, supposed grandson of Addison's friend), Richard Cumberland (1794, son of the dramatist), David Garrick (1795, nephew of the great actor). A man notable on his own account was the famous John Beard, the singer who retired to Hampton and died there in 1791. His widow, a daughter of John Rich of Covent Garden Theatre, had the following inscribed to his memory:

How vain the monumental praise,
Our partial friends devise;
While trophies o'er our dust they raise,
Poetic fictions rise.

Say, what avails it, good or bad,
I now am represented;
If, happily, the faults I had,
Sincerely were repented?

A friend or wife, or both in one,
By love, by time endear'd,
Shall banish falsehood from the stone,
That covers her John Beard.

In this church, too, was buried Edward Prodgers, Page of Honour to Charles the First, and Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles the Second, who died on the last day of 1713 "at the age of 96, of the anguish of cutting teeth, he having cut four new teeth, and had several ready to cut, which so inflamed his gums that he died"!

In the nave is buried Viscount FitzClarence, the eldest son of William the Fourth and Mrs. Jordan. Among the quainter epitaphs in the churchyard is one to a lady ending:

Her life was an example to the wise,
Her death an acquisition to the Skies.

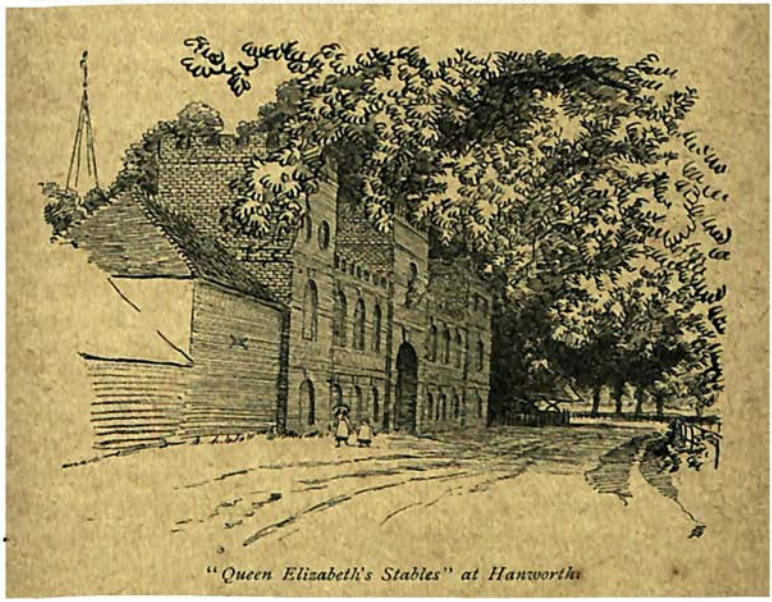
Another inscription to the memory of Thomas Tombs, goldsmith and angler (1758), runs:

> Each brother Bob, that sportive passes here,
> Pause at this stone, and drop ye silent tear
> For him who loved ye harmless sport,
> Who to this Pitch did oft resort;
> Who in free converse oft would please
> With native humour, mirth and ease.
> His actions form'd upon so just a plan,
> He lived a worthy, dy'd an honest man.
> Peace to his manes.

Unmarked graves are those of Huntingdon Shaw, the iron-worker, who designed the beautiful wrought-iron gates by the Water Gallery at Hampton Court, and, according to Mr. Ripley, "Jane Claremont," but as that unhappy woman "Claire," whose name looms large in the *chronique scandaleuse* of Byron and Shelley, died in Florence, it does not seem likely that she should have been buried at Hampton.

Close to the earlier and picturesque church was the rambling grammar school founded in 1556. This had fallen into disuse when it was revived and the new building erected on rising ground west of the village in 1879; presumably near the place where William the Third proposed building a new Hampton Court before he decided to renovate the old. North of the old riverside village is New Hampton, as it was once called, Hampton Hill to give it its current name, though the "hill" is of inappreciable elevation, extending to Fulwell and so to Teddington and Twickenham—a district perhaps chiefly notable for the new depôt of the tramway company and, opposite that manifestation of the new, the extensive Fulwell links given over to the royal and ancient game of golf. These links stretch to the Staines and Twickenham road, their green expanse and fringing elms marking as it were a kind of stage between the recent days when this was agricultural land and the probably not far distant future when it will become

"eligible building sites." A little to the north of the links is a really beautiful reach of the Crane, which widens out on either side of the bridge that crosses it, and where, watching a dozen coots at once in the willow- and reed-fringed water and looking up and down the winding stream with scarcely a sign of a house or cottage in view, it is difficult to realise that we are but ten or eleven miles from London.



"Queen Elizabeth's Stables" at Hanworth

Large fruit gardens—uglily guarded from the roads by corrugated iron fences, which the thorn hedges are happily masking here and there—and market gardens are to be seen as, turning back from this pretty glimpse of the Crane (beyond which lie Whitton and Hounslow), we go to the scattered and unattractive village of Hanworth, chiefly memorable as a one-time royal residence, but now suggesting little of the "delicious champaign about it" that, according to Camden, delighted Henry the Eighth when he made a hunting-box here. A

footpath takes us across Hanworth Park from the village to the retired church in the near neighbourhood of which stood the demolished palace, represented now only by scraps of masonry and brickwork. The present crenellated building fronting the road—with an old carved coat of arms let in—is seemingly a comparatively modern addition. Hanworth was settled upon Katherine Parr, the sixth queen of Henry, and here she lived when married again to the Lord High Admiral, Sir Thomas Seymour, and here for a time lived with her the Princess Elizabeth, who, becoming Queen, revisited Hanworth several times, first when it had become the property of the Duchess of Somerset, and later when it had passed to the Killigrews. When the Queen was here as a girl of fifteen the "romping gambols" with her of Sir Thomas Seymour were such as to form a count in the indictment when that gentleman was impeached in 1549. Here Sir William Killigrew and Dr. Henry Killigrew, two of the four seventeenth century dramatic writers of that name, were born. Except as an occasional place for royal visits but little is known of the mansion until in 1627 it became the property of Sir Francis Cottington (afterwards Lord Cottington of Hanworth), who set about improvements with the same sort of gusto as was shown by Walpole at Strawberry Hill more than a century later. Writing in 1629 to the ill-fated Earl Strafford, Cottington said of his Hanworth alterations:

There begins to grow a brick wall about all the glories at Hanworth, which, though it be a large extent, yet will be too little for the multitude of pheasants, partridges and wild fowl, that are to be bred in it. There is a certain large room made under the new building, with a fountain in it and other rare devices; and the open gallery is all painted by the hand of a second Titian. Dainty walks are made abroad, insomuch that the old porter with the long beard is like to have a good revenue by admitting strangers that will come to see these rarities. It will be a good entertainment to see the amazement of the barbarous northern folk, who have scarce arrived to see a well cut hedge, when the fame of these rarities shall draw them hither, certainly they will wholly neglect the sight of Hocus's dog, and Hocus himself will

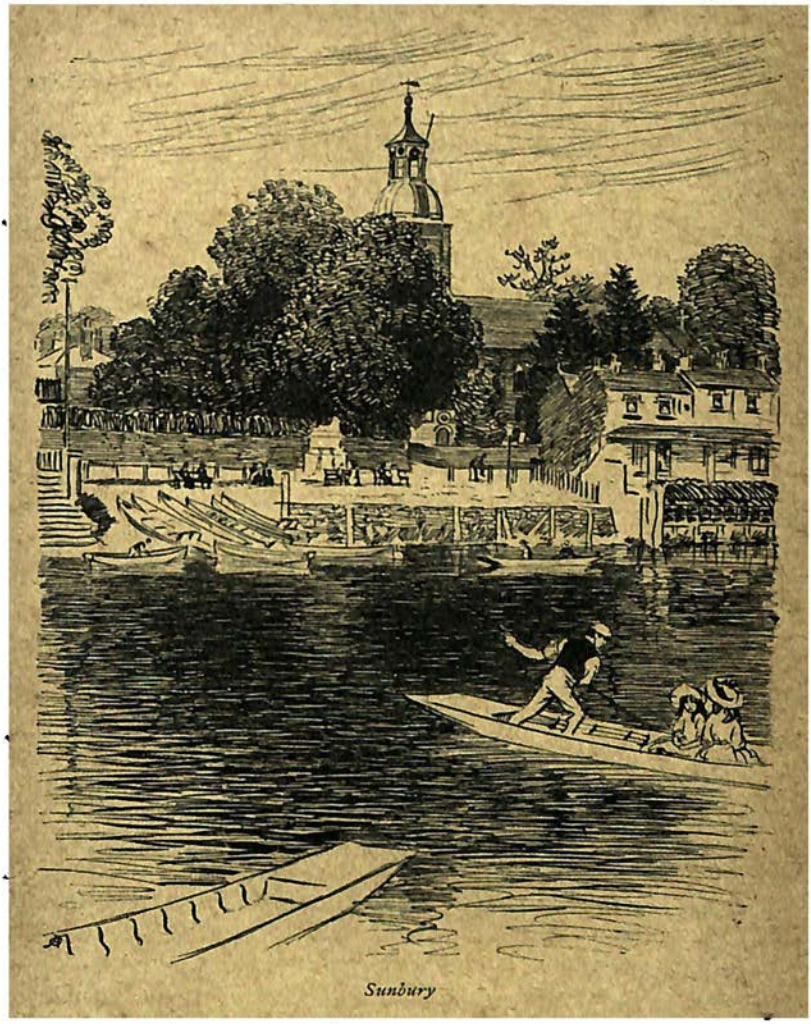
confess that calves with five legs, and the puppets themselves, will be nothing in comparison of this sight. My wife is the principal contriver of all this machine, who, with her clothes tucked up, and a staff in her hand, marches from place to place, like an Amazon commanding an army.

The reference to "Hocus" is curious—it suggests that "hocus-pocus," which seems to have puzzled the dictionary makers, may derive from some old-time showman, some Barnum of the time of Charles the First. It may be worth noting that last year, at an Easter "fair" not many miles from Hanworth, a misfortunately abnormal calf pent in a tiny tent was drawing the coppers of the curious. Six years after he wrote that letter, Lord Cottington was able to show the beauties of his place to Queen Henrietta Maria, when she visited him with her Court. Confiscated after the fall of King Charles, Hanworth was one of the places bestowed upon Bradshaw, but it was re-secured by the Cottingtons on the Restoration, and after changing hands several times was the property of the Duke of St. Albans, who "cut down all the brave old trees at Hanworth, and consequently reduced his park to what it issued from—Hounslow Heath." A few years later the old house was destroyed by fire. The existing Hanworth Park on the other side of the road is but a portion of the old estate; from the clock tower of the house an extensive view is said to be obtainable, including Windsor Castle and the Grand Stand on Epsom Downs. There are still a number of goodly oaks and elms—showing that the destructive duke did not cut all his trees down, or that time can heal even those scars that are made by ducal destructiveness. The Cardinal's River runs through the existing park more or less closely parallel with the Crane at from half to a mile's distance, until the one trends south, the other north at their nearest points to the Fulwell golf links.

The old church of Hanworth, replaced by a new one a little more than forty years ago, is interesting as having been in

1513 in the charge of Adam de Brome, the founder of Oriel College, Oxford. From Hanworth Church a pleasant road with light railings on either side takes us through the park to the long straggling main street of Feltham, another rapidly expanding old village in a somewhat flat country, largely given over to market gardens and nursery grounds.

Immediately to the south of Hanworth, three-quarters of a mile or so, is the racecourse of Kempton Park—all that is left of an old park which has been known at various times as Col. Kenyngton, Cold Kennington, Kenton, Kineton, and now Kempton. The manor house here was made a royal dwelling by Henry the First, and remained such until the time of Edward the Third. Later it fell into bad disrepair, and not only of the palace but of its successor everything has disappeared. In the eighteenth century Kempton Park was noted for its fine trees, "but the admirers of the picturesque will regret that they were considered as timber only. The axe was allowed a wide range: and a sprinkling of wood now alone remains to denote the former grandeur of this once-regal domain." Those words were written a hundred years ago. To-day the "once regal domain" is a fine grassy expanse, fringed with some handsome elms, and is on race days a very popular resort for London race attenders. On certain days—such as Easter Monday—the crowds that throng the place may vie with those that attend the racing on Epsom Downs. Along the southern side of the course enclosure runs the Hampton and Staines road; the eastern corner reaches almost to Hampton Grammar School, the western to a point not far from Sunbury Railway Station. Between Kempton Park and the river are reservoirs and two or three residences, including that in which lived the late Guy Boothby—for a time one of the most successful purveyors of popular sensational fiction. Close to the river runs the Lower Sunbury Road, branching from the main one near Hampton. Along by the left bank of the river where is a long ait built up to a high hill with gravel



Sunbury

taken from the neighbouring filtration beds, this way takes us under shady elms and chestnuts by a succession of pleasant timber-grown islets to Sunbury, the first house of which on our

right is the large Sunbury Court, surrounded by fine trees. A narrow, shady footpath which leaves the road just west of the mansion, and leads to the main road opposite Kempton Park, is invitingly known as Lovers' Lane. The riverside portion of Sunbury consists of a long and narrow street, for the most part of old-fashioned cottages and shops; with at either end large private residences and tree-grown grounds, and many "to let" notices indicating the change which is coming over the riverside as a place of residence for well-to-do folks. From the river the village, with its irregular buildings backing nearly on the water, forms a picturesque bit opposite the lock. It is a popular centre for boating and fishing, and up and down stream affords some quietly pleasant river scenery, for here the encroaching water-works have not, as they have further down stream, destroyed the neighbouring trees, though these are somewhat sparse on the opposite shore. It would be well, where reservoirs are made, if trees were planted along the riverside foot of their banks, so that in the course of a few years something of the old beauty might be restored.

Sunbury Station lies a mile inland from the river, and the village is therefore considerably scattered, but there is no special attraction about its newer roads or its extension in the neighbourhood of the railway. The church, near the ferry across to the lock island, is indeed an undistinguished, somewhat gloomy-looking brick structure with a cupola-capped tower in a tree-grown graveyard. It was built on the site of an ancient church pulled down over a century and a half ago. Not far from the church on the riverside—at one of the rare points of this stretch where the road comes within touch of the Thames—is a memorial drinking fountain surmounted by a lion and inscribed "*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" It was placed here as a memorial to two young Sunbury officers: Captain Charles F. Lendy, who died at Buluwayo in January, 1894, and his brother Captain Edward

A. W. Lendy, D.S.O., who died in the following December on the West Coast of Africa.

During the time of Queen Elizabeth a Sunbury worthy was charged at the Middlesex Sessions with stealing "a blewe cow" valued at forty shillings—a fact which might have inspired the American humorist who never saw a purple cow and never wished to see one.

Keeping for the time as near the river as the road permits—the towing-path is mostly on the Surrey shore—we come out to open country just beyond Sunbury with fluvial pastures willow-grown on the left, and nursery gardens and farm fields stretching on the right to where the roofs of Upper Halliford are visible. (An attractive alternative is to go by the field paths from Sunbury to Upper Halliford and Charlton, and so to Littleton.) The road keeps well away from a big bend of the Thames and in about a couple of miles brings us to Lower Halliford Green, passing about midway by a ford over a narrow stream, the Exe, with a bridge for foot passengers. In time of flood a few years ago this stream covered the road for a considerable distance in either direction, so that but for the raised footpath passage along it would have been impossible. Turning left from the neighbourhood of Halliford Green we come out on Walton Bridge—which lacks the picturesqueness of the earlier one painted by Turner in a famous picture—with beautiful views of the river both up and down stream, the well-wooded higher Surrey side in the neighbourhood of Oatlands being particularly picturesque. Below bridge is the willow-grown reach extending to Sunbury with, it may be noted, at a short distance, the enclosed but unroofed river swimming bath where a few years ago "mixed bathing" was first made available on the Thames. Above bridge we have the Halliford bend, where, if tradition speaks truly, at one time momentous fighting took place. In the low fields here in spring are to be gathered the rich golden blooms of *Caltha palustris*. According to the Ordnance Survey the whole

of Walton Bridge—though it borrows its name from the Surrey town—is in Middlesex, our county embracing the narrow flat tract at the foot of the opposite hillside.

The fighting which according to tradition took place here was between Julius Cæsar and Cassivelaunus, though rival theories make the scene of the contest Kingston and Southwark, and, as we have seen, Brentford is now also made to put in its claim as being the place of conflict. Halliford, it is believed by some, was the lowest point at which the Thames was then fordable, and here the Britons are said to have fixed great stakes in the bed of the river to intercept their Roman pursuers. It was recorded by Bede that the stakes were to be seen in his time "about the thickness of a man's thigh, stuck immovable, being driven hard into the bottom of the river." Bede, it is true, did not name the place where this was done, though Camden first identified it as Cowey (*i.e.*, Causeway) Stakes. Geoffrey of Monmouth, however, suggests that these tactics were indulged in more than once, for his description obviously refers to some point below London: "in the River Thames, on which Cæsar intended to sail up to Trinovantum (London) he (Cassivelaunus) caused iron and leaden stakes, each as thick as a man's thigh, to be fixed under the surface of the water, that Cæsar's ships might founder." Cæsar's own account tallies more nearly with the belief that the struggle took place here at Halliford, and a curious confirmation of that belief is to be found in one of Surrey's historians, who says that "one Simmons, a fisherman who had lived here and known the river all his life, told him, in 1807, that at the place called Cowey Stakes he had weighed up several stakes of the size of his thigh about six feet long, shod with iron, the wood very black and so hard as to turn an axe." The agreement in the definition of size among Bede, Geoffrey, and "one Simmons, a fisherman," is strange. Leaving the historical problem we may go on to Lower Halliford itself, an unspoiled village about the top of one of the short serpentinings into

which the Thames contorts itself from above Chertsey to below Walton. The most attractive part of Halliford is that about the green and by the river, where the villas, cottages, and quaint old inns are irregularly disposed along one side of the road, opposite which are at first small flower-full gardens bordering the river and then willow-grown meadows, with the

At Halliford.

distance occupied by the umbrageous hilly land of Oatlands and Weybridge.

At Halliford lived for many years—and there he died on January 23rd, 1866—Thomas Love Peacock, a novelist who in his own particular genre stands unrivalled. Here—he had as early as 1810 published a poem entitled *The Genius of the Thames*—some time in the 'twenties he acquired a country residence, constructed out of two old cottages, on the way towards Walton Bridge, near Lord Blythswood's residence,

where, as the late Dr. Richard Garnett put it, "he could gratify the love of the Thames, which was with him as strong a partiality as his zest for classical literature." His house still stands.

A short distance from Halliford at the top of the next bend of the river is Shepperton, its small cottages and large villas grouped about the church near the ferry. From the Surrey meadows opposite the grey castellated church tower and surrounding roofs show picturesquely among trees. The church is notable for its external steps up the side of the tower leading to the gallery, and, unlike so many churches into the history of which we inquire, the main body of the building is older than the tower, the former having been erected in the sixteenth century, the latter having been added in 1710 by the then rector, Lewis Atterbury, elder brother of the famous bishop. So rarely is it that poetry agrees to be utilised for the purpose of an epitaph that an exception is always worth noting, and therefore we may well pause at the grave of the little daughter of Thomas Love Peacock who died at three, and of whom her father wrote with Wordsworthian simplicity:

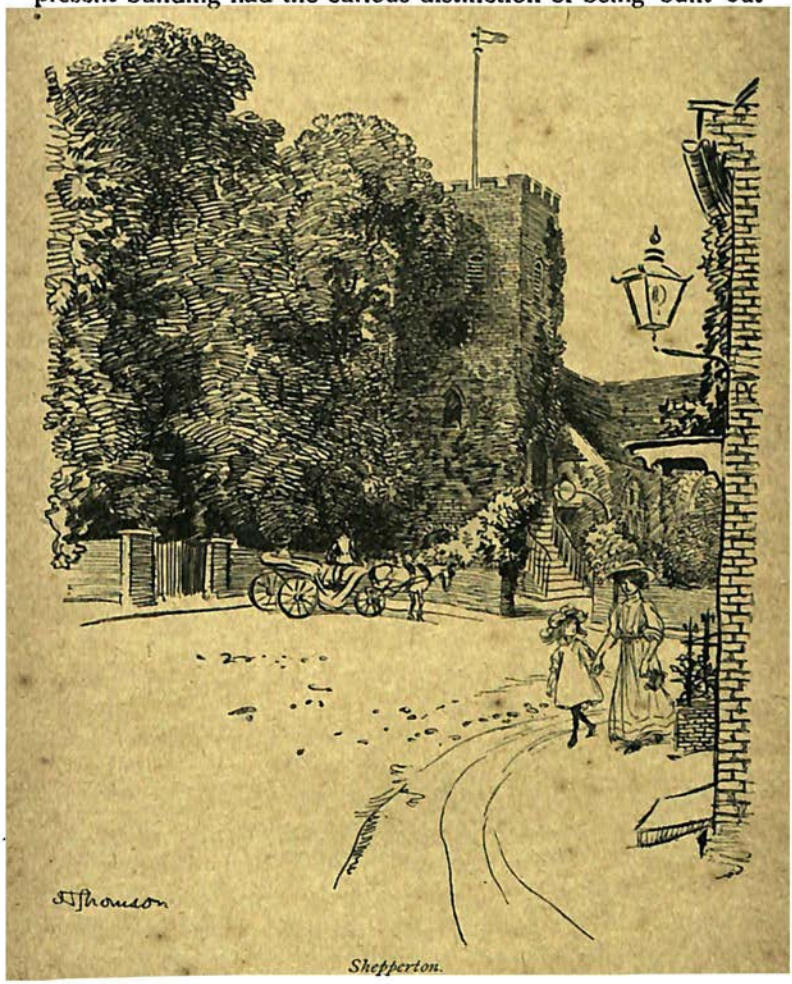
Long night succeeds thy little day,
O! blighted blossom can it be
That this grey stone and grassy clay
Have closed our anxious care of thee?

The half-formed words of liveliest thought
That spoke a mind beyond thy years,
The song, the dance, by nature taught,
The sunny smiles, the transient tears.

The symmetry of face and form,
The eye with light and life replete,
The little heart so fondly warm,
The voice so musically sweet.

These lost to hope, in memory yet
Around the hearts that loved thee cling,
Shadowing with long and vain regret
The too fair promise of thy spring.

The earlier Shepperton Church which was succeeded by the present building had the curious distinction of being built out



Shepperton.

over the river on piles, and it was only after it had been destroyed by floods that it was deemed advisable to rebuild entirely

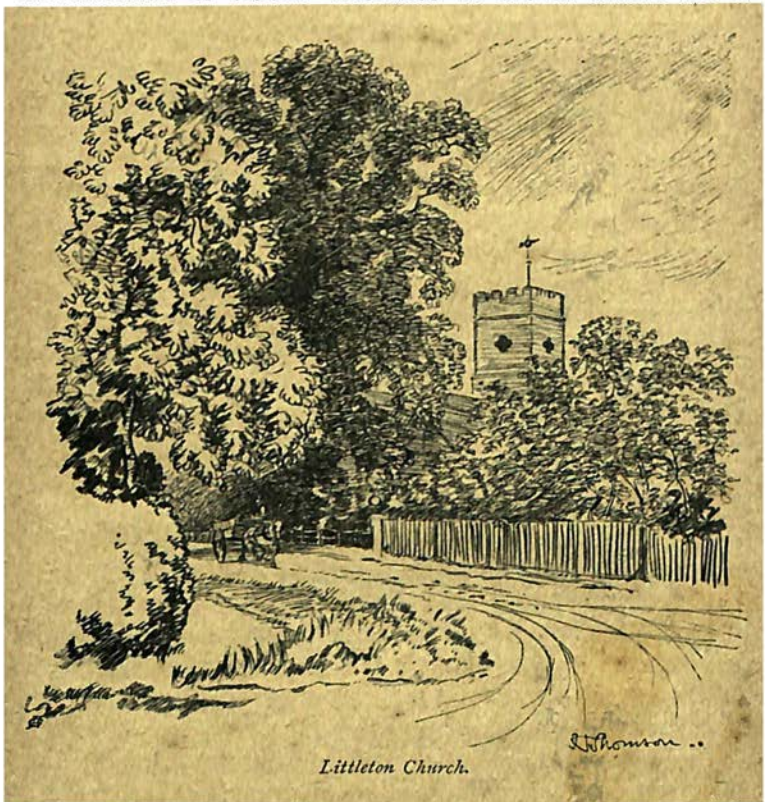
on *terra firma*. Parts of the flood-destroyed edifice are supposed to have been embodied in the new. The old pile-built church had as rector from 1504 to 1553 that learned pluralist William Grocyn, who is chiefly remembered now as principal reviver of the study of Greek at Oxford and as friend and correspondent of Erasmus, who visited him here in the very year of his induction. Grocyn later became master of the Collegiate Church of All Hallows at Maidstone, where he is buried.

As if to lend colour to the theory that Cæsar's fight with the Britons took place here, various interesting relics have been recovered at different times, relics showing that this part of the Thames was inhabited at widely separated periods. Norris Brewer nearly a hundred years ago drew attention to the assertion that gravel-diggers in land a little to the west of Shepperton had found "in a state of extreme decay" fragments of sword-blades and the heads of spears. In 1812, when clearing a brook communicating with the Thames—possibly that broad inlet south of the church—there was found, below four feet of mud and three and a half feet of gravel, an ancient canoe twelve feet long "hewn out of a solid block of oak," and evidently, it was said, "constructed in a very remote and rude age." This curious discovery was presented to Josiah Boydell, the artist and engraver (nephew of "Shakespeare" Boydell), who lived at Lower Halliford. Five years later a Roman vase was dug up in the neighbourhood, while forty years ago a number of remains believed to be Saxon were found at some distance to the north.

Shepperton is another popular centre for Thames anglers, though none of them is now likely to be able to beat the century-old record of "Mr G. Marshall, of Brewer Street, London," who on October 3rd, 1812, caught at Shepperton Deeps a salmon weighing over twenty-one pounds. Rumour has it, however, that salmon are coming back to the Thames, the story of the capture of one of these lordly fish at Kingston being but a few months old.

By Shepperton Lock, some little distance south-west of the village, the towing-path crosses from Surrey to our Middlesex side, and a pleasant journey afoot or awheel may be had following it to Staines by Chertsey, Laleham, and Penton Hook. At two or three points we shall in summer time come across gay encampments of tents and tiny bungalows, the occupants of which are people who delight in amphibious holidays. All along, too, are popular fishing reaches, and in punts fixed across stream, and on the banks, are generally to be seen a number of patient pursuers of the craft denominated "gentle." Before following the course of the stream of pleasure, there are one or two small places inland worth a flying visit. Shepperton Station—the terminus of a short branch line from Twickenham—is about three-quarters of a mile from the church, and within a mile of it are the undistinguished hamlets of Charlton and Shepperton Green and the pleasant village of Littleton. This is the centre of one of the smallest of Middlesex parishes, a long, narrow stretch consisting of about a thousand acres, running from the Staines road to the Thames at Chertsey Bridge. Though there are some newer houses, Littleton has much of the charm of the unsophisticated village, with its old cottages and farmsteads, its picturesque church, its bridge (rebuilt of stone and iron in 1903) over the little Exe which widens to lake-like size on one side in the grounds of Littleton Park. From the bridge we have a glimpse of the grounds attached to the house, of the lake-widened stream with fountains and water-lilies—and most inappropriate gimcrackery—and a long-stretching, evergreen-dotted lawn. The country in the immediate neighbourhood is very flat, and, though still largely agricultural, is well diversified with trees. A little way north of the village is a handsome avenue running almost at right angles with the road which breaks it. Littleton Church, a small but beautiful structure, is one of the most attractive brick churches that I know; in it are to be seen the tattered and worn colours of the Grenadier Guards placed there by

Colonel (afterwards General) Thomas Wood in 1855. The edifice is remarkable for its deep chancel, short nave, and narrow aisles. The embattled tower is in three storeys, the top one being unroofed. Other features that will attract the attention of visitors interested in church details are a

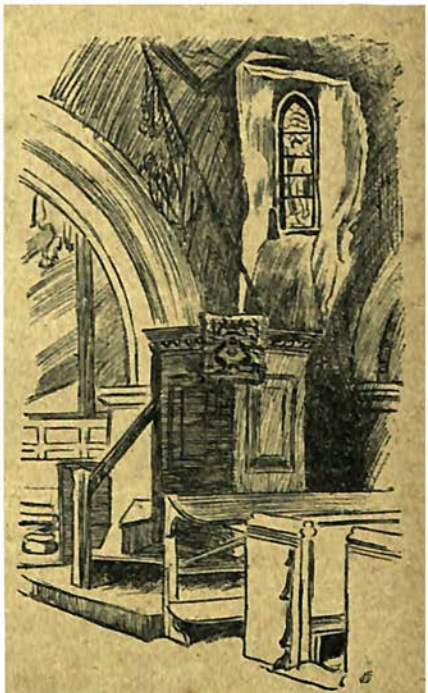


Littleton Church.

sixteenth century brass in the chancel and the Early English font. Sir J. E. Millais, who spent some holiday seasons at Littleton, painted one of the small northern windows. The family to which General Wood belonged occupied Littleton Park for upwards of two centuries and gave several distinguished

soldiers to the country. Their mansion was demolished by fire in 1874, when among the valuables destroyed was Hogarth's picture "Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn," along with the original receipt for twenty-six guineas—the amount paid for that work.

At the southern extremity of the parish near to the foot of Chertsey Bridge are a couple of ugly new villas with an arresting inscription in funereal gold on a black ground: "Right o' Way Villas, Chertsey Bridge, in Memory of the Victory won over the Thames Conservancy 1902"; when I inquired as to the contest, the answer I got from a neighbour was much like that famous reply of old Caspar, "That I cannot tell," said he, "but 'twas a famous victory."



A Corner in Littleton Church.

Directly west of Littleton, but little more than a mile of comfortably prosperous-looking open pasture and farm land brings us to Laleham on the river again—the tract of country from Shepperton here, formed by a southern trending stretch of the Thames, is flat and without any special feature of interest, with its open fields, its few trees, and low-hedged byways. About midway a sudden loop of the river approaches quite near the road, and a little beyond is lost to view where it has cut its channel

deep through grassy meadows, and passing vessels are seen—as on some East Anglian waterway—from the road as though cutting their way through the grass, no water being visible. About midway between Shepperton and Laleham is Chertsey Bridge, leading across to the old abbey town, whither the Lady Anne bore the "poor key-cold figure of a holy King," her father-in-law, and where Abraham Cowley lived. Surrey claims Cowley, and a greater poet awaits us on our own side of the dividing Thames.

Laleham, ever to be associated with the two most famous members of a family several members of which have won fame, is a small, old-fashioned, rambling village little of which is to be seen from the river, though it is growing in that direction by the building of ugly villa additions. The old part, with its twisting roads about the church, is a pleasant and attractive place; a typical Thames-side centre unspoiled by growth. Many of the houses are dumpy in style and clad with creepers, as though to harmonise with the small low-towered church, which is covered with ivy, and stands in a small graveyard close-grown with evergreens. The central part of Laleham has probably changed but little since Thomas Arnold resided there, "taking private pupils, and forming the theories which were afterwards carried out in a more conspicuous field" at Rugby, and since his son Matthew was born there on December 24th, 1822. When the poet was five the family removed to Rugby, but he returned here for a couple of years as pupil of his uncle, the Rev. John Buckland, a severe and even brutal pedagogue who was also uncle (and tutor) to Frank Buckland, the naturalist and ichthyologist. Here, too, Matthew Arnold was brought for burial in 1888. His tree-shaded grave—a marble-margined square of turf and a plain headstone—lies to the south-east of the church. Visiting it in 1890, Mr. William Watson wrote his poem to Arnold's memory:

Lulled by the Thames he sleeps, and not
By Rotha's wave,

'Tis fittest thus! for though with skill
He sang of beck and tarn and ghyll,
The deep, authentic mountain-thrill
Ne'er shook his page!
Somewhat of worldling mingled still
With bard and sage.

And 'twere less meet for him to lie
Guarded by summits lone and high
That traffic with the eternal sky
And hear, unawed,
The everlasting fingers ply
The loom of God,

Than, in this hamlet of the plain,
A less sublime repose to gain,
Where Nature, genial and urbane,
To man defers,
Yielding to us the right to reign,
Which yet is hers.

And nigh to where his bones abide,
The Thames with its unruffled tide
Seems like his genius typified,—
Its strength, its grace,
Its lucid gleam, its sober pride,
Its tranquil pace.

No trodden pathway among the neighbouring graves suggests that there are many pilgrims to the last resting-place of the apostle of sweetness and light.

"Arnold of Rugby" lived for nine years at Laleham—his house on the Ashford road to the north-east of the church was pulled down some years ago, but two fine cedars mark the site—and his liking for the place was such that he "long loved to look upon it as his final home" when he should leave Rugby until he had fixed upon his celebrated Westmorland one. Thomas Arnold thought the Laleham district "very beautiful," saying "I have always a resource at hand in the bank of the river up to Staines; which, though it be perfectly flat, has yet a great charm from its entire loneliness, there being not a house

anywhere near it, and the river here has none of that stir of boats and barges upon it which makes it in many places as public as a highway."

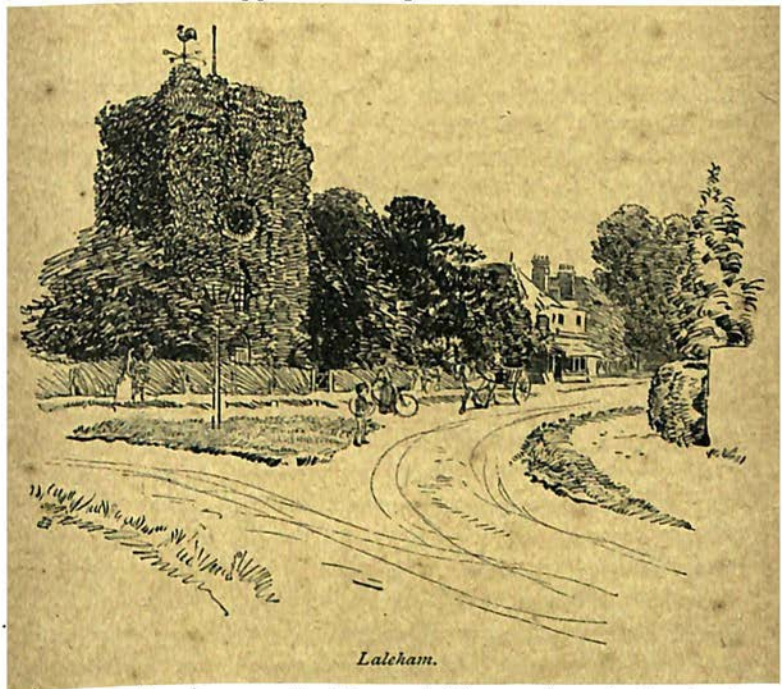
In Stanley's *Life of Arnold* we learn that the great schoolmaster was wont to look back with fond regret to the years at Laleham as the happiest time of his life. "Often he would revisit it, and delighted in renewing his acquaintance with all the

Matthew Arnold's Grave.

families of the poor whom he had known during his residence; in showing to his children his former haunts; in looking once again on his favourite view of the great plain of Middlesex—the lonely walks along the quiet banks of the Thames—the retired garden with its 'Campus Martius,' and its wilderness of trees' which lay behind the house, and which had been the scenes of so many sportive games and serious conversations—

the churchyard of Laleham, then doubly dear to him, as containing the graves of his infant child whom he buried there in 1832, and of his mother, his aunt and his sister."

His more famous son found it necessary to cross the river to find that which was "very beautiful," for in one of his letters he says: "Yesterday I was at Chertsey, the poetic town of our childhood as opposed to the practical, historical Staines; it



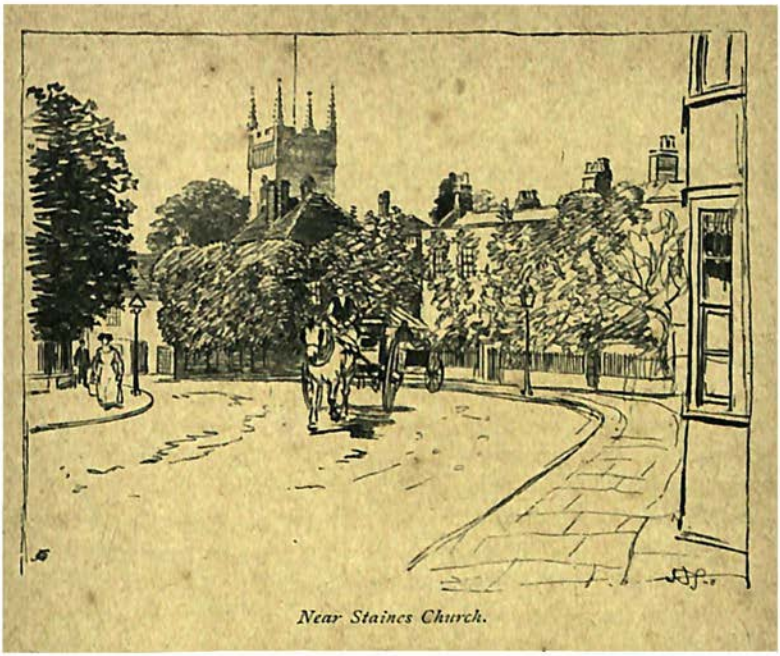
Laleham.

is across the river, reached by no bridges and roads, but by the primitive ferry, the meadow path, the Abbey river with its wooden bridge, and the narrow lane by the old wall: and, itself the stillest of country towns backed by St. Anne's, leads nowhere but to the heaths and pines of Surrey. How unlike the journey to Staines, and the great road through the flat, drained Middlesex plain, with its single standing pollarded elms."

In the very first of the poet's published letters he shows that he shared his father's enthusiasm for the broad-stretching reach of the river which flows past Laleham, with its fringe of low, close-grown willows on the further bank—a portion of which belongs to Middlesex. Writing of a visit to his native village at the age of twenty-five, he says that he found the stream "with its old volume, width, shine, rapid fulness, kempshott (*i.e.*, campshedding), and swans unchanged and unequalled." The river is scarcely as quiet as it was when Thomas Arnold first came to Laleham, the opposite shore downwards towards Chertsey and upwards towards Penton Hook having become popular with those who make holiday on the stream of pleasure in house-boat or bungalow. In fine summer weather, indeed, it now rivals other reaches of the Thames in being "as public as a highway."

The fine elms and pines conspicuous from the river to the south of the village form one of the most distinguishing features of Laleham Park, which has been for over a hundred years the seat of the Earls of Lucan and so is associated with that Lord Lucan who, in command of a cavalry division, was present at Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann. Henry the Eighth spread his net wide when, having graciously accepted Wolsey's palace, he wished to attach sufficient land to it, and thus even the manor of Laleham became part of the Honour of Hampton Court—leaving but few miles between the royal domains of Hampton and Windsor.

In the new Condor Road, cut through the estate of the late Admiral Greville, a tall remnant of a tree, with a fence around it, is sure to attract attention. This has the reputation of being the oldest white poplar in the country. A couple of years ago some mischievous boys set fire to it and it was feared that they had killed it, but one portion has since put forth leaves again, so that it is hoped that it will continue to exist if not to flourish.



Near Staines Church.

CHAPTER VI

THE STAINES CORNER

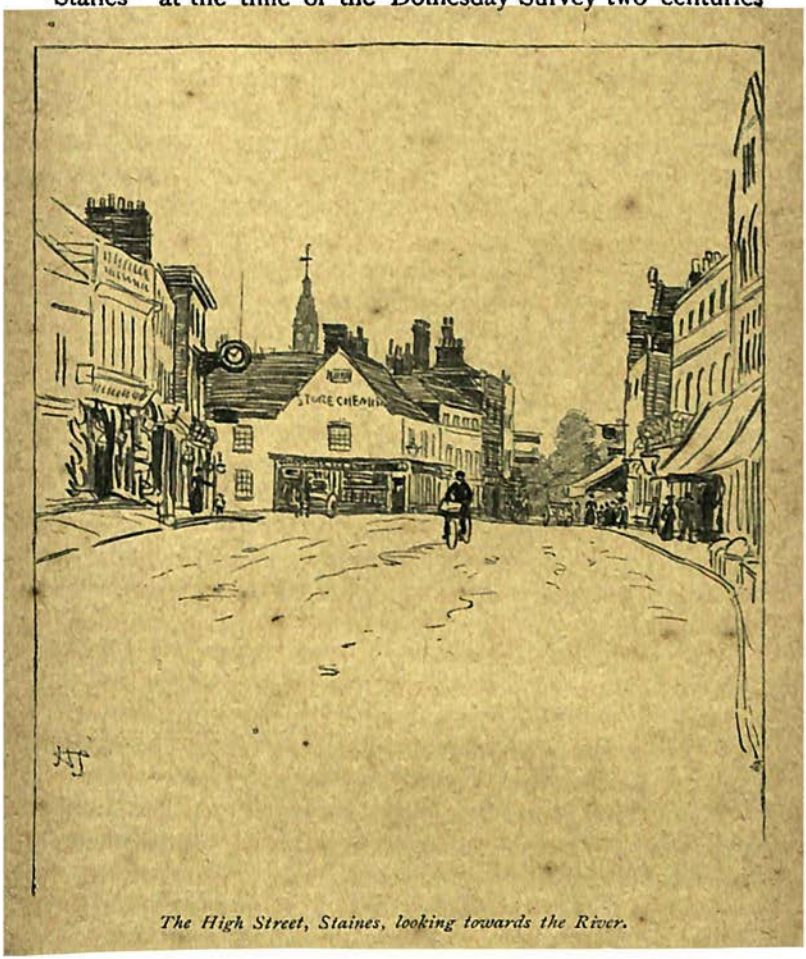
Along the shoar of silver streaming Thames,
Whose rushy bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers
And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems,
Fit to deck maidens' bowers.—*Spenser.*

QUIET, clean, commonplace—such are the words of an old writer applied to one of the chief towns of Middlesex, that town which is situated in the south-western corner of the county, divided by the Thames from Surrey and by one of the narrowest branches of the Colne from Buckinghamshire. The same three words would not unfairly sum up the Staines of to-day, as it appears to the journeyer along the highway that runs through the town. The visitor approaching by river has a

pleasanter glimpse, some of the waterside inns with their gardens having an inviting appearance, especially after sculling up stream on a hot day, while coming down stream we have an agreeably diversified winding stretch of the Thames from Runnymede. The town itself has breweries and other manufactures which give it a prosperous air, but its streets do not suggest much of that antiquity which history gives to the place. Apart from its rivers, the church and its "Stone," the town has little to claim the attention of the wanderer in search of the picturesque or of places rich in association with bygone men and events. For most visitors it is the Thames that is the chief attraction—down stream towards Laleham (a couple of miles away by that road which Thomas Arnold found so pleasant, which his son found so little attractive), is a pleasant reach, though the view of it from the bridge is spoiled by the crossing railway. Up stream, with the tower of Staines Church showing above trees to the right, we look towards Bellweir Lock and Runnymede, with Cooper's Hill in the background, a pleasant ait dividing the water, many trees and an ugly gasometer. Again the most attractive places within easy reach are out of the bounds of our county, just over in Surrey at Thorpe or Englefield Green, and just over in Buckinghamshire at Ankerwyke and Horton.

Staines Bridge is perhaps the most fitting point at which to recall something of the story of the place, for this town has not only been identified as the Roman Pontes from which ran the road to Silchester, but it had also long the distinction of being the first point above London where the Thames was bridged. It is said, in accordance with one of those dangerously easy methods of accounting for the derivation of names, to be Staines from the old word "stane" signifying stone, and to be thus called because here was a Roman milestone. Other authorities derive it (by the same process) from the "stane" which has stood on the river bank west of the town since 1280 to mark the limit of the jurisdiction of the City of London

over the Thames—which is manifestly absurd, as the town was "Stanes" at the time of the Domesday Survey two centuries



The High Street, Staines, looking towards the River.

earlier. We may take it that the origin of the name, like that of many other things, is "wropt in mistry." The manor was anciently attached—as were many of these Thames-side

Middlesex manors—to Westminster Abbey, yet the place has but little of note in its history. The story of its bridges is, however, interesting, for though the date of the erection of the first one is not ascertained, it is known that in 1292 (which gives it a respectable antiquity) three oaks were granted out of Windsor Forest towards its repair. It is its more recent history that is interesting. In 1791 an Act of Parliament was passed arranging for the erection of a new bridge and for the tolls by which its cost was to be defrayed. In 1792 a three-arched stone bridge was begun in accordance with the design of Thomas Sandby, first professor of architecture at the Royal Academy. In 1797 the bridge was opened, but, alas! for the way in which the work of the designer of a famous "bridge of magnificence" had been carried out, one of the piers of his Staines Bridge soon gave way, and the whole had to be taken down. The architect having failed (he died, by the way, the year after his unhappy bridge was completed), an engineer was called in in the person of one James Wilson, who in 1801 began a single-span arch of a hundred and eighty feet, constructed of iron. This was completed in 1803, and is said to have been formed partly after a design made by Thomas Paine (of the *Age of Reason*), and partly out of the materials of an experimental bridge erected by that worthy at Paddington. Again was the work a failure, and again, soon after having been opened, it had to be closed. Fortunately all this time the old wooden bridge that was to be superseded had been left standing, and once more it had to be fitted up for temporary use. Then another attempt was made, and in 1807 was opened a slightly arched iron bridge supported by wooden piles, and the old wooden one was at length removed. Before many years had passed this again proved unequal and did not justify the pious wish of the writer, who hoped that it would atone by its durability "for its deficiencies with regard to the graces of architecture." In 1829 George Rennie—son of the designer of Southwark and London Bridges—was commissioned to build a

new bridge a little higher up stream than the other, when he constructed the present enduring one, duly opened by William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide in 1832. Few places can boast of having had five bridges in thirty-five years. The succession of troubles might have suggested the curious old nursery rhyme "London Bridge is broken down," with its discussion of the relative merits of various materials,—"Iron bars will rust and break" and "wood and clay will wash away"—ending

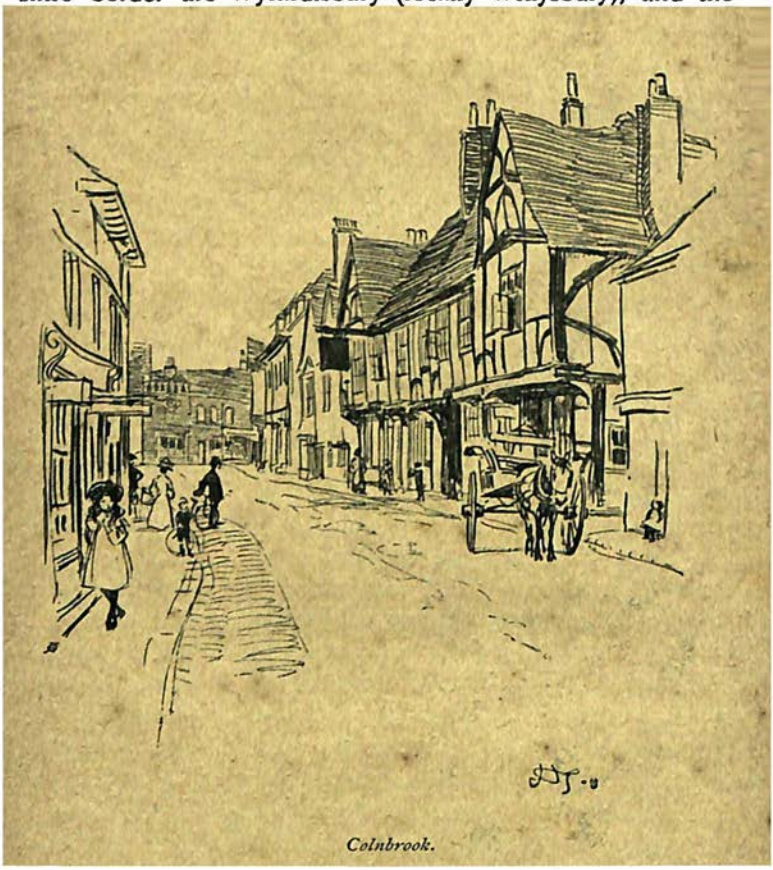
Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Holla! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady,

The Rennies, father and sons, were great builders of stone bridges, and the present handsome Staines Bridge bids fair to justify the jingling prophecy.

It has been suggested that the old town of Staines was slightly to the west of the present one, close on the little county-dividing branch of the Colne. Here, certainly at the very edge of the town, is the modern red brick church set in a neat churchyard with many tall funereal trees—arbor vitæ, yew and others. The tower is mainly of brick but topped with stone, giving it a curious patchwork appearance; part of it was erected by Inigo Jones. Near the south-eastern corner of the churchyard is a house covered by one of the finest wistarias I have ever seen, its main stem thick as that of a fair-sized tree. A lane past some pleasant houses to the north takes us along the Wyrardisbury river, one of the many branches by which the Colne reaches the Thames, and on a bright day in dry weather a pleasant walk may be taken from here to Colnbrook, while a no less attractive alternative is to leave Staines by the north and follow the Colne itself by footpath to Stanwell.

Much of this flat bit of the Colne Valley, with its farm

houses, its streams, its willows, its broad reed-grown pools, its flat pastures dotted with sheep, is again and again reminiscent of some of the East Anglian flats. Just over the Buckinghamshire border are Wyrardisbury (locally Wraysbury), and the



Colnbrook.

pleasant little village of Horton where John Milton spent six years before his journey into Italy, and whence he set out on a memorable visit to Sir Henry Wotton, poet, angler, and Provost

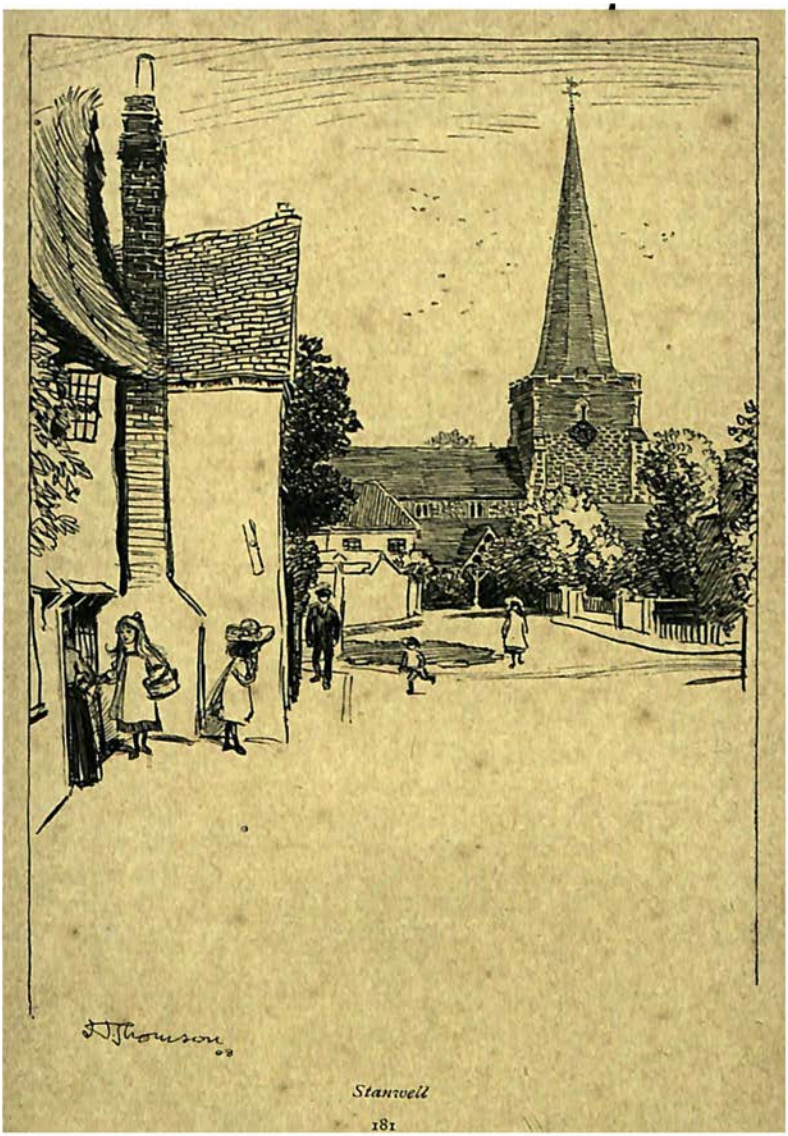
of Eton College. Horton is but just over the border on a pretty stretch of Colne's westernmost branch. Colnbrook, a little further north, a large village with a long, narrow main street, is mostly in Bucks, the bridge across the stream of the same name being here the boundary. On the further side is a long, rambling old half-timbered inn that cannot fail to take the eye. On our own side of the bridge is a range of picturesque old cottages. The hamlet of Poyle, a little to the south-east of Colnbrook, has also a number of picturesque cottages and farm buildings, close-neighboured by ugly new cottages, and gunpowder sheds of galvanised iron; while a little further to the south-east again are Stanwell Moor and Stanwell, the former a somewhat unattractive forlorn-looking hamlet, mostly of small scattered dwellings about watery meadows, the latter a pleasant old fashioned little village. The termination "moor" is fairly common about the tract of country between Staines and Hounslow—a survival, doubtless, of the time when these small collections of cottages—in many cases perhaps those of squatters—were on retired parts of the heath, well away from the main roads. Immediately to the south of Stanwell Moor is Hithermoor Farm, on the bank of the Colne. From Stanwell Moor to the parent village the road takes a sharp loop round the park of Stanwell Place, over the low hedge of which we get glimpses of broad waters dotted with coots and fringed with reeds, while beyond is the comfortable-looking but undistinguished mansion. All about are many fine trees, especially oaks. To Stanwell Place, according to Dugdale, attaches a story illustrating the high-handed methods of that acquisitive monarch Henry the Eighth, whose hand lay heavy over much of southern Middlesex. The manor was in the possession of the first Lord Windsor when the King sent word that on a certain day he would dine at Stanwell.

He accordingly came, when he was magnificently entertained. Whereupon the king told him he liked that place so well that he was resolved to have it; yet not without a more beneficial exchange. And the Lord

Windsor answering, he hoped his highness was not in earnest; it having been the seat of his ancestors for many ages, and humbly begging he would not take it from him. The king with a stern countenance replied, 'It must be,' commanding him on his allegiance, to go speedily to his Attorney-General, who would more fully acquaint him with his reasons for it . . . . He repaired accordingly to the Attorney-General, who showed him a draught ready made, of an exchange of his lordship of Stanwell . . . in lieu of Bordesley Abbey. Whereof being constrained to accept of this exchange, he was commanded to quit Stanwell, though he had then laid in his Christmas provisions for the keeping of his wonted hospitality. All which he left in the house, saying, 'They should not find it bare Stanwell.'

The long line of high grassy bank on the south of the road opposite the Place marks one limit of the huge Staines reservoir, nearly four miles round, which was completed a few years ago; the western bank, over a mile long, extends down the straight road nearly to Staines. From this road, across the fields, is a fine view of the wooded heights of Surrey and Berkshire—Cooper's Hill and Windsor. The long straight road, with the long straight embankment on one hand, the long straight hedge on the other, is not particularly attractive, and to reach Staines the footpath way, leaving the road near the north-western corner of the reservoir by cultivated fields and water meadows, and along the Colne, across Staines Moor, is much to be preferred by a stout-booted pedestrian, while another pleasant way is that by the footpath which bisects the great reservoir east and west, from which we have a grand view of the distance, with near the wind-lapping waters of this wonderful lake. In the winter I have seen as many as fifty or sixty wild duck here.

Stanwell itself is a pleasant village, with three roads converging on a small green dominated by an old elm. What appears at first to be a fourth road is stopped abruptly by the picturesque church of flint and stone, with a large castellated tower surmounted by a tall, shingled spire. The church, which has many interesting features, is happily one of those kept open.



Stanwell

In it are to be seen several mural monuments, including one to Sir Charles Brisbane, a gallant seaman of Nelson's time; but the most notable monument is an elaborate coloured marble one (1622) to Thomas Lord Knyvett and his lady, with life-size kneeling figures. This was the work of Nicholas Stone, the celebrated "statuary" who designed Donne's tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Among the vicars of Stanwell was Bruno Ryves, to whom we owe many side lights on the troubled times of Civil War afforded by his *Mercurius Rusticus; or the Countries Complaint of the Barbarous Outrages committed by the Sectaries of this late flourishing Kingdom.* When the troubles began the good people of Stanwell, who evidently did not like their vicar's "florid" preaching, petitioned against him, and he was superseded by a parliamentary preacher. The dispossessed Ryves seems to have been treated with scant consideration, for "with his wife and four children, and all his family, he was taken out of doors, all his goods seized, and all that night lay under a hedge in the wet and cold. Next day my Lord Arundel, hearing of this barbarous usage done to so pious a gentleman, sent his coach with men and horses" and the dispossessed were carried off to the safety of a Wiltshire asylum.

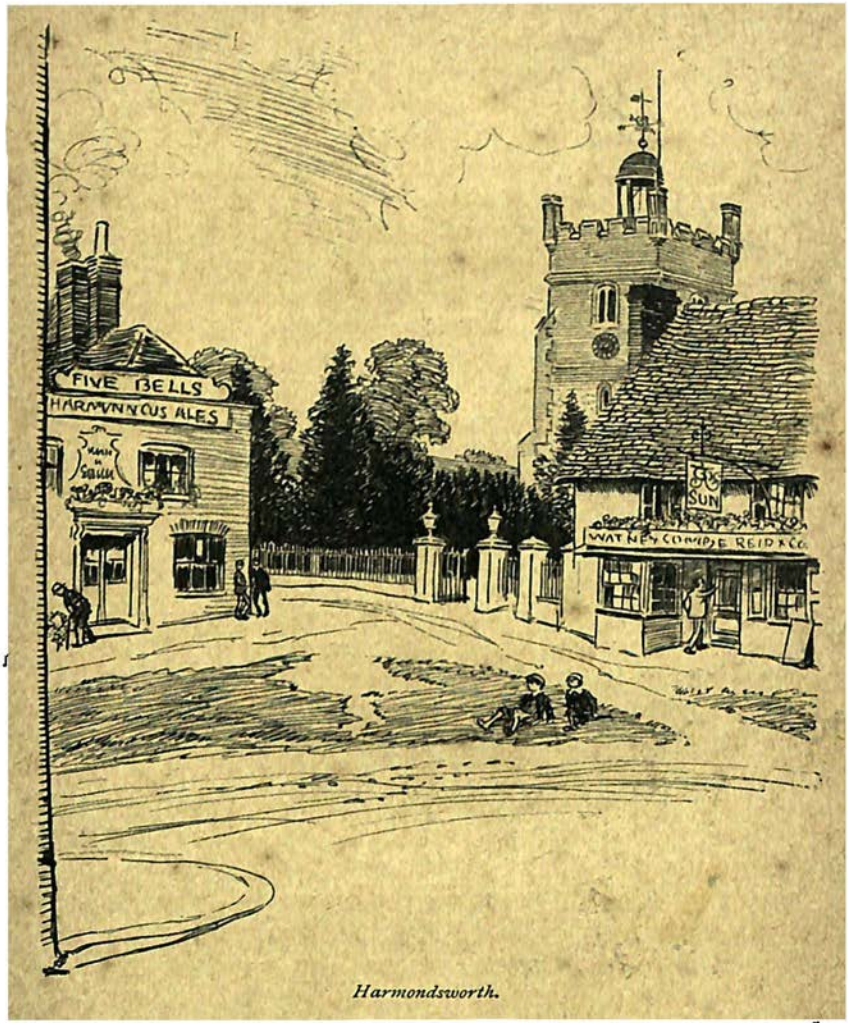
A Stanwell worthy, who seems to claim mention, is one John Tredway, a tailor, who in the fifth year of Edward the Sixth had a true bill returned against him at the Middlesex Sessions, in that he "passed his life luxuriously to the hurtful example of all the King's other lieges, and against the same King's Peace." Poor John Tredway! It is not recorded in what form of luxury he indulged, nor is it recorded what penalty he had to pay for so indulging.

In this flat, much-irrigated western part of our county, we are in a country largely given over to market-gardening and fruit-growing; wide-stretching orchards, beautiful in blossoming time, broad vegetable fields in which groups of womenfolk are to be seen at work, meet us in most directions. Continuing

further north, pleasantly by footpath through the meadows, from near Stanwell Moor, or west by Poyle, or, less attractively, east through market gardens, by Perry Oaks, we reach the highway hamlet of Longford, on the broad grey Bath Road, about two miles from Colnbrook—two miles chiefly notable for the fact that in passing from place to place we cross running water five times. These streams are the Duke of Northumberland's River cut to link with the Crane, and so convey water to Isleworth, the Queen's or Cardinal's River cut to supply Hampton Court, the Colne, over which was the one time long ford, the Wyrardisbury and the Colne Brook. An inn having the strange sign the Peggy Bedford at the eastern end of Longford, with two arboreal veterans in front, is said to perpetuate the name of a popular hostess who kept the house in the old coaching days, when it was the King's Arms.

North-east, by a catering fieldpath of half a mile, is Harmondsworth, the village of which Longford is a hamlet, of which it may now be said to be the better half in the matter of size, and that alone. "Harmsworth," as it is named to the ear, was at the time of the Domesday Survey attached to the abbey of Rouen, and at the same time is recorded to have had an "arpent" (something under an acre) of vineyard. At the time of the enclosure one-third of the whole parish was part of the wide extent of Hounslow Heath, but so thoroughly was that enclosure carried out that there is not a scrap of open ground left. William Cobbett poured scorn upon the idea of making the barren heath agricultural land, but its fertility might well have surprised him. Now Harmondsworth is a pleasant old-fashioned village, with some new houses, lying some way off the main road; the modern tide of housebuilding has not much disturbed it. Near the church the street widens out to what should perhaps be a village green, on one side of which are very picturesque half-timbered projecting cottages.

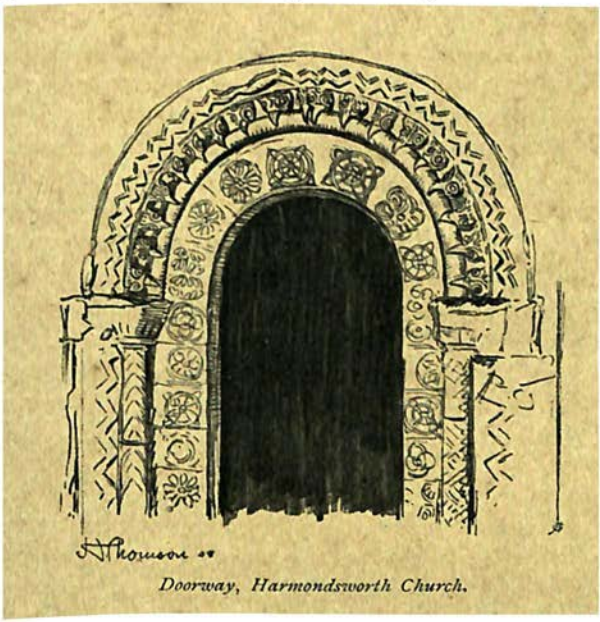
The church, with its stone and brick tower, castellated,



Harmondsworth.

turreted, and cupola-topped, is of stone and brick, and has several points of interest for the visitor with a liking for church architecture and furnishing, which visitor may not be as

fortunate as I was in happening upon the church when open, for the old man engaged in cleaning operations, on being asked if the edifice was kept open, responded, as though testifying to the excellence of those who have charge of it, with an emphatic "Oh, no; it's kept locked from Sunday Service to Sunday Service"! The chief external feature of note is the beautiful ancient much decorated south doorway, though this is masked and protected by the modern wooden



Doorway, Harmondsworth Church.

porch. Inside it is a handsome edifice, with many grand old oak pews, of perpendicular design, to which the modern ones have been made to correspond, and a very fine plain Norman font of Purbeck marble. This large font, supported on one central column, with smaller pillars round, is said at one time to have been cased in with wood, which may account for the splendid state of its preservation. When the church

was restored, forty and odd years ago, there were several brasses, which were taken up and placed in a chest for supposed safety, but all were stolen—it is supposed by men engaged in the work of restoration. From the summit of the tower on a clear day it is said that a fine view is to be had across the flat valley of the Colne to Windsor Castle, and over the wide-stretching Thames Valley to where a glitter of sunlight on glass shows the whereabouts of the Crystal Palace.

Close to the church, on the north-west, used to stand (until 1774) the many-gabled barge-boarded manor house, and there still stands the main portion of the great tithe-barn of the old Priory of Harmondsworth. This building, 191 feet long and 38 feet wide, is of conglomerate, with a massive open oak roof, and great oak pillars resting on stone blocks. It is still used as a barn, and is such a survival as is rarely to be met with. When the manor house was demolished the tithe-barn was L-shaped, but at that time the wing was taken down, and re-erected at Heathrow, where it was set up again as a separate barn 128 feet long and 38 feet wide. Though the new walls were of brick, the pillars and roof of the old place were utilised in the new—eloquent testimony to the excellence of the timber.

Before leaving Harmondsworth we may recall an unfortunate tailor who lived here, perhaps in one of those timbered cottages still standing, in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. In 1575 "Elizabeth Ducke of the said parish, spinster, otherwise styled the wife of William Ducke, tailer, at the instigation of the devil practised by witchcraft, charms, and sorceries upon a certain ox worth three pounds" so that the same ox died. A trial for witchcraft in the good old days of the Tudors was a ticklish business, and it is pleasant to know that Elizabeth Ducke was acquitted. Three years later a London "yoman" pleaded guilty to burglariously entering Ducke's house, and stealing certain stuffs; as those stuffs were only

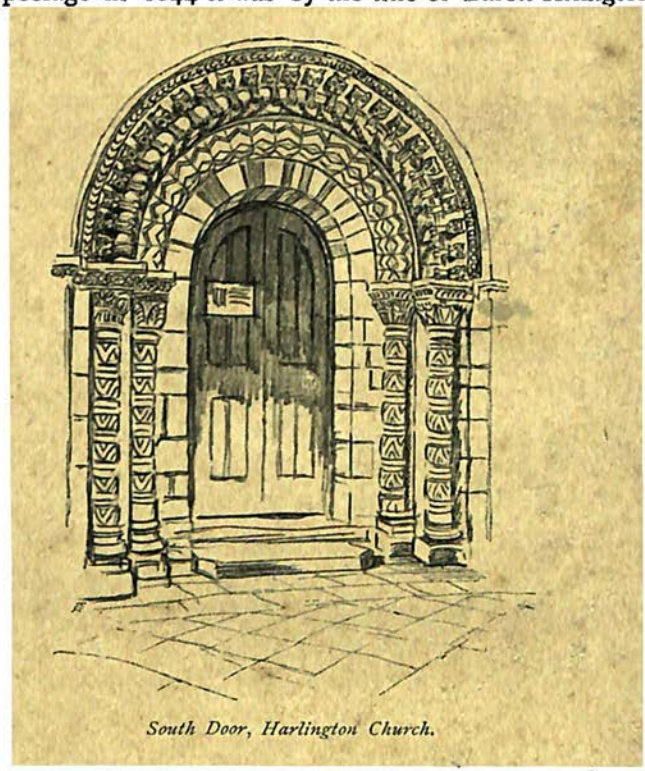
appraised by a merciful jury at elevenpence, the man was not hanged. Despite a wife suspected of witchcraft, and the way in which the burglars cabbaged his cloth, the tailor presumably prospered, for in 1592 the rectory of Harmondsworth was demised by Queen Elizabeth to Thomas and William Ducke for twenty years at a rental of forty pounds.

Going east by a road keeping roughly parallel at little over

Half-timbered House at Harmondsworth.

half a mile's distance with the Bath Road, we pass between flourishing market-garden fields through the hamlet of Sipson, with some good old cottages set amid orchards, and in a couple of miles reach Harlington. This is a straggling village in which old and new, neatness and neglect, are seen close-neighbouring each other. It is interesting as being represented in h-less form in the Peerage, and thence in London's Arlington Street. Whether the patent of Sir Henry Bennet,

Secretary of State to the second Charles, was drawn up by a cockney herald cannot now be said, but the evidence looks as though it were, for when that member of the Cabal was raised to the peerage in 1644 it was by the title of Baron Arlington



South Door, Harlington Church.

of Arlington in the County of Middlesex. The place meant was Harlington—never otherwise written without the aspiration. The title has since become merged in the Dukedom of Grafton.

The small Perpendicular flint and stone church—more or less completely masked by yews, poplars, and conifers, with a tall cedar standing near by—is at the northern end of the

village, and is well worth a visit for the tombs and brasses which it contains, and above all for its very beautifully ornamented and well restored Norman south door—much

Harlington.

fuller of carved detail than that at Harmondsworth—its beak-heads (Lysons terms them "cat's heads with long tongues, curled at the end") and zig-zag chevrons reminding the visitor of those at North Hinksey. The late Norman Purbeck

marble font is worth inspection, while from the summit of the pinnacled battlemented tower is to be obtained an extensive view very similar to that from the neighbouring church tower at Harmondsworth.

In the first half of the eighteenth century Harlington boasted two poetasters: one of whom, a parish clerk, contented himself with singing of the church yew; the other of whom, a vicar, by poems to people in high places, and by pamphlets on public matters, won his way to many posts of affluence and dignity. This was Joseph Trapp, first Professor of Poetry at Oxford, to whom has—apparently wrongly—been ascribed the lines on George the First's gift of a valuable library to Cambridge:

> The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
> For Tories own no argument but force;
> With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
> For Whigs allow no force but argument.

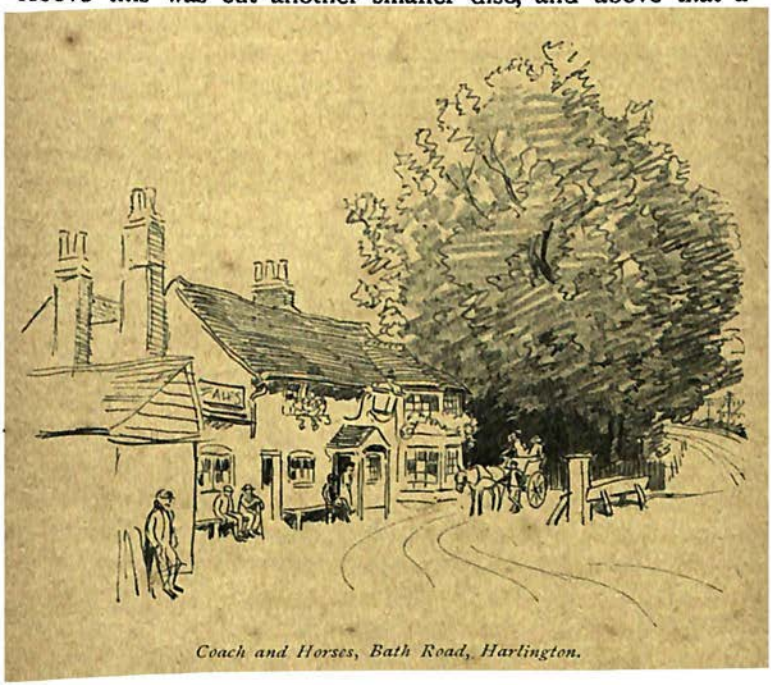
Trapp, who is buried here, presumably wrote his own versified epitaph, the quality of which does not make me anxious to seek the resuscitation of his lucubrations. He became chaplain to Lord Bolingbroke—who lived in the parish, though Dawley Farm was so near to Hayes that we may visit it in the next chapter—owing the appointment to Jonathan Swift, who says many unkind things of Trapp in the *Journal to Stella*, referring to him incidentally as "your parson Slap, Scrap, Flap (what d'ye call him?), Trap." The poetical parson's best-known work was his blank verse translation of the *Æneid*, of which Dr. Johnson wittily said that it might continue its existence so long as it was the clandestine refuge of schoolboys. But enough of Trapp, let us turn to "Poet John Saxy," who three years before Trapp became rector published verses on the magnificent yew which

Yields Arlington a fame
Much louder than its Earldom's name.

The verses accompanied an engraving of the famous tree,—which was then presumably a masterpiece of topiarian art. It was cut into a circular disc about ten feet from the ground, and was, says Saxy,

So thick, so fine, so full, so wide,
A troop of guards might under it ride.

Above this was cut another smaller disc, and above that a



Coach and Horses, Bath Road, Harlington.

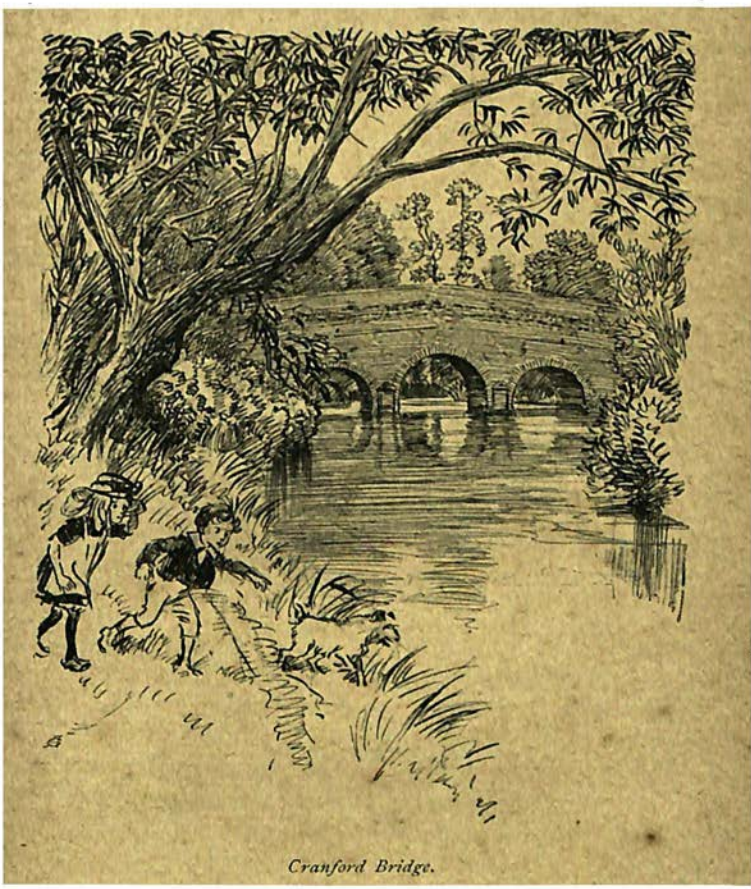
ball surrounded by a cock. A later print showed the ball transformed into a third disc. The clipping of the yew was made the occasion of a village festival, but since 1825 the grand old tree has been allowed to grow naturally. In

1800 the trunk was described as being fifteen feet seven inches in circumference at about six feet from the ground, where it branched out "into two trunks of nearly equal size." Now, at about eighteen inches from the ground, it is roughly nineteen feet round its knotted and gnarled trunk. To the north of the church is another good yew.

Less than a mile due east of the church of Harlington is that of Cranford, standing well away from its village, at the northern end of Cranford Park. The village takes its name from the old-time ford, by which the road to the west crossed the Crane, a ford which long since gave way to a high-pitched, narrow, but picturesque bridge. Near the east side of this bridge the road branches off for Harlington, where the byway for a time runs at but a few yards' distance closely parallel with the highway. Foot passengers having made a short cut across the intervening strip, the indignant owner—surer of his rights than of his writing—has painted up "No Rightaway. Trespassers will be prosecuted"! That byway—over another high-pitched willow-neighboured bridge over the Crane—takes us past strawberry fields to Harlington. On the west side of the Cranford bridge is an old inn—with new decorations of the crudest colouring—in front of which stands a signpost so decorated with cycle-club badges that it looks like the totem-post over some savage burial place. In all directions about Cranford are the open vegetable fields, market gardens, and orchards—some of them in spring ablaze with narcissus, wallflowers, and other blossoms grown by the acre for the London market—and through all runs the broad grey Bath Road, with its many-wired row of telegraph poles, its incessant succession of those vehicles which the late George Meredith stigmatised as "gadarene grunters," a road which the pedestrian, be the weather what it may, is not loth to leave for the byways.

Cranford, it may be said, is *not* the original of Mrs. Gaskell's story of that name. Some people are not unnaturally led to

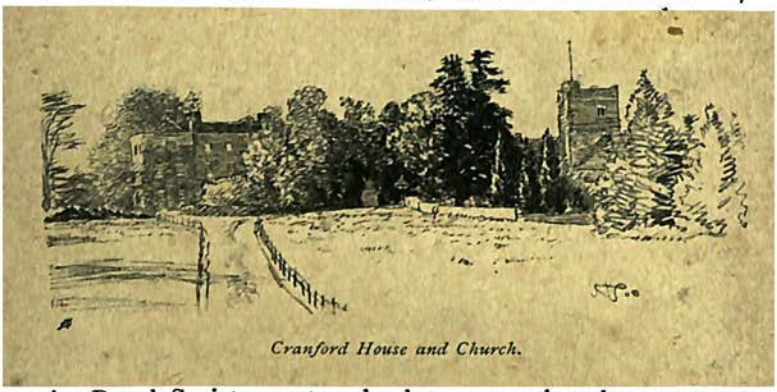
regard it as such. The *Cranford* of fiction is the Knutsford of the map. Though part of the Cranford of fact lies on the



Cranford Bridge.

main road, the larger portion is on the byway leading north-easterly to Southall. The church is strictly "preserved" from the curiosity of visitors, special permission having to be obtained

by anyone wishing to see it. It is an ancient but not a remarkable edifice, with many monuments to the Berkeley family, and has its most attractive feature in the tomb of Thomas Fuller, who was rector of Cranford during the last three years of his life. It seems peculiarly unfitting that the author of the *Worthies*, who pointed us to so many shrines, should lie in a church to which access is thus hedged round with many difficulties. Fuller's immediate successor was the learned John Wilkins, who, however, held the living for but about a year, passing hence on that path of preferment which took him to the See of Chester. Wilkins, one of the founders of



Cranford House and Church.

the Royal Society, wrote a book to prove that the moon was habitable, and discussed the possibility of reaching it by "volitation," or, as we should say, by flying. Present-day men of science tell us that—could we overcome certain other small difficulties—it would take about four months of constant flying at fifty miles an hour to reach the moon!

Cranford House has long been the seat of the Berkeley family, and, thanks to two "appearances," it has long had the reputation of being haunted. In Grantley Berkeley's somewhat verbose reminiscences he tells how his father, on a summer evening, saw a man at the top of some cellar steps, who, when

challenged, just disappeared down the steps, though no trace of him could be found. The narrator admits that there was the possibility of the figure being a "follower" sheltered from discovery by the maidservants. The other ghost appeared to Grantley Berkeley himself and his brother. They had got up at midnight (the household retiring at ten) to take part in a poacher-capturing expedition, and were preparing to leave by the back way:

> The large old house was as still as death when my hand turned the handle of the kitchen door, which opening, partially admitted me to the room, at the bottom of the long table which, starting from between the entrance where I was and the door of exit to the scullery, ran to my left in its full length to the great fireplace and tall and expansive kitchen screen. The screen stood to the right of the fireplace as I looked at it, so that a large body of glowing embers in the grate threw a steady distinct glare of red light throughout the entire length of the large apartment, making the smallest thing distinctly visible, and falling full on the tall figure of a woman, divided from me only by the breadth of the bottom of the table.
>
> She was dressed, or seemed to be dressed, as a maidservant, with a sort of poke bonnet on, and a dark shawl drawn or pinned tightly across her breast. On my entrance she slowly turned her head to look at me, and as she did so, every feature ought to have stood forth in the light of the fire, but I at once saw that there was beneath the bonnet an indistinctness of outline not to be accounted for.
>
> Holding the door open with my left hand with the right against the post, I addressed to my brother, who was behind me, simply the word "Look." As I uttered this, the figure seemed to commence gliding rather than proceeding by steps, slowly on, up the kitchen towards the fireplace, while I lowered my right arm from the post, and turned to let my brother in, then closed the door, locked it, and put the key into my pocket.

Having locked the room, they determined to capture the woman, thinking her one of the servants who had broken the early-to-bed rules of the establishment, but the figure had disappeared. They hunted everywhere, looking "into every nook and corner that could have held a rat," but the unaccountable apparition had vanished!

Frances Anne Kemble, who visited Cranford, said of the

Berkeleys of her generation that "they were all rather singular persons, and had a vein of singularity which made them unlike the people one met in common society." Of the octogenarian Countess of Berkeley—the beautiful daughter of a Gloucester butcher—she gives a memorable picture. On one occasion

The Queen's Head, Cranford.

the old lady "had her glass filled with claret till the liquid appeared to form a rim above the vessel that contained it, and raising it steadily to her lips, looked round the table where sat all her children except Lord Fitzhardinge, and saying, "God bless you all," she drank off the contents without spilling a drop,

and, replacing the glass on the table, said, "Not one of my sons could do that!" The Countess told her visitor much of her life story, and one passage dealing with the Cranford estate may be quoted.

She said that in a very few years after their marriage (by courtesy) she perceived that her husband's affairs were in the most deplorable state of derangement: that he gambled, that he was over head and ears in debt, that he never had a farthing of ready money, that his tenantry were worse off than any other in the county, that his agents, and bailiffs and stewards were rogues who ground them and cheated him, that his farmers were careless and incompetent, and that the whole of his noble estate appeared to be going irretrievably to ruin, when the earl, complaining one day bitterly of this state of things, for which he knew no remedy, she told him that she would find the remedy, and undertake to recover what was lost and redeem what remained, if he would give her absolute discretionary power to deal with his property as she pleased, and not interfere with her management of it for a whole year. He agreed to this, but, not satisfied with his promise, she made him bind himself by oath and, moreover, execute documents, giving her legal power enabling her to act independently of him in all matters relating to his estate. The earl not unnaturally demurred, but at length yielded, only stipulating that she should be always prepared to furnish him with money whenever he wanted it. She bound herself to do this, and received regular powers from him for the uninterrupted management of his property and administration of his affairs for a whole year. She immediately set about her various plans of reform, and carried them on vigorously and successfully, without the slightest interference on the part of her dissipated and careless husband, who had entirely forgotten the whole compact between them. Some months after the agreement had gone into effect, she perceived that he was harassed and disturbed about something, and questioning him, found he had incurred a heavy gambling debt, which he knew not how to meet. His surprise was extreme when, recalling the terms of their mutual agreement, she put him in possession of the sum he required.

"He called me an angel," she said. "You see, my dear, one is always an angel, when one holds the strings of the purse, and there is money in it."

She persevered in her twelve months' stewardship, and at the end of that time had redeemed her word, and relieved her husband's estate from its most pressing embarrassments. The value of the land had increased, the condition of the tenantry had improved, intelligent and active farmers

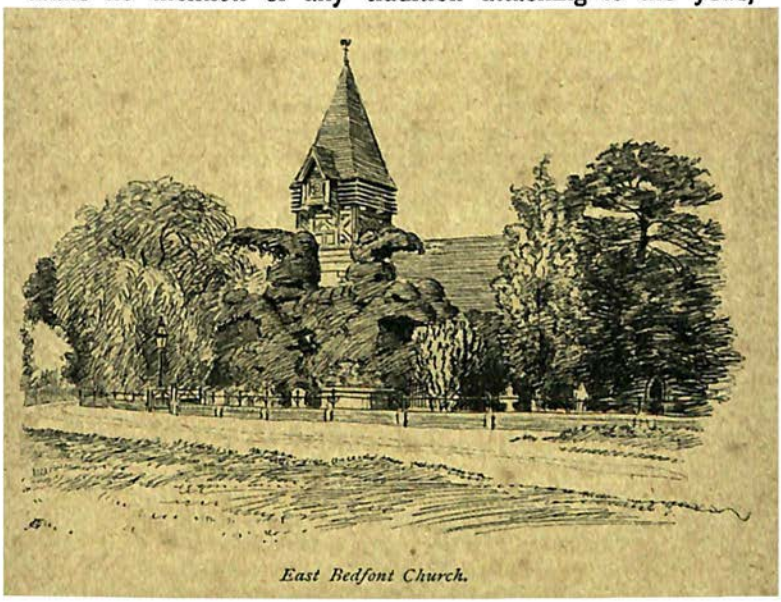
had had the farms rented to them, instead of the previous sleepy set of incumbents; and finally, a competent and honest agent, devoted to carry out her views, was placed over the whole. The property never fell from this highly prosperous condition, for Lord Berkeley never withdrew it from his wife's supervision, and she continued to minister to his affairs till his death.

South from Cranford, by level spreading acres of fruit and vegetable grounds—through the hamlet of Hatton, with its cluster of dwellings four-squared by roads—we come to East Bedfont, crossing near the village the two cuts, the Duke of Northumberland's River and the Queen's or Cardinal's river, where those artificial streams approach nearest to each other. The flat country hereabouts—the description applies indeed to a large part of the whole district—is mainly wide stretches of market gardens and cornfields some of them margined in spring with broad belts of blossoming wallflowers, of plum orchards, beautiful in bloom, and of wide expanses of daffodils and narcissus, where individual beauty is lost in the mass except where these bulbs are grown, as we largely see them, under the fruit trees. A sunny day in May is the season at which these parts of our county are seen to the best advantage.

Bedfont, or East Bedfont, lies about a long pleasant strip of tree-grown green on the main road, at a point roughly speaking about midway between Hounslow and Staines. West Bedfont is a hamlet lying on the Cardinal's River, close to Stanwell, the by-road to Heathrow crossing the stream by a ford. Bedfont, with its small cottages and pleasant houses along the green—there is a new "expatiation" near the stream—with its fine trees, its old church half hidden by varied foliage, is an attractive village, the chief interest in which lies about the church, though gourmets may like to be reminded that the Black Dog Inn was once occupied by one Harvey, whose dinners were famous with his contemporaries, and whose fish sauce has given him something of immortality. George Colman celebrates

Harvey, whose inn commands a view
Of Bedfont's church and churchyard, too,
Where yew trees into peacocks shorn,
In vegetable torture mourn.

These yew-tree peacocks are the "lions" of Bedfont, and the story of their origin was beautifully told in verse in one of Thomas Hood's early poems. Lysons and other writers make no mention of any tradition attaching to the yews,



East Bedfont Church.

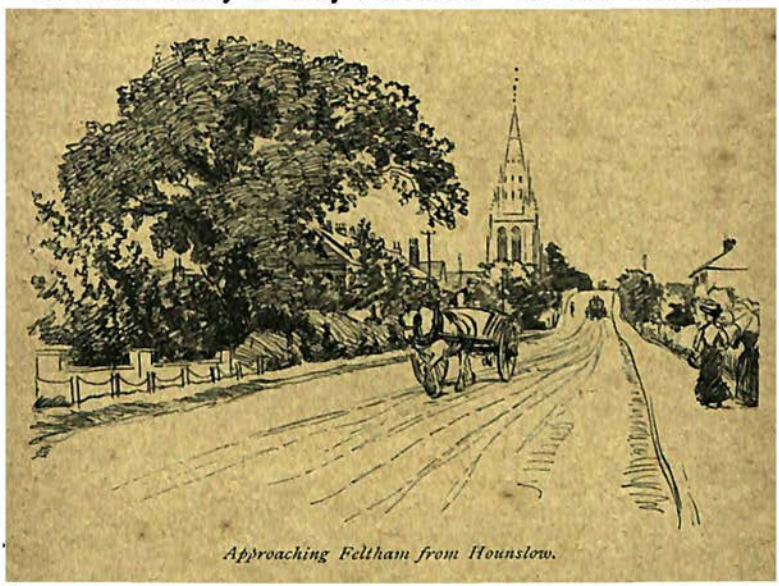
and I am inclined to suspect that it was Hood's invention. The note which he appended to the poem on its original appearance in the *London Magazine* seems to suggest as much: "If any man, in his unbelief, should doubt the truth and manner of this occurrence, he may in an easy way be assured thereof to his satisfaction, by going to Bedfont, a journey of some thirteen miles, where, in the churchyard, he may with his own eyes behold the two peacocks. They seem at first sight to be

of yew-tree, which they greatly resemble, but on drawing nearer he will perceive cut therein the date 1704—being, without doubt, the year of their transformation." The story is of two vain, gorgeously attired sisters, who were wont to "peacock" it in the eyes of their humble neighbours at the entrance to the church every Sunday.

> Alas! that breathing Vanity should go
> Where Pride is buried,—like its very ghost,
> Uprisen from the naked bones below,
> In novel flesh clad in the silent boast
> Of gaudy silks that flutter to and fro,
> Shedding its chilling susperstition most
> On young and ignorant natures—as it wont
> To haunt the peaceful churchyard of Bedfont!
>
> Each Sabbath morning, at the hour of prayer,
> Behold two maidens, up the quiet green
> Shining far distant in the summer air
> That flaunts their dewy robes and breathes between
> Their downy plumes,—sailing as if they were
> Two far-off ships,—until they brush between
> The churchyard's humble walls, and watch and wait
> On either side of the wide opened gate. . . .
>
> And where two haughty maidens used to be,
> In pride of plume, where plumy Death had trod,
> Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,
> Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod;—
> There, gentle stranger, thou mayst only see
> Two sombre Peacocks.—Age, with sapient nod
> Marking the spot, still tarries to declare
> How they once lived, and wherefore they are there.

After being neglected for some years, the yews were recut when the church was restored, and continue to excite the curiosity of visitors as examples of topiary art, though the recognition of their likeness to peacocks calls for some exercise of imagination on the part of the observer. I have heard them described as looking rather like a leafy Chinese puzzle than the birds they are supposed to represent. The church, the

southern entrance to which the arboreal birds partly mask, is an ancient structure, largely renovated in 1865. The porch-guarded south door has good Norman chevron moulding. Within are some brasses, but the chief interest centres in the ancient wall-paintings discovered during the process of restoration. These are well-preserved work, conjecturally of the late thirteenth century or early fourteenth. The less remarkable



Approaching Feltham from Hounslow.

one represents the Crucifixion. The other, in a quatrefoil, shows Christ enthroned, with His hands raised, His feet uncovered, displaying the five stigmata; below on either side is an angel sounding a trumpet, and between, the dead rising from their tombs.

Little more than a mile directly to the south-east of Bedfont is Feltham, with its mile-long street and old village pond, another of the growing centres in the plain largely given over to market gardening. There are small old cottages and shops,

and many newer ones, and some attractive old-fashioned places with shrub-grown gardens, but on the whole Feltham has no attractions over which we feel called upon to linger. The plain brick church is modern, and is only interesting as being the burial place of a notorious man and a famous woman. The man was William Wynne Ryland, who became a celebrated engraver, introduced the "chalk" or dotted method of engraving, and was executed at Tyburn for forgery. He was born in the Old Bailey in 1732, and sentenced at the Old Bailey in 1783.

The famous woman buried here was Frances Maria Kelly, the actress, who passed her later years at Feltham, at Rose Cottage, and died there in 1882. Acknowledged one of our greatest actresses, Miss Kelly is further to be remembered as the object of Charles Lamb's admiration and devotion. One of his tributes to her may be repeated here.

> You are not, Kelly, of the common strain,
> That stoop their pride and female honour down
> To please that many-headed beast, *the town*
> And vend their lavish smiles and tricks for gain;
> By fortune thrown amid the actors' train,
> You keep your native dignity of thought;
> The plaudits that attend you come unsought,
> As tributes due unto your natural vein.
> Your tears have passion in them, and a grace
> Of genuine freshness, which our hearts avow;
> Your smiles are winds whose ways we cannot trace
> That vanish and return we know not how—
> And please the better from a pensive face,
> A thoughtful eye and a reflecting brow.

To the west is the huge building of the London County Council Industrial School for boys—erected fifty years ago for the accommodation of a thousand lads. At Feltham we are but a short distance from Hounslow and Hanworth, already visited, and, stepping westward, in about a couple of miles we reach Ashford—an old place with a new aspect. Here are

several charitable establishments—schools and almshouses—including the comfortable Rowland Hill Almshouses, removed thither from Blackfriars. Much building is going on, many rows of cottages and small villas spreading into the surrounding fields, and much of the appearance of the place is that of a new colony.

It is a pity that Ashford has not—to the avoiding of confusion with its more important name-fellow of Kent—retained one or other of the old forms of its name, Exford, or Echelford, which it gained from an old ford over the little stream, the Exe, or the Echel, which passes to the west, and runs down by Littleton and Upper Halliford to reach the Thames a little above Sunbury.

The stone church of Ashford is modern, but contains some brasses from an older edifice. Near it, where the road describes a U-like loop, stands a grand old elm. To the south lies a bit of beautifully wooded and heath-like country, part of it known as Ashford Common (though enclosed), given over to golf, the vogue of which bids fair to preserve for a while longer some bits of the country within easy reach of London. With its thorns and gorse this "common" looks a veritable survival of the extensive heath which, dotted with old villages and their farmlands, and crossed by broad highways, extended from Hounslow to the Thames, and but for that waterway was almost linked with the sandy heath of Bagshot. Ashford is only a couple of miles or so from Staines again, on that "perfect level" which in Leland's time was largely "champaine and corne ground," extending from here to Hampton Court.

Ashford itself lies in the angle formed by the main roads converging on Staines. On the southern of these roads is an attractive stretch by the "common" with many old thorns, occasional oak coppices, and a treeful distance; but it becomes dull and unattractive before we reach the centre of the hundred of Spelthorne on the road to Sunbury and Hampton.

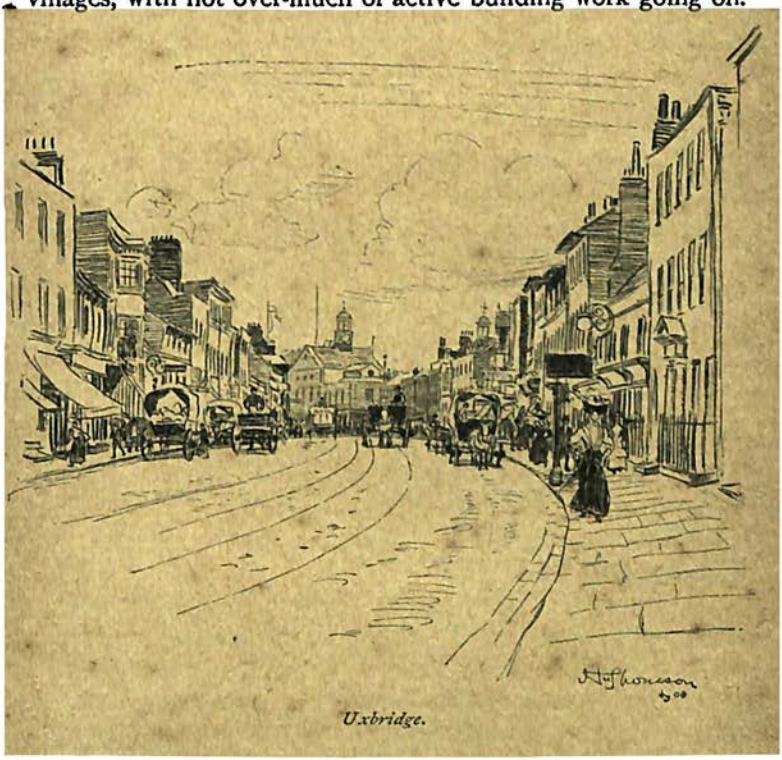
CHAPTER VII

UXBRIDGE AND THE BUCKS BORDER

Streams, hills, and trees—where such are to be seen
An ever varying harmony in green,
Pleasure awaits all those who find a joy
In simple Nature : in the moving stream
It is articulate ; on the hills, a dream ;
While ever about trees there is a calm
That bringeth, to the tired spirit, balm.

THOUGH there is a certain sameness about the flat plain of Middlesex lying between the Great Western road and the river Thames, about its ever increasing centres of population, its farm-lands passing into market gardens, its market gardens into building estates "ripe for development"—hateful phrase—yet the tract is not without its olden bits, and it is rich in story. North of that Great Western road we reach a country largely differing from that to the south. We come to such hills as our county can boast, and where hills are there is generally variety. No Gilbert White, who spoke of the mountains of Surrey, has ventured to apply the term "mountainous" to the hills of Middlesex, though I have seen a house-letter's advertisement describe a house at Hampton as being "on an eminence near the river." It is, as a matter of fact, perhaps a dozen feet above the level of the Thames, attained by a scarcely perceptible rise in half a mile. In the northern and north-western districts we have better "eminences" than this.

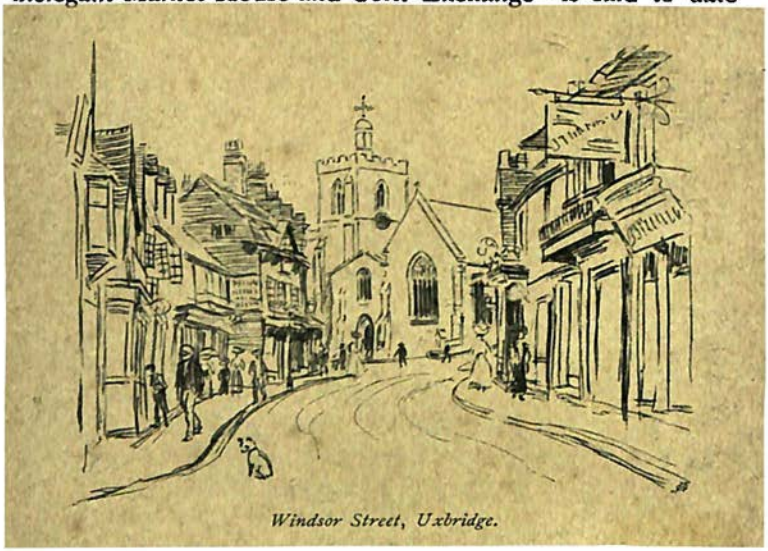
Indeed, there are some delightful bits of broken scenery about the rising and falling roads and lanes of the corner which we reach easily from Uxbridge—that where Middlesex, Buckinghamshire, and Hertfordshire meet. Here, too, are some old-world villages, with not over-much of active building work going on.



Uxbridge.

Uxbridge, the most westerly town of our county, is situated on the left bank of the Colne, two branches of which and the Grand Junction Canal pass along its western side. It is interesting to recall that there must have been a roadway over the Colne here from very early times, for the oldest forms of the name give "bridge" as the termination. The chief part of

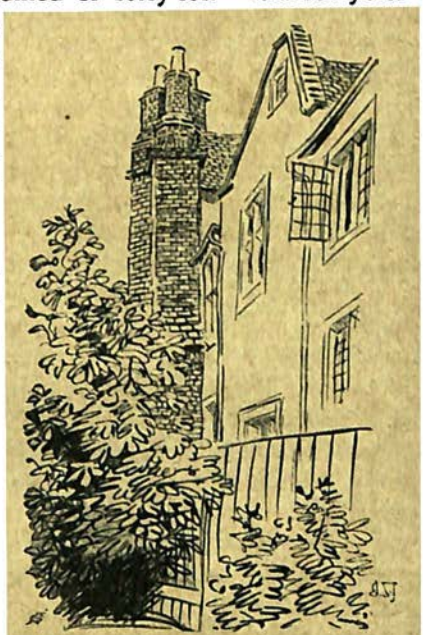
the town consists of a long, broad street, extending almost from Hillingdon—of which it was anciently an appendage—to the Colne. It is a prosperous-looking place, in which old and new neighbour each other in houses and shops, but with little to show the visitor that is remarkable in the way of architectural beauties or "shrines." Its church, with castellated tower and small cupola—more or less hidden by the substantial but inelegant Market House and Corn Exchange—is said to date



Windsor Street, Uxbridge.

from the mid-fifteenth century, but has been much altered, and has no special features of interest. In history, too, this capital of western Middlesex, despite its probable antiquity, has no outstanding events beyond the fact that here some of the Marian martyrs, in 1555, suffered at the stake, and here commissioners of King and Commons met ninety years later to try and compose their differences by treaty. The martyrs were burnt at a spot known as Lynch Green, by the Windsor Road, and at the burning of one John Denley, a Kentish man from

Maidstone, the victim sang a hymn at the stake, which so angered one of his persecutors, Dr. John Story, that that worthy hurled a faggot at his face, and later, in Parliament, gloried in the fact: "I threw a faggot in the face of an earwig at the stake at Uxbridge, and set a bushel of thorns at his feet, and see nothing to be ashamed or sorry for." Sixteen years later Story himself was martyred "with horrible cruelty" at Tyburn, and was duly honoured as a saint, his formal beatification being recognised by Papal decree as recently as 1886.



The back of the Old Treaty House.

The abortive Treaty of Uxbridge was the subject of discussion by sixteen Parliamentarian and sixteen Royalist commissioners; the representatives of the opposing sides having to confer together, with the object of arriving at some agreement on the Church, the Militia, and Ireland—the Irish question is the hardiest of perennials!—it being believed that with these three points well settled "the other differences would be with more ease composed." Promptness of decision was to be the order, and twenty days was named as the period within which peace was to be arranged. Uxbridge was held by the Parliament men, and it was their representatives who had the arranging of details for the meeting. Clarendon, one of the King's commissioners, in his *History of the Rebellion*,

admits that his opponents were very civil in their distribution of lodgings, "and left one entire side of the town to the King's commissioners, one house only excepted, which was given to the Earl of Pembroke." He goes on to say that "there was a good house at the end of the town, which was provided for the treaty, where was a fair room in the middle of the house, handsomely dressed up for the Commissioners to sit in; a large square table being placed in the middle with seats for the Commissioners, one side being sufficient for those of either party; and a rail for others who should be thought necessary to be present, which went round. There were many other rooms on either side of this great room, for the Commissioners on either side to retire to, when they thought fit to consult by themselves, and to return again to the public debate; and there being good stairs at either end of the house, they never went through each other's quarters; nor met, but in the great room." All was in vain, the twenty days came to an end, the commissioners separated without having come to agreement on a single point, and soon civil war was renewed. The portion of the house where the commissioners met which still stands is worth a visit. It is part of an inn known as the Crown or Old Treaty House, and is at the western end of the town, on the left between the canal and river bridges. From the gables and chimneys at the back may be got the best idea of what the place must have been like two and a half centuries ago, the red brick of the front having been uglified by stucco. Only part of the oak-panelled room in which the commissioners held their hopeless palaver now remains.

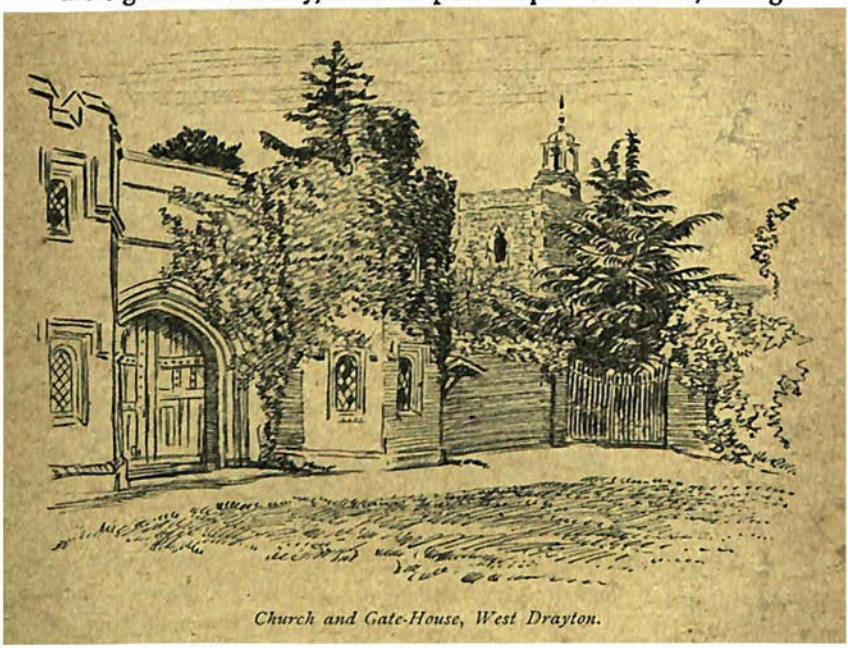
From Uxbridge south to Cowley, Yiewsley, and West Drayton, and north to Rickmansworth, the Colne or its branches and the Grand Junction Canal run more or less closely parallel, and while footpaths affording access to the former are but few, the whole valley can be seen well from the canal towing path, which makes one of the most attractive of byways, especially to the north of Uxbridge, where it takes

us near to the beautiful old Buckinghamshire village of Denham and through the "rolling" hills of this part of our county and those of its western neighbour.

Cowley is a pleasant scattered village along the Frays stream —part of it known as Cowley Peachey, from an ancient manorial family—with some good houses and many fine old trees. The flint church (several of our western Middlesex churches have borrowed the flints of the neighbouring county), which is small but interesting, stands on the further side of the railway, near the little stream which, known as the Pin, nearer Pinner, where it rises, has here become the Blackwater. In the churchyard close to the tower, in an unmarked grave, was laid Dr. William Dodd, a popular and eloquent preacher (his preaching moved a countess to tears, and her tears moved the preacher to the writing of a poem), one-time tutor to Earl Chesterfield's nephew and heir, and selector of the long popular *Beauties of Shakespeare*—as Charles Lamb said, many have since seen the beauties of Shakespeare who never saw the beauties in Shakespeare. We are told of Dodd that he "descended so low as to become the editor of a newspaper"; but he descended even lower, for having got into difficulties he indulged in the dangerous game of forgery, for which he paid the penalty of death in 1777, having been found in hiding at Whitton, as we saw in an earlier chapter. A relation of the unhappy man's was for many years rector of Cowley, that is why he was brought hither for burial after unavailing efforts had been made by a surgeon to cheat the law by restoring its victim to life. Here also are buried Barton Booth, the actor, and his second wife, herself, as Hester Santlow, a celebrated dancer and actress. Many years after her husband's death, Mrs. Booth—who survived him forty years—erected the monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. Booth is said to have lived at Cowley Grove, where he was succeeded by John Rich, a more famous theatrical "star"—the first, in period of time, of English pantomimists, a harlequin, it is said, who has never

been excelled and a man who is further remembered as founder of the Beefsteak Society. Rich is buried at the neighbouring church of Hillingdon.

Yiewsley and West Drayton, practically united, have little that is particularly attractive, except in the old gateway, all that is left of the ancient manor house pulled down in the middle of the eighteenth century, and the picturesque old church, dating



Church and Gate-House, West Drayton.

from the early thirteenth century, in which are several fifteenth and sixteenth century brasses, and a remarkable elaborately carved Perpendicular font, with grotesque gargoyle-like creatures at the base. The church was enclosed in the private grounds of the manor by Act of Parliament in 1550—and is only visitable during hours of divine service.

Near West Drayton station the canal turns eastward, and,

following its course, in something less than a couple of miles, we come on the right bank to Dawley Farm, where Lord Bolingbroke sought the charm of frugality on a Lucullus-like scale. His letters, and the letters of his friends, have many references to the rural retreat of the "Patriot Statesman." To Swift Bolingbroke wrote in 1727 of Dawley, "there I propose to finish my days in ease without sloth; and I believe I shall seldom visit London, unless it be to divert myself now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two." And again to the same correspondent he wrote just a year later, "I am here in my Farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots; I have caught hold of the earth (to use a gardener's phrase) and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again." That which friends or enemies might have found difficult creditors found easy, and ten years later Bolingbroke had to sell Dawley (for £26,000) to pay his debts. It was something of the pride that apes humility which made him give the place its name—"and what he built a Palace, call a Farm." Voltaire stayed here during his visit to England. Pope came over from Twickenham as a frequent visitor—notably when he sought to try the effect of a regimen of asses' milk on his health. A passage from one of the poet's letters must suffice to indicate at once the habits of the lordly owner of Dawley, and his particular scheme of decoration, over which some visitors made pleasant.

I now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two Hay cocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the Triumvirate, between yourself and me; tho' he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power, like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all pecant humours, he finds, are purg'd out of him; and his great Temperance and Oeconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my consti-

tution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a Bishoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Hay makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his Cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for £200 to paint his country-hall with Trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, etc., and other ornaments merely to countenance his calling this place a farm.

The scheme of wall painting was carried out in chiaroscuro on stone-colour—similar, it may be believed, to the trophies painted on some of the Hampton Court stairways. Those were the days of much complimenting of noblemen, and a writer in the very first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* found in Dawley Farm a subject for encomiastic, if not particularly good, verse:

> See, emblem of himself, his villa stand,
> Politely finished, elegantly, grand,
> Frugal of ornament, but that the best,
> And with all curious negligence expressed.
> No gaudy colours deck the rural hall,
> Blank light and shade discriminate the wall;
> Where through the whole we see his lov'd design
> To please with mildness, without flaring shine.

Before the close of the eighteenth century the Grand Junction Canal had been made along the northern bounds of Dawley Farm, and about the middle of the nineteenth the Great Western Railway was cut through the southern part of Bolingbroke's ground. The house was destroyed almost entirely, after being sold, bringing it nearer to dimensions fitting the name which the nobleman had given. North and south the road is bordered on one side by a dull brick wall for a considerable distance. South, little more than a mile, is Harlington church. Turning northwards from the canal, we may follow the road to the hamlet of Gould's Green, where is the present Dawley Court, and so reach Hillingdon, or

may first go to the straggling village of Hayes, the still attractive old part of which lies just off the main road, along which electric tramcars now hum all the way from London to Uxbridge.

Hayes, with scattered hamlets, much marked and marred by brickmaking, is now a fairly populous and ever extending

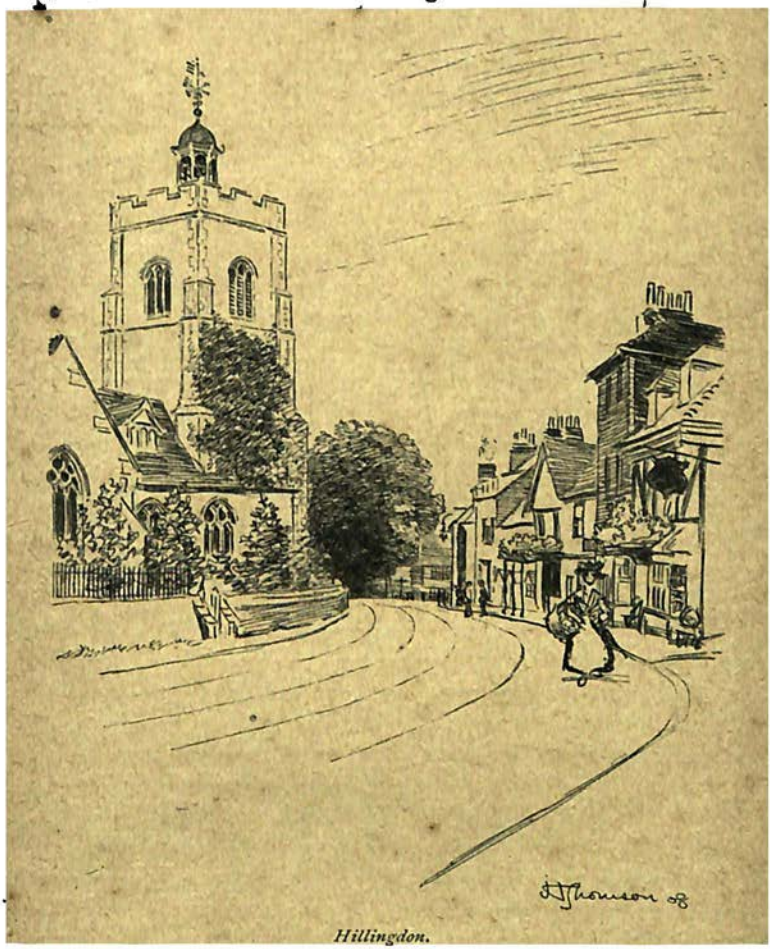
Hayes.

place, with an extremely interesting church, and with a reputation for having long retained old and uncouth customs, such as throwing at live cocks, a practice carried out in the churchyard as late as 1754. In 1534 Henry Gold, vicar of Hayes, was executed for being concerned in the affair of the Holy

Maid of Kent. Well on in the nineteenth century it is recorded that a vicar, confined to prison for debt, used to visit his parish every Sunday in charge of a sheriff's officer to preach his sermon with that functionary behind him in the pulpit. Of another vicar it is said that, finding two boys who had just taken part in a confirmation service quarrelling, he gave them half-a-crown to fight it out, he presumably playing the part of audience and umpire, as well as prize-giver. The church—reached by a fine old lych gate,—with carved and panelled oak roof, many monuments, piscina, sedilia, and handsome font, has much to interest the student of ecclesiastical details.

Leaving Hayes, unless we avail ourselves of the tramcar, the most attractive way of reaching Hillingdon is by the field-path to Gould's Green, whence the road may be followed, rejoining the highway not far from Hillingdon Church. In an old house which stood near Gould's Green, in the good old persecuting days, there was a secret chamber, in which, says tradition, no fewer than ten priests were kept concealed for four days. That Hillingdon is on a hill is scarcely perceptible, except by a slight fall on the west to the crossing over the Pin. It has, however, and that despite the tramway, which sweeps round its boldly placed church, the distinction of being the least spoiled of villages along the main road to Uxbridge. At Cedar House, near the church, long stood what is sometimes said to have been the first cedar of Lebanon planted in this country, and one which, from the size it attained, must surely have been among the first. A Mr. Samuel Reynardson, who lived here for over forty years from 1678, planted the cedar—first introduced into England, according to one authority, in 1683—which in 1779 was fifty-three feet high, with a branch extent ninety-six feet in diameter, and with a girth close to the ground, and also fourteen feet from the ground where it branched, of fifteen and a half feet. In 1789 one of the largest branches being broken off in a storm, the tree was cut down.

Though to the south are some good tree-shaded byways, it is to the immediate north of Hillingdon that we come to the

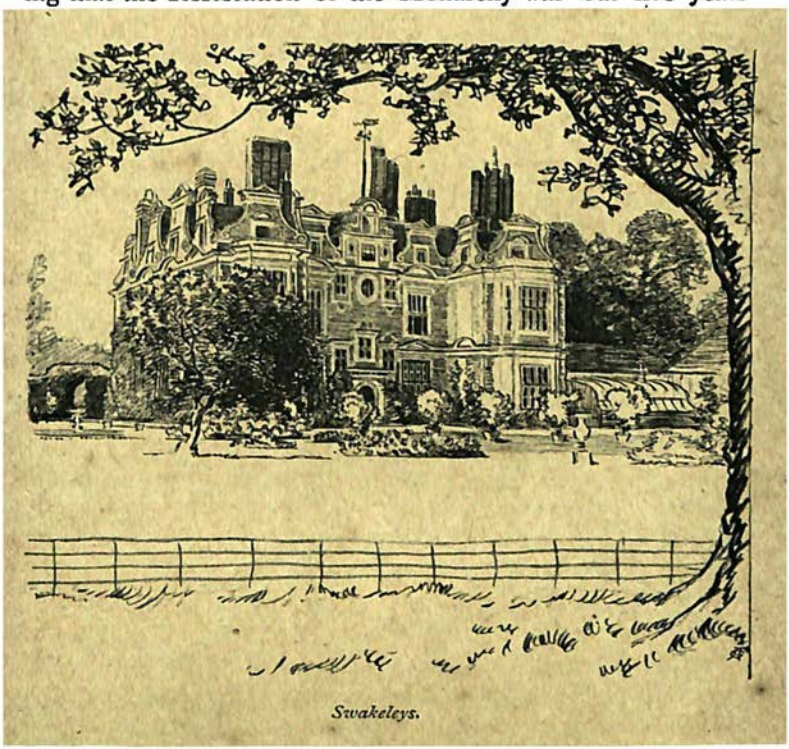


Hillingdon.

beginning of some of the pleasantest of our scenery, where the roads and lanes, by farmlands and parks, take us through a

"rolling" country—a country indeed of veritable hills by comparison with the market-garden plain which we have left. Where the general level was something under a hundred feet above sea level, we come to places two and three times as high, with pleasant dips between. Immediately to the north of Hillingdon Church a by-road takes us between the parks of Hillingdon Court and Hillingdon House. Through the latter park a footpath may be followed to the immediate neighbourhood of Uxbridge, over the Pin, here widened to a lake, past the plain mansion, built in 1717 by the third and last Duke of Schomberg; that Duke who, during his brief command of the English troops in the war of the Spanish Succession, "quarrelled with everybody, except the enemy." Where the roads fork the left branch takes us across the railway cutting to the hilltop open space of Uxbridge Common, from which is to be had a fine and extensive view.. The road to the right takes us in a couple of miles or so to the small old village of Ickenham, while a most attractive footpath way goes across the fields, through the park of Swakeleys. Another footpath down the slope of the Uxbridge Common hill takes us to the western side of Swakeleys. This grand old house, standing about the middle of the park in which are many fine elms, is one of the best Jacobean residences of which Middlesex can still boast, the irregular ornamented gables and chimney stacks imparting an air of picturesque comfort. The house has but little history of general interest, beyond the fact that it was occupied by Sir Robert Viner, who as Lord Mayor of London entertained Charles the Second at a banquet, to which attaches a story told by Steele. It is said that Viner, having drunk over-many toasts, when the King left "pursued him hastily, and, catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, '*Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle.*' The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and, with a smile and a graceful air (for I saw him at the time and do now) repeated this line of the old song '*He that's drunk is as great as a*

king,' and immediately turned back and complied with his landlord." Samuel Pepys on more than one occasion visited Swakeleys, journeying thither from his friend, Mr. Povy's, at Brentford. Pepys was struck—as he well may have been, seeing that the Restoration of the Monarchy was but five years



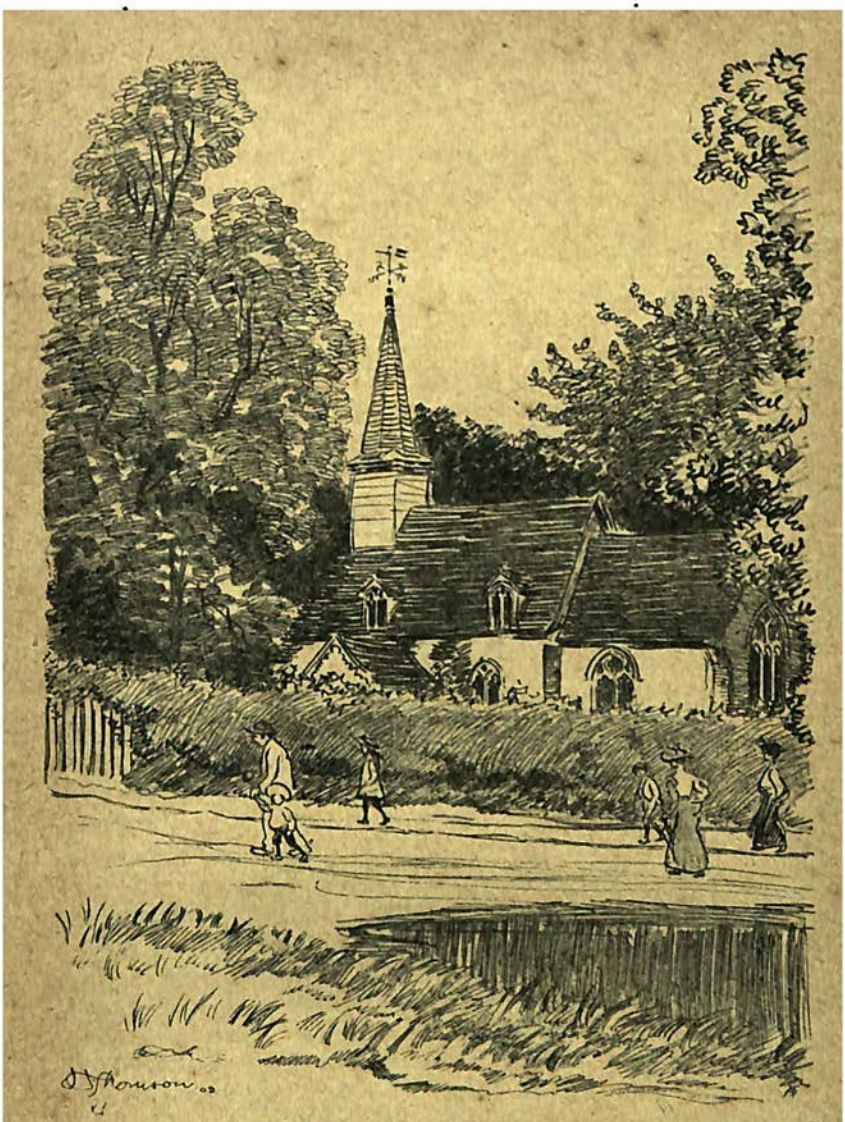
Swakeleys.

old—by the juxtaposition of portraits of Royalists and Parliamentarians: "Pretty to see over the screene of the hall, put up by Sir J. Harrington, a long Parliament-man, the King's head, and my Lord of Essex on one side, and Fairfax on the other; and upon the other side of the screene, the parson of the parish and the lord of the manor and his sisters. The window-cases,

door-cases, and chimneys of all the house are marble. He showed me a black boy that he had, that died of a consumption: and, being dead, he caused him to be dried in an oven, and lies there entire in a box."

Lord Mayor Sir Robert Viner had evidently a gruesome taste in curios!

Ickenham, a little to the north of Swakeleys, is a small, quiet village scattered about a tiny patch of green, on which is a picturesque pump. The church, with wooden belfry and spire, is small, and similar to many others which we find about the byways of the county. There are some old brasses and monuments of local interest. The most remarkable character associated with Ickenham is not buried here, for he removed to Bethnal Green, where he died in 1680. This was an eccentric named Roger Crab, who a quarter of a century before his death told his own story in one of those sensational pamphlets which delighted our forefathers in times before newspapers made of sensations everyday affairs, and of everyday affairs sensations. Crab was a devotee of the simple life long before the phrase had been devised, and his was the simple life in fact, not simple in name and complex in practice. He was a vegetarian, too, justifying himself in a logical phrase which Mr. Bernard Shaw might well envy him: "butchers are excluded from juries, but the receiver is worse than the thief, so the buyer is worse than the butcher." At the age of twenty Roger Crab began his vegetarianism, excluding from his diet even butter and cheese, and he gradually further restricted his food-stuffs, until he brought himself to living —for three-farthings a week—upon dock leaves, grass and water. At Ickenham he got a reputation as astrologer and medicine man, having as many as a hundred patients at a time, and earning something of fame as a wizard. His eccentricities and his sabbath-breaking got him into trouble with the authorities more than once. He appears to have been as a mystic something of a forerunner of Blake: for



Ickenham Church.

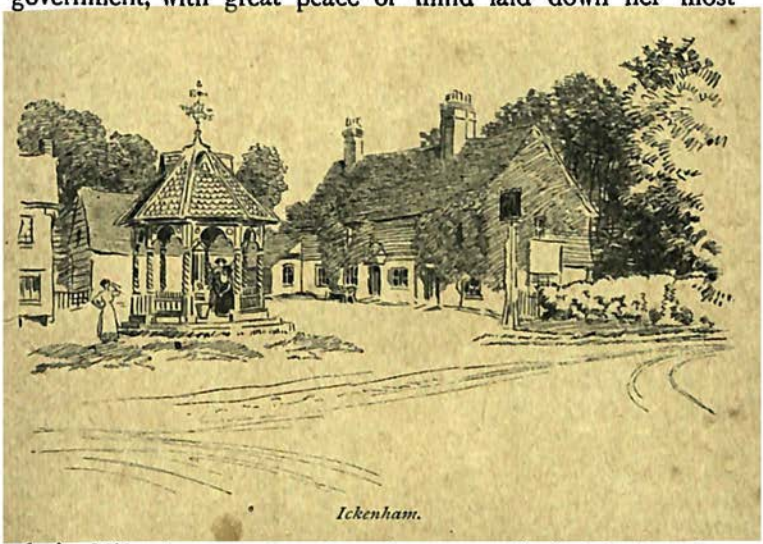
looking in his garden, with his face to the east, he "saw into the paradise of God," and again

> When I was a-digging parsnips for my meals
> Then I discovered these cheats
> For which I sat six hours by the heels.

He erected "a mean cottage of his own building" here at Ickenham on "a small roode of ground," and here he wrote the account of his life—which included seven years in the Parliamentary army—and other tracts.

North of Ickenham lies a larger old village, that of Ruislip—with building going on in the immediate neighbourhood, and threatening before many years are past to link the two villages, since the railway came hither. Here is a pretty old village street, with irregular gabled buildings about the cross roads near the church, some admirable ancient cottages, especially the half-timbered backs seen from the churchyard, and a fine flint and stone church, the embattled tower of which shows above the roofs. The church—well restored about forty years ago—has many details of interest, and is well worth a visit, even from those without any special knowledge of the minutiæ of ecclesiastical architecture. It is conjectured to date from the late fourteenth century. The remains of the fifteenth century mural paintings discovered during the process of restoration are interesting, more especially that in which an angel is shown weighing a soul in the balance, with the Virgin Mary mercifully touching the scale to the soul's advantage! There are various monuments worthy of passing notice, and one that, as an older writer has put it, "can never be viewed with indifference," marking as it does the resting-place of a woman who bore herself with singular courage in the time of the Civil War, a woman who deserves to be remembered with Lucy Hutchinson and other of the heroines of the troubled times. The decorative mural tablet to this lady's memory runs: "To the memory of Lady Mary Banckes the only daughter of

Ralph Hawtrey of Riselip, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., the wife and widow of the Honourable Sir John Banckes, Knt. late Lord Chief Justice of his late Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, and of the Privy Council to his late Majesty, King Charles I. of blessed memory; who having had the honour to have borne with a constancy and courage above her sex, a noble proportion of the late calamities, and the happiness to have outlived them so far as to have seen the restitution of the government, with great peace of mind laid down her most

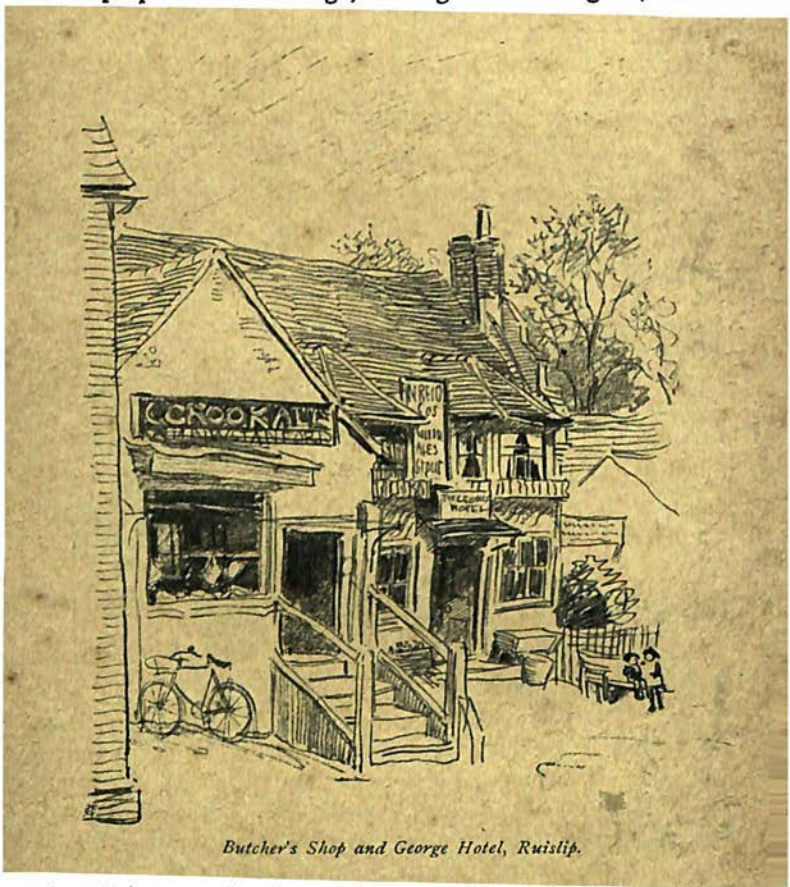


Ickenham.

desired life, the 11th day of April 1661. Sir Ralph Banckes, her son and heir, hath dedicated this. She had four sons—1. Sir Ralph. 2. Jerom. 3. Charles. 4. William (since dead without issue); and six daughters."

Lady Banckes' share in "the late calamities" was the holding of Corfe Castle in Dorset, with a mere handful of men, against the besieging Parliamentarians. Her husband having gone to join the King at Oxford in 1642, Lady Banckes retired with her family to Corfe Castle, which was then the property of

Sir John. For a time she was left undisturbed, but in May, 1643, was attacked by a small party of the enemy. Lady Mary was ill-prepared for a siege, having but four guns, and an



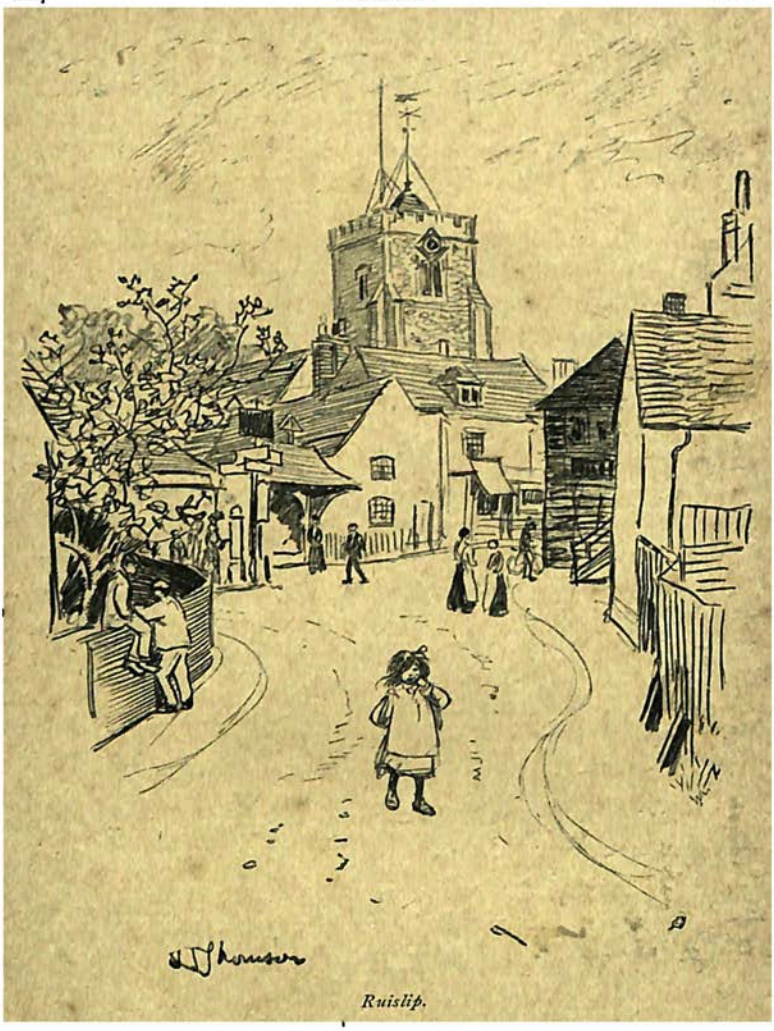
Butcher's Shop and George Hotel, Ruislip.

insufficient supply of provisions, yet she resolved upon defence with but five men and her servants to aid her. At length, provisions failing, she parleyed with the besiegers, and undertook to deliver up her guns on being given permission to

remain quietly in possession of the castle with her family. This was granted, and little regard was paid to the dismantled place, and thus Lady Banckes was enabled to get in plentiful supplies, and to strengthen her small garrison. Rumours of her preparations must have got abroad, for in the following July a force of five or six hundred Parliamentarians again attacked her, and after several attempts—in the last of which they had one hundred of their men killed or wounded—were compelled to raise the siege. Lady Banckes, her daughters and maidservants, all took part in the defence of the upper ward, from which they flung stones and hot embers upon the ladder-scaling assailants. It was not until about two years later that Corfe fell into the hands of the Parliament, and was demolished.

In the days of Elizabeth the husbandmen of Ruislip and the neighbourhood got into serious trouble, in that they "with unknown malefactors, to the number of a hundred, assembled themselves unlawfully, and played a certain unlawful game called football, by reason of which unlawful game there rose among them a great affray, likely to result in homicides and serious accidents." We do not, unfortunately, learn of the penalties paid by these "muddied oafs at the goal" of Tudor times.

Though the railway passes along the south of the village, and there is building going on, Ruislip remains an unspoiled village, representative of many such Middlesex villages of a few years ago. How countrified are its immediate surroundings may be recognised by such a sight as I had on first visiting it, when I met two men with broad deep hampers on their backs, flowing over with the massed blooms of wild hyacinths, and forming an unforgettable point of colour in the village street. These flowers had been gathered—not, it is probable, without trespass— from the woods in the neighbourhood, and were evidently being taken to be sold from door to door in the London suburbs, or at City kerbstones.



Ruislip.

Certainly in the matter of woodland Ruislip is one of the more favoured of our county's districts. To the north stretch hundreds of acres of woods, on either side of the broad extent

of Ruislip Reservoir. Seen on the western side, from the road leading to the Northwood footpath; the fine sheet of water, backed by masses of trees, looks like some Canadian lake of the woods. Along the southern fringe of this woodland—between it and the little Pin—is a delightful footpath way to the attractive hamlet of Eastcote, while another passes through the wood. From Eastcote again a pleasant way, partly by footpath, may be followed over Haste Hill to Northwood, from near which we may hark back, still by footpath, over Poor Field, near the reservoir, to the little hamlet of Ruislip Common, and so to Ruislip again. Such a walk gives us many delightful bits of the varied scenery of this favoured corner of Middlesex, and it is but one of the many pleasant walks that may be made with Ruislip as a centre.

Here the lover of byways has frequently the chance of echoing the words of Katharine Tynan:

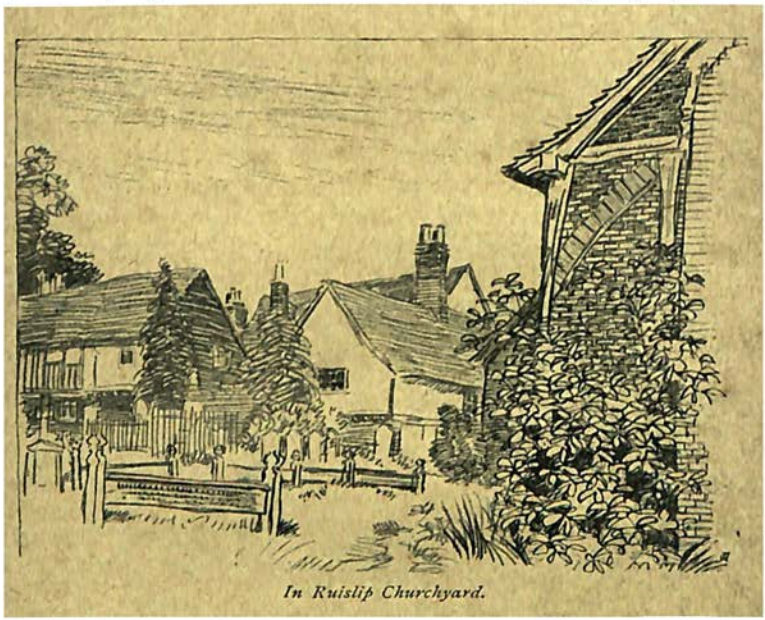
Let's put the dusty road aside
For ogreish things that snort and smell,
For folk that drive in gigs or ride
All in a haste to buy or sell.

See here an open gate invites,
The way runs on beside the wheat;
Dappled with sweetest reds and whites
The softest turf offers a seat.

Across the valley dark and green
The road a dusty ribbon doth wind:
Beauty and beauty set between,
Is not the field path to your mind?

The great reservoir—about eighty acres in extent—lying as it does in a little-frequented district, is probably the resort of many uncommon aquatic birds, though it has not, I believe, been studied as closely as the great stretch of Kingsbury Reservoir, generally known as the Welsh Harp, of which Mr. J. E. Harting wrote much in his book on *The Birds of*

Middlesex;[1] of some of the strangers there observed we may see something in a later chapter. The angling in Ruislip Reservoir is strictly preserved for the members of a small club, but the fortunate few by whom it is fished frequently catch, I am told, "specimen" tench and occasionally very large pike.

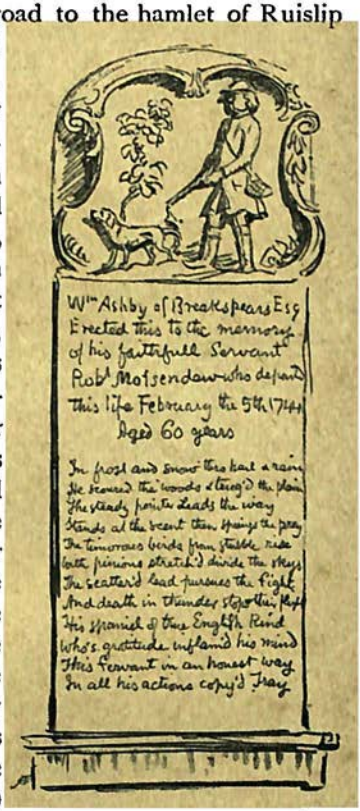


In Ruislip Churchyard.

This north-western corner of Middlesex offers some of the most beautifully rural bits that the country has left to show.

[1] It may be interesting to note here that Mr. Harting (in 1866) gives particulars of 225 different species of birds shot in Middlesex—60 of them being resident, 68 migratory, and 97 only rare or accidental visitors. It is probable that since he wrote the growth of human population has diminished the bird population. It would be well if "close time" could be perpetual over large tracts. The wild birds of the London district alone are remarkable, and might become more so if the London County Council could strictly preserve all wild bird life (except sparrows) in the district under its control.

Harefield, between three and four miles north-west of Ruislip, may be reached thence by quiet byways—perhaps the most attractive for those who like to follow "the footpath way and merrily hent the stile-a" is by road to the hamlet of Ruislip Common, and thence by a field path skirting the rising wood land, coming out on the road not far from the finely timbered Breakspear Park, a little beyond which a footpath over tree scattered fields leads to Harefield Church, in a rustic hollow to the south of the village. This church, set in the midst of its God's Acre, with grassy slopes all round, is one of the most delightfully situated, and is worthy of a visit for the many memorials that it has to show, in monuments and brasses, to the members of the Newdigate, Ashby, and other families, long resident in the neighbourhood. Perhaps the most curious is one outside the north wall, commemorating the virtues of an eighteenth century gamekeeper. That the words of the tribute (which may be read in Mr. Thomson's sketch) have displeased some visitors, may be gathered from the comment of one of the most voluminous of the county's historians: "Among the fantastical productions which too frequently disfigure Christian cemeteries, perhaps that is not the least objectionable that praises a man for his imitation of a dog." Among the Newdigate monuments that to Sir Richard


Wm Ashby of Breakspears Esq
Erected this to the memory
of his faithfull Servant
Robt Mossendaw who departed
this life February the 5th 1744
Aged 60 years
In frost and snow thro heat & rain
He ranged the woods & traced the plain
The steady pointer leads the way
Stands at the covert then springs the prey
The Terraces birds from stubble rise
With pinions stretch'd divide the skys
The scatter'd lead pursues the flight
And death in thunder stops their flight
His Master & true English Friend
Who's gratitude inflam'd his mind
His Servant in an honest way
In all his actions copy'd Gray

(1710) and his wife (1692) is particularly worthy of note as having been designed and executed by Grinling Gibbons.

Near to the church used to stand the old residence of the Newdigates, Harefield Place,[1] a mansion particularly interesting, firstly as having been one of those visited in great state by Queen Elizabeth, and secondly as the scene of the first

Harefield Church.

presentation (1635) of Milton's brief masque of *Arcades*, which was written for the Countess of Derby, to be enacted in her honour by her grandchildren. "It is not improbable," says Leigh Hunt, "that Milton by his Genius of the Grove at Harefield covertly intended himself. He had been applied to by the Derbys to write some holiday poetry for them. He

[1] The present Harefield Place, a couple of miles south, near Uxbridge Common, was of old Harefield Lodge.

puts his consent in the mouth of the Genius, whose hand, he says, curls the ringlets of the grove, and who refreshes himself at midnight with listening to the music of the spheres; that is to say, whose hand confers new beauty on it by its touch, and who has pleasures in solitude far richer and loftier than those of mere patrician mortal." The masque was presumably enacted in the open, but nothing remains to remind us of the scene beyond the "branching elms," of which there are still many in the neighbourhood, and the poem, with its high praise of the venerable Countess:

O'er the smooth enamelled green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing,
And touch the warbled string;
Under the shady roof
Of branching elms star-proof,
Follow me;
I will bring you where she sits
Cold in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

Milton was living at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, but a few miles away, and is said to have been a frequent visitor. The Countess was at this time in her second widowhood, and it was in 1602, as wife of Lord Egerton, the Lord Keeper, that she had entertained Queen Elizabeth on one of the last of those progresses in which that monarch delighted. The splendour of the occasion seems to have been somewhat marred by rain during the whole three days of the Royal stay, but nevertheless the whole loved pageantry was indulged in, and "Her Majesty, being on horseback, stayed under a tree (because it rained)" the while she listened to the dialogue in which she was eulogised by a Bailiff and a Dairymaid. Place and Time then succeeded Bailiff and Dairymaid in a dialogue of welcome—Place, we are quaintly told, being garbed "in a parti-coloured

robe, like the brick house," while Time "in a green robe, with an hour-glass, stopped not running"—which must rather have interfered with the delivery of his part of the dialogue. When the moment of departure came Place was garbed in melancholy black:

> Amazed to see
> So great happiness so soon bereft me.

A wholly unsupported tradition says that during the Queen's stay *Othello* was performed as part of the entertainment—Shakespeare himself, perhaps, among the company. Shakespearian scholarship, however, disposes of the tradition by saying that all the evidence shows that the tragedy was not produced until two years later.

A quarter of a century after the Countess of Derby had had her praises sung by Milton, and when that poet was old and blind, Harefield Place was burned to the ground in consequence, it is said, of the carelessness of another poet, Sir Charles Sedley, who was given to the dangerous practice (in those days) of reading in bed. A handsome brick house, with many rounded gables, was built in its stead, but this was demolished a hundred years later.

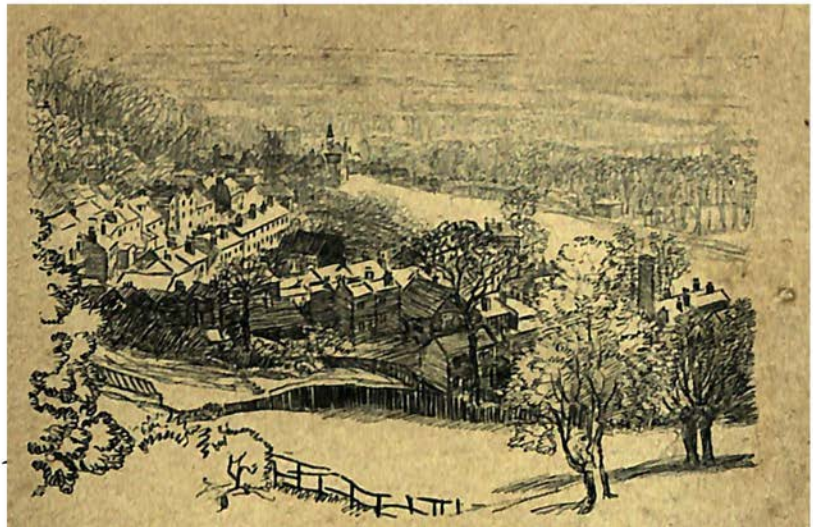
The long village street is to the north of the church. The picturesque group of old almshouses, noticeable on the right, was built by the Countess of Derby. By Harefield Park—once known as Belhammonds—and Harefield Grove, we soon reach the county boundary at Woodcock Hill, on the Rickmansworth Road. The left fork of the road, a little beyond Harefield, tempts us to a winding way across the Crane, to the extreme point of our county on the Colne, near Mill End, but little more than a mile from Rickmansworth station.

Though for the purposes of this description we have reached this corner from Ruislip, the district may easily be explored from either Uxbridge or Rickmansworth—either by road or by the canal towing-path, which, mostly in Middlesex, is to the west of Harefield Park, the actual boundary between this

county and Buckinghamshire, and offers a varied and delightful route. From the canal are many lanes and footpaths inviting us up to the higher ground, for wider views over a rolling country, well diversified with fieldside elms, parks and woodlands, and one in which the flower-loving wanderer may well

The Village Street, Harefield.

seek for some of those rarer plants which one Mr. Blackstone recorded as growing in the Harefield district in 1737—with, I fear, but little chance of finding any large proportion of them. They included, it may be mentioned, the columbine, several orchises, the fritillary, the grass of Parnassus, and hare's ear.



View from Harrow Churchyard.

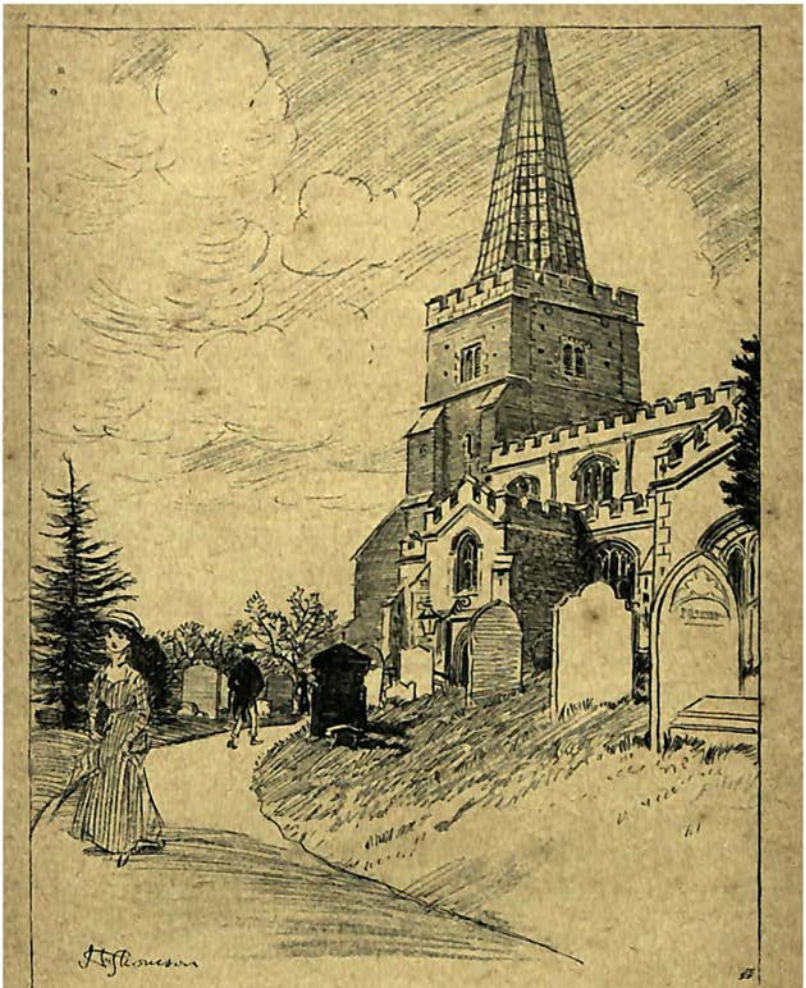
CHAPTER VIII.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL, PINNER, AND THEREAROUND.

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought;
The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I've ponder'd,
As reclining at eve on yon tombstone I lay
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.—*Byron.*

In his various verses, inspired by recollections of Harrow, Lord Byron was thinking of the great school which is perched on the point where the London Clay rises to an apparently high elevation above the surrounding levels, and it is of the school that the majority of people, including those who have not been Harrovians, first think on any mention of Harrow. The fact that it has become an extensive residential neighbourhood does



In Harrow Churchyard.

not make us think of it, without a distinct mental effort, as such. It is the same with other old-established centres of education. Eton, to most people, means Eton College; Rugby, the great school and the doings of Tom Brown. To the endless succession of young men passing through these places it is only natural that the school should be the dominating memory, and that they should convey something of the same impression to those around them. But Harrow, with its ever growing modern additions, is in parts taking on some of the unloveliness of suburbia—it is but ten miles from the Marble Arch by road. Its rows of villas, large and small, are eating into the pastures, yet also in parts it remains unspoiled, and still from its high churchyard is to be obtained the extensive view which delighted the poet, who is perhaps that one of her scholastic sons best remembered in association with Harrow. Though the hill on which Harrow is situated, and round the base of which it is spreading, is not lofty, its more or less abrupt rising from the surrounding level country gives something of the impression of height, and makes it, with the famous spire of its church, a notable landmark from Willesden and other places. From the church the view from south-east to south-west includes—given the necessary atmospheric condition—the clump of Knockholt Beeches and the glitter of the Crystal Palace on the one hand, and Windsor Castle, with Berkshire and Buckinghamshire woodland, on the other. That the beauty and extent of the view are well appreciated is made plain by the seats provided for visitors, and by the fact that such visitors are almost constant. From the church tower it is claimed that thirteen counties are visible in favourable weather.

Though its modern fame springs from the school founded in the reign of Elizabeth, Harrow is a place of ancient repute. It was Herges at the time of the Domesday Survey—from which, through Harewe, is derived the present name—and at that time the manor belonged to Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and has for centuries continued in close association with the

Primacy. The site of the archiepiscopal manor house is not known. This association, indeed, dates from long before the Conquest, for in 822 it is recorded that "Wilfred, Archbishop of Canterbury, recovered this place of Herges, together with several other lands, which had been taken from the Church of Canterbury by Kenulf, King of the Mercians." The various manors associated with Harrow were given by Cranmer to King Henry the Eighth in exchange for other properties.

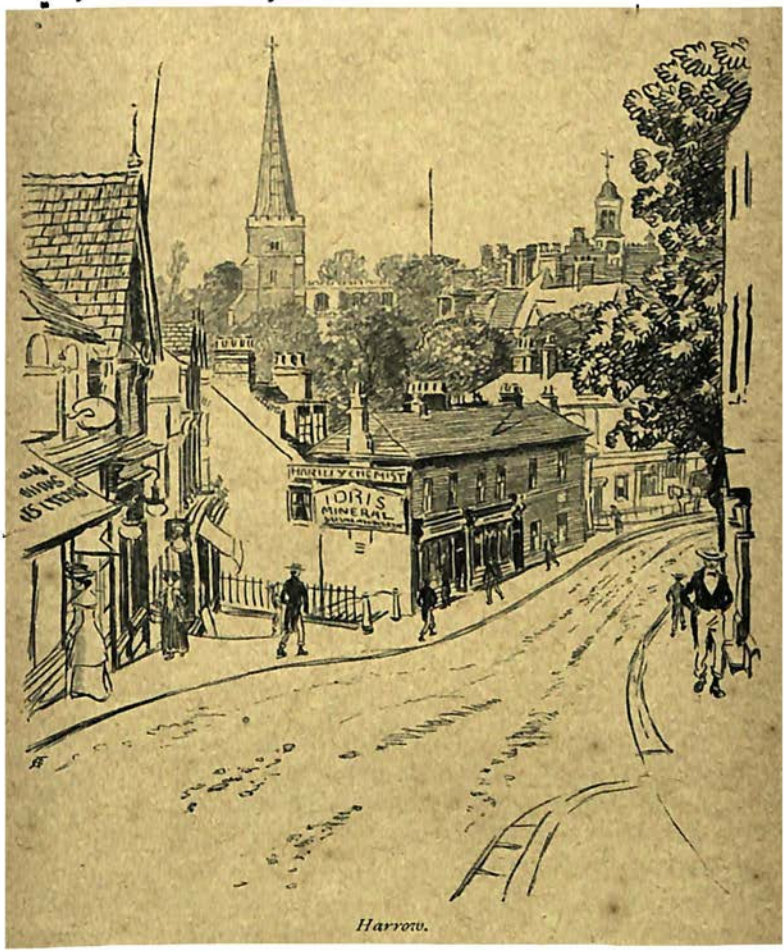
The church, as the dominating feature when Harrow is seen from the distance, and for the sake of the view from its graveyard, first draws us. It was originally built by Lanfranc, and though largely rebuilt in the later part of the fourteenth century, is said still to retain portions of Lanfranc's edifice in the lower part of the tower. Externally it cannot be said to be beautiful. Within are several features of interest, including coloured glass (in the clerestory) representing something of the history of Harrow, its church and school. There are also a number of old brasses and monuments—among them one to Sir Samuel Garth, the poet-physician, whose *Dispensary* and other once-lauded works are now unanimously neglected—the most interesting being that to the founder of the famous school:

Here lyeth buried the bodye of John Lyon, late of Preston in this parish, yoeman, died the 11th day of Octr. in the yeare of our Lorde 1592, who hath founded a free grammar schoole in the parish to have continuance for ever and for maintenance thereof, and for releyffe of the poore, and for some poore schollers in the Universityes, repairinge of highwayes, and other good and charitable uses, hath made conveyance of lands of good value to a corporation granted for that purpose. Prayer be to the Author of all goodness, who make us myndful to follow his good example.

It was in 1571 that Lyon first founded the school in a modest way, and nearly twenty years later—two years before his death—he drew up an elaborate code of regulations to govern the institution, and indicated the property with which he proposed to endow it. This code was entitled "Orders,

Statutes and Rules, made and sett forth the eighteenth day of January in the three and thirtieth yeare of the Rayne of our Sovraigne Lady Elizabeth, etc., by me, John Lyon, of Preston in the parish of Harrow on ye hill, in ye county of Middlesex, yoeman, Founder of ye Free Grammar Schoole in Harrow, to be observed and kept by the Governors of ye Lands, tenements, goods and possessions of ye said Free Grammar Schoole." Primarily established for boys of the neighbourhood, there was some trouble when the foundation grew to importance, but those who would have narrowed it to the limits of a local grammar school could not succeed in doing so in face of the founder's explicit words allowing the master to "receive so many foreigners over and above the youth of the parish as the whole number may be well taught, and the place can contain," for which foreigners the master was entitled to receive "such stipend and wages as he could get." Minute rules were laid down as to the instruction which the boys were to receive, and even as to the games in which they were to be permitted to indulge. These were "driving a top, tossing a handball, running, shooting, and no other." Worthy Mr. Lyon would have been appalled could he have foreseen the position which games were to take in school life three centuries later, and he well might have been gratified could he have known that his foundation would come to be one of the eight great Public Schools of England. His "shooting" was with the bow and arrow, and the fact that he stressed this as he did, suggests that he was alive to the value of marksmanship. He bequeathed a silver arrow to be competed for annually, and long after the bow had passed out of use as a national arm, this trophy continued to be struggled for every fourth of August, but towards the close of the eighteenth century the contest was abandoned. It was stopped in 1771 by Headmaster Heath, who objected that too much time was given up to archery practice that ought to have been given to scholastic studies, and who also resented the crowds

that were drawn from London by the annual event. For nearly two hundred years the contest had been carried out



Harrow.

with much ceremony, the competitors being gaily attired in brightly coloured satin costumes Every time a boy shot

within the three circles surrounding the bull's eye, his achievement was saluted by the playing of French horns. The boy who was twelve times nearest the mark was awarded the arrow, and was carried by his schoolfellows in procession back to the town. Among the ana connected with the silver arrow is the story of four brothers, each of whom won the coveted prize; another tells how on the fourth of August:

> Two boys, Merry and Love, were equal, or nearly so, and both of them decidedly superior to the rest. Love, having shot his last arrow into the bull's eye, was greeted by his schoolfellows with a shout "*Omnia vincit Amor.*" "Not so," said Merry in an undervoice, "*Non nos cedamus Amori*"; and carefully adjusting his shaft, shot it into the bull's eye, a full inch nearer to the centre than his exulting competitor. So he gained the day.

It would be well if the spirit of the founder's wish could still be honoured, by making the silver arrow a trophy to be competed for by the boys at the rifle range instead of at the archery butts.

The church and churchyard contain tombs of many notable men associated with Harrow, though the most famous names of Harrovians are, of course, those of pupils who were here for the few brief years of schooling, of men whose fame was made elsewhere, but of whom, as sons, Harrow is justly proud. It is not necessary here to select from the list of famous Harrovians, while

> To name them all would need a thousand tongues,
> A brazen throat and adamantine lungs.

but Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel immediately come to mind as among the most remarkable of "Harrow boys," and if the roll of great men who were educated here cannot compete in length with the roll of those educated at Eton, it must be remembered that it is not much more than a century since, as it has been said, Harrow

School, like its most brilliant son, awakened one morning to find itself famous.

An old Harrovian—the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache—who has written pleasant reminiscences of his schooldays of the mid-nineteenth century, has contrasted the Eton and Harrow "types" in an engaging fashion—

> The typical Etonian has a remarkable power of self-adaptation. He is more like the Mr. Pliable, while the Harrovian is more like the Mr. Obstinate of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The Etonian may be described as John Bull without horns, while the Harrovian is a John Bull of a breed of shorthorns. If the art of being agreeable in society may be roughly described as a compound of two qualities, naturalness and the wish to please, the former of these qualities grows best at Harrow, the latter at Eton. An old Harrovian, referring to a former schoolfellow, who was a great favourite in London society, spoke of him as "nice, nice, very nice, too nice." My Etonian friend, W. H. Gladstone, on hearing that comment, naïvely remarked, with special reference no doubt to the Harrovian criticized, that he did not understand how anyone could be "too nice." This trifling anecdote may serve to illustrate my own impression that what may be called a French or diplomatic type of manners is less likely to find favour at Harrow than at Eton. The note of the Eton manner is the quality which is either commended as courtesy or disparaged as courtliness. In pronouncing judgement on this Etonian manner, Harrovians are apt to think that courtliness is the solvent of individuality, and that too much manner unmaketh man.
>
> The note of the Harrow manner is a refined bluntness; and, if I personally prefer the bluntness, this only means that I am a Harrovian.

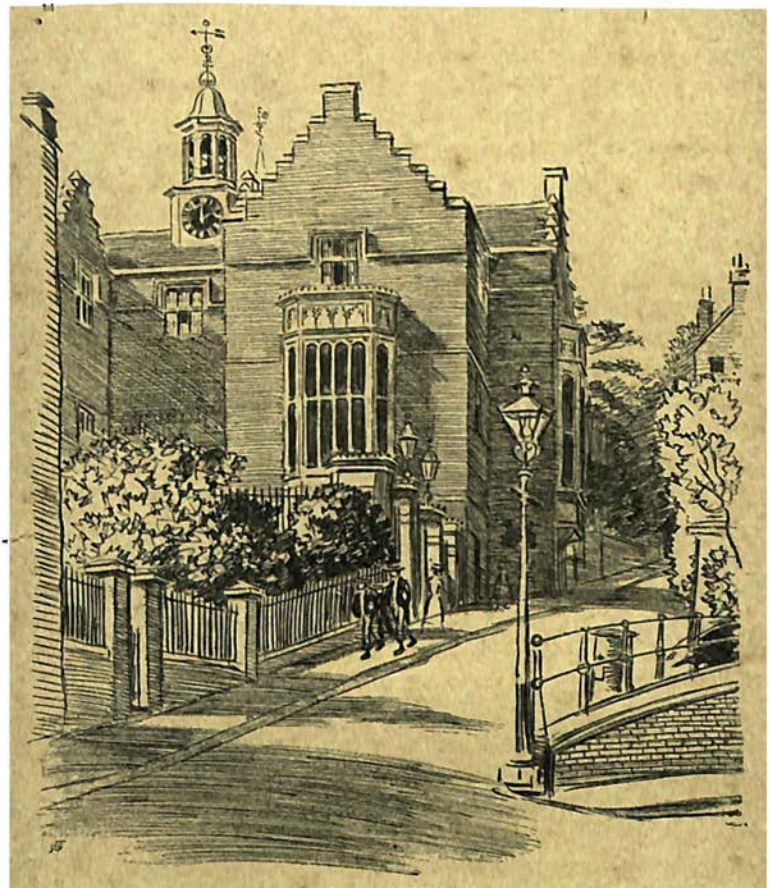
One version of an old saw differentiating Public School boys ran, "Winchester scholars, Eton swells, and Harrow gentlemen," while in the school slang a hardworking boy is a "mug" at Winchester, a "sap" at Eton, and a "swot" at Harrow.

The churchyard would be sufficiently famous for its view, but that view has been so eulogised by Lord Byron that the elm under which he rested, the tomb on which he sat, may be said to have become as it were a shrine to be visited by admirers of the poet. Writing to his friend and publisher.

John Murray, in 1822, the poet mentioned Harrow, saying, "there is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill, looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie or Peachey) where I used to sit for hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot." So much did Byron's favourite spot come to be visited by admirers and the curious, that the old flat tomb of John Peachey—comparatively new when the poet visited it—stood in danger of destruction, and so was covered in with iron bars. Eight years before Byron wrote of Harrow to Murray—eight years after he had written the lines from which those at the head of this chapter are quoted—Charles Lamb visited the hill-perched church, and writing to Wordsworth his thanks for a copy of the *Excursion* said: "One feeling I was particularly struck with as what I recognised so very lately at Harrow Church on entering it after a hot and secular day's pleasure,—the instantaneous coolness and calming, almost transforming, properties of a country church just entered —a certain fragrance which it has—either from its holiness, or being kept shut all the week, or the air that is let in being pure country—exactly what you have reduced to words, but I am feeling I cannot. The reading your lines about it fixed me for a time a monument in Harrow Church (do you know it?) with its fine long Spire white as washed marble, to be seen by vantage of its high site as far as Salisbury spire itself almost."

Harrow School has but little ancient building to show, indeed until the early part of last century the school and master's residence were combined in one brick edifice of which parts still remain in the old Fourth Form room, now used—curious collocation—"solely for prayers and punishment." On the panelling of this room many famous "boys" cut their initials, which, said Byron, are likely to outlast their epitaphs. It was during the past century—after the attempt to reduce the school to a merely local institution had failed

—that it grew rapidly in importance, and the various buildings associated with it were erected. The chapel was



Harrow Old School.

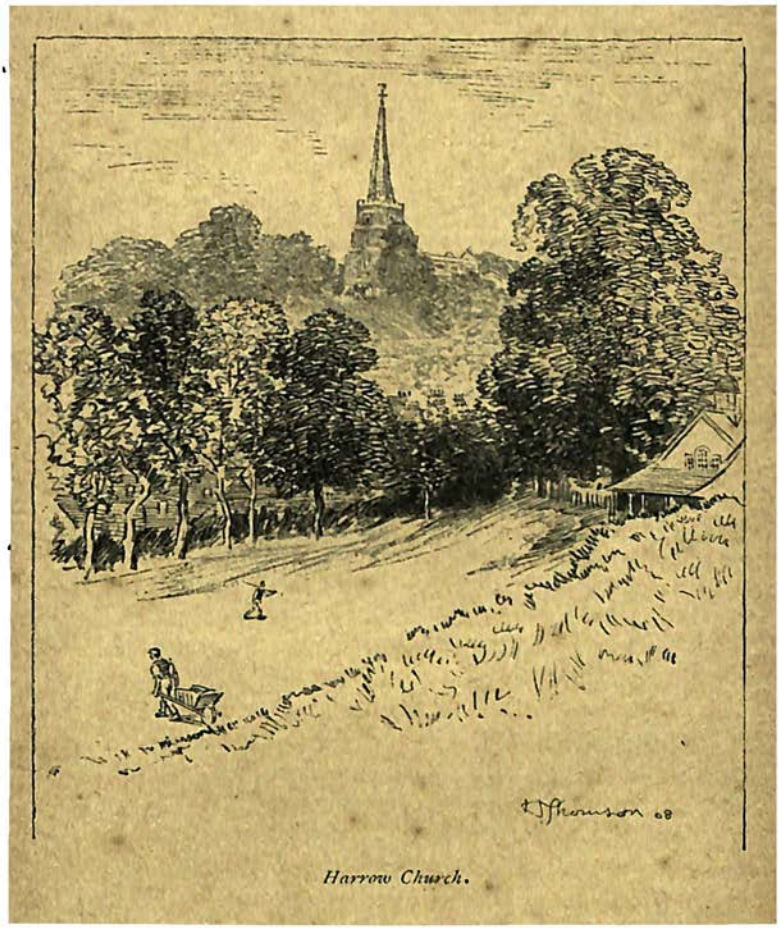
built in 1839, rebuilt by Sir Gilbert Scott nearly twenty years later, and had a new aisle added by way of memorial to the old Harrow boys who fell during the South African War. The

Vaughan Library, opened in 1863, was built as a memorial to Dr. Vaughan, headmaster from 1845 to 1859.

The associations of schoolmasters and scholars with Harrow might easily fill a volume of this size, and the sojourner who would learn such must turn to histories of the school; one episode in the records is worthy of remembrance, associated as it is with one who was not only a Harrovian in the sense of belonging to the school, but also a native of the place. This was Samuel Parr, who was an assistant master when, in 1771, the headmastership fell vacant by the death of Dr. Sumner, and who, despite the fact that he was only five and twenty, hoped to succeed to the chief position. His hopes were disappointed, but so popular was he with many of the boys that there was something of an insurrection in his favour—an insurrection which he was apparently unjustly accused of fostering, and one that led to some of the boys (notably the Marquis Wellesley, brother of the Great Duke of Wellington) being expelled. Parr started a rival school at Stanmore, and carried off forty Harrow pupils with him. While at Harrow Samuel Parr had Richard Brinsley Sheridan as one of his pupils, and has left a long letter on the subject on which all biographers of the statesman-dramatist have drawn.

The time of Parr's disappointment was not the only occasion on which the Harrow boys protested against the selection of a headmaster. When Dr. Drury died, and Dr. Butler reigned in his stead, he was badly received by many of the boys, who had hoped to have Drury's brother made Head. Byron, who had had the warmest admiration for Drury, was ringleader in the rebellion, comparing himself to Tyrtæus and seems to have seized opportunities of making himself obnoxious: "On one occasion he tore down the gratings of a room in the school-house, with the remark that they darkened the hall; on another he is reported to have refused a dinner invitation from the master, with the impertinent remark, that he would never

think of asking him in return to dine at Newstead. On the other hand, he seems to have set limits to the mutiny, and



Harrow Church.

prevented some of the boys from setting their desks on fire by pointing to their fathers' names carved on them. Byron afterwards expressed 'regret for his rudeness." He contrasted

the old and new Heads in stinging verses, "On a change of Masters at a Great Public School."

> Where are those honours, Ida! once your own,
> When Probus fill'd your magisterial throne?
> As ancient Rome, fast falling in disgrace,
> Hailed a barbarian in her Cæsar's place,
> So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,
> And seat Pomposus where your Probus sate.
> Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,
> Pomposus holds you in his harsh control;
> Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,
> With florid jargon, and with vain parade;
> With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules,
> Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools.
> Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,
> He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause;
> With him the same dire fate attending Rome,
> Ill-fated Ida! soon must stamp your doom;
> Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,
> No trace of science left you, but the name.

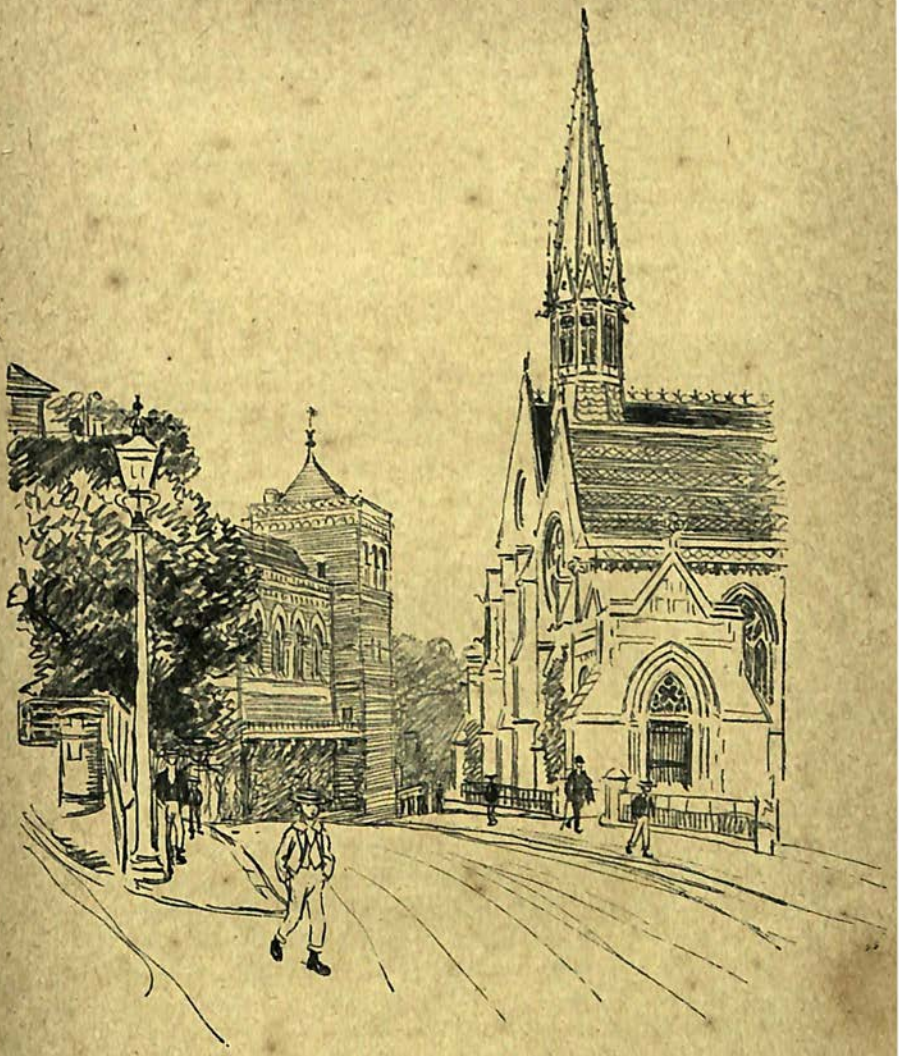
The schoolmaster, whatever his merits, who follows a popular predecessor, has a difficult task to face, and little beyond temper seems to have justified Byron's satire, either in this epigram, or in the "Childish Recollections."

A school with a history having associations with some of the most notable of England's sons, Harrow may well inspire something of devotion in its pupils, who sing with feeling the simple words of one of their songs,

> Yet the time may come as the years go by
> When your eyes will fill
> At the thought of the Hill[1]
> And the wild regret of the last Goodbye.

Details and stories of school life at Harrow are to be read in many volumes of reminiscences. The number of pupils now attending the School is several hundreds, and boys of

[1] "The Hill," by the way, has been used as the title of a successful novel of Harrow life by Mr. H. N. Vachell.



Vaughan Library, Harrow.

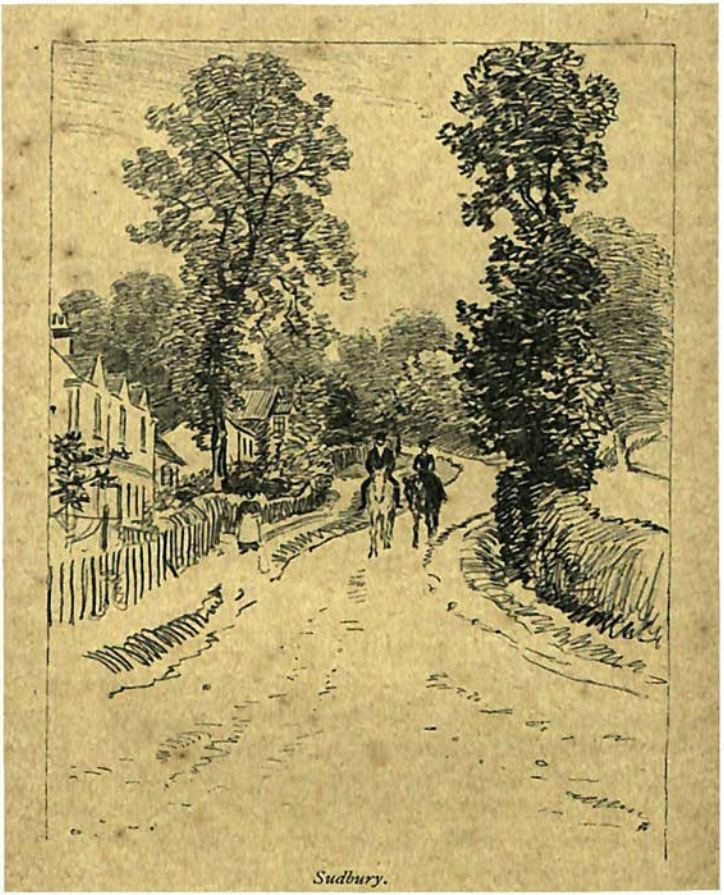
various sizes, from the newcomers to those in their last term—already looking to graduating as men by their transference to the Universities—are always to be seen in Term-time about the hilly streets or disporting themselves in the many beautiful lawn-like playing fields; for still, as one of their number has sung, successive generations of them

> Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
> Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.

A Harrow tragedy that may be recalled is interesting as an example of the way in which our forefathers placed a value on the thing which a man employed for suicidal purposes. It is recorded (in the fourth year of Philip and Mary) that "in a field there called Hill Close or Baker's Close, the said Henry Slancke (tayler) at the instigation of the devil, committed suicide by hanging himself with a girdle, worth a farthing." It seems like a posthumous insult directed at the victim.

The growth of London towards Harrow in recent years has become so great that some one has suggested that the latter place should be known as London-super-Montem. And indeed there is not much open country left now between the Metropolis and Harrow, though there are yet tree-grown fields about the lane towards Wembley, and between Wembley and Harrow, and some rural bits along the Brent valley. Wembley Park itself is a beautiful extent of between two and three hundred acres of well-timbered ground, overlooking the Brent valley towards Willesden. Here was started the Watkin Tower, designed to be a rival of, and 175 feet loftier than, the famous Eiffel Tower of Paris, but its building had not proceeded beyond the first stage when it was abandoned, and for long it remained something of a blot on the landscape, until it was finally demolished a year or two ago. Wembley Park, however, it is said, is still to be maintained as a place of resort, and in the neighbourhood is to be laid out a residential "garden city." Further west, at Sudbury, a southern extension of Harrow,

another "garden city" is planned, the fields already marked with announcements of "plots' available for would-be citizens. To the south of Sudbury rises Horsendon Hill,



Sudbury.

conspicuous landmark from the further side of the valley, within recent years a place on which cowslips flourished in profusion. A mile or so to the west, to be reached by footpath, is

the hamlet of Greenford Green, on the Grand Junction Canal, notable for its chemical works, where, just half a century ago, Sir William Perkin carried out his discovery as to the production of aniline dyes from coal-tar—a discovery which may have given us some crude tints that make the rash gazer wipe his eye in a way unthought of by the poet, but one which may also be said to have revolutionised the art of dyeing woollen and cotton stuffs and silk. Greenford Green is not in itself an attractive spot—the neighbourhood of chemical works rarely is—but it is a point from which some delightful footpath walks, some of the longest and most varied so near to London, may be taken. From here we may choose these pleasantest of byways to Wood End and the Roxeth suburb of Harrow, or to Northolt, West End and Yeading, with its brickfields, and so out to the Uxbridge road and its trams between Southall and Hayes. Northolt is a very small, attractive village, scattered about a green, and beyond, on rising ground, a small old church with such a small wooden belfry as is characteristic of many churches in this part of our county. Here for two and a half years, 1755–57, Gronwy Owen, "the last of the great bards of the Cambria," and first secretary of the Cymmrodorion Society, was curate. Readers of *Wild Wales* will remember George Borrow's enthusiasm for the bard. Visiting Owen's birthplace, Borrow met a little girl, a distant relative of the poet, and asked her to write in his notebook her name and the fact of her relationship, which she did thus, "Ellen Jones yn prthyn pell i gronow owen"—"Ellen Jones belonging afar off to Gronwy Owen." It is sad to know that Borrow's admired bard died through drink in the prime of life.

West and north of these paths, that have taken us down to the neighbourhood of one of the great western roads, is a flat country, largely consisting of grassy meadows, elm-bordered, and with pleasant lanes leading past scattered farmyards, but lacking in any particular beauty.

To the south-east of Northolt, by meadow footpaths, muddy

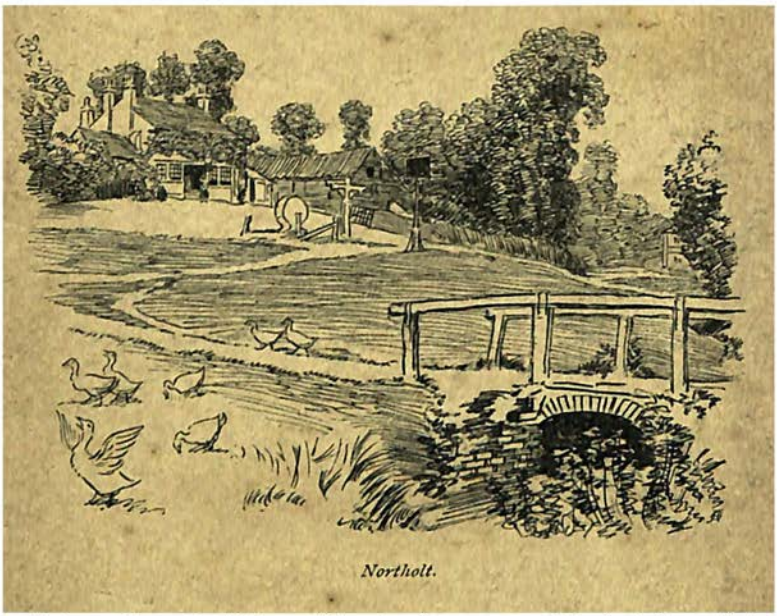
indeed "after a dropping April," is Greenford, a surprisingly countrified village for one so near to the close-ranged rows

Northolt Church.

of suburban residences at Hanwell and Ealing—situated at an angle of the Brent, where that stream turns suddenly south-

wards. Greenford is a rambling place, with footpaths converging on it from various points—especially attractive is that one which closely follows the course of the Brent to the neighbourhood of Hanwell Church, the spire of which is an effective landmark, so set amid trees as scarcely to suggest that it belongs to what is rapidly becoming a populous suburb.

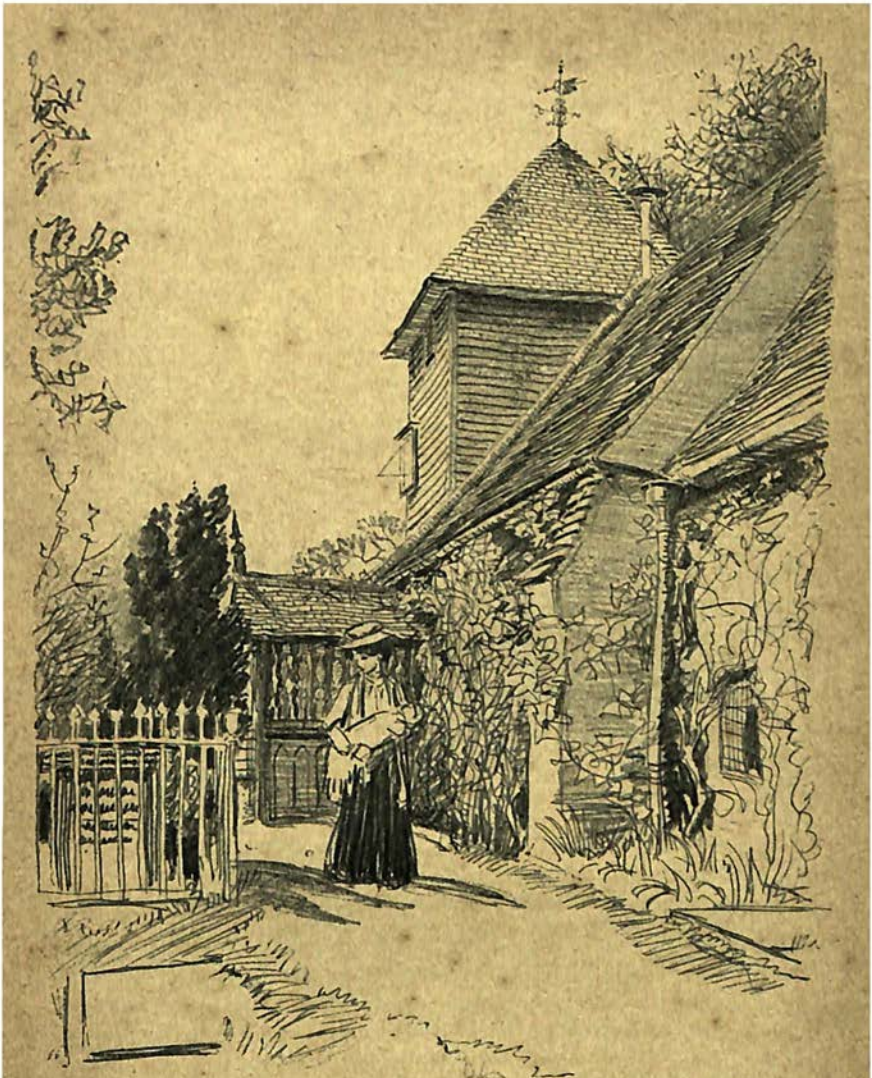
Greenford Magna, as it is sometimes termed, to differentiate



Northolt.

it from Greenford Parva (the obsolete name of Perivale), retains much of the old village character, with its cottages, and its old villas in their shrub-grown grounds. The church at the north end of the village—with a cross-fields path running straight to Northolt Church—is a small wooden-spired structure, similar to the more famous little edifice at Perivale.

From Greenford the road may be followed up the Brent valley in close companionship with the stream, for three or four



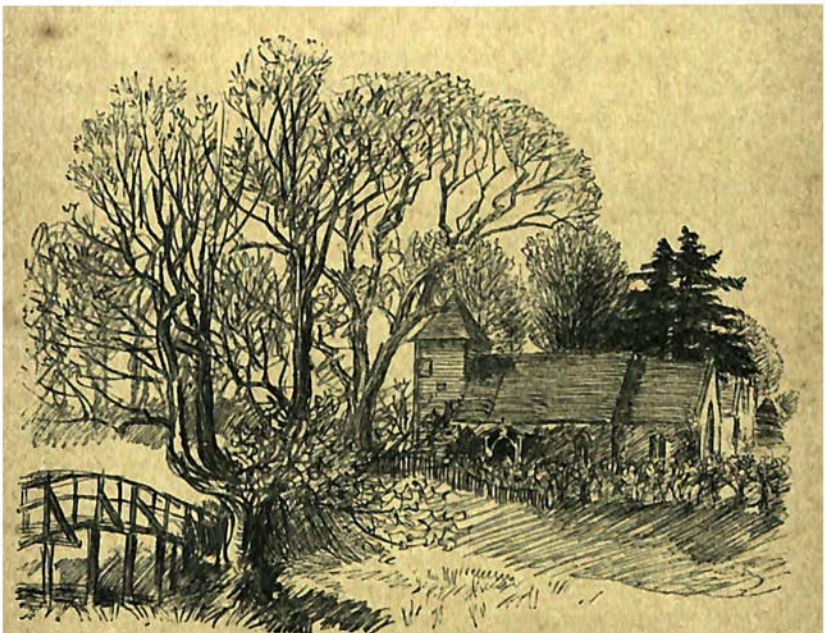
Perivale Church.

miles, by Perivale to Twyford, and though in this short journey we find the Brent thrice spanned by the railway, it gives rustic glimpses that, seeing how easily accessible the bit of country is to London, justify the praise bestowed upon it by railway advertisement. The road follows the left bank, and where it branches to cross the stream in the neighbourhood of Perivale we may best continue along the left bank path, and cross the river by the foot-bridge in the immediate neighbourhood of the little church which, with its peaceful graveyard, seems the more curiously rustic by contrast with the rapidly spreading suburbs reaching ever nearer to the southern bank of the little river.

Perivale, it has been suggested, is but a corruption of Parva, though old writers give a pleasanter derivation: "Peryvale, more truly Purevale," from the supposed salubrity of the spot. If the name belongs to a tiny parish of but about three dozen inhabitants, the way in which it was lauded by Drayton in the *Polyolbion* suggests that it was of old applied rather to the whole wheat-bearing land lying about the Brent valley: "Peryvale or Purevale yieldeth the finest meal in England":

> And chanced to cast her eye
> Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow stands so high,
> She Peryvale perceived prankt up with wreaths of wheat,
> And with exulting terms thus glorying in her seat;
> Why should I not be coy and of my beauties nice,
> Since this my goodly grain is held of greatest price?
> No manchet can so well the courtly palate please,
> As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fertile leaze,
> Their finest of that kind, compared with my wheat,
> For whiteness of the bread doth look like common cheat.
> What barley is there found, whose fine and bearded ear,
> Makes stouter English ale, or stronger English beer?
> The oat, the bean, and pease, with me but pulses are;
> The coarse and browner rye, no more than fitch and tare.
> What seed doth any soil in England bring that I
> Beyond her most increase yet cannot multiply?

It is, Drayton tells us, Harrow Hill that maketh Perivale a vale, though with the license of a poet he shows us Perivale, pranked with her wreaths of wheat upon the neighbouring hill! The old grain-bearing vale is mostly now given over to grass. For most people Perivale means little beyond the small church, with square wooden tower, which has the distinction



Perivale.

of being one of the smallest in the country, as assuredly it is the ecclesiastical centre of one of the smallest of parishes. The church, with a list of rectors going back to the respectable antiquity of 1320, is supposed to date from 1155, and to have a portion of the original structure in the arched doorway in the vestry, conjecturally the original entrance. The

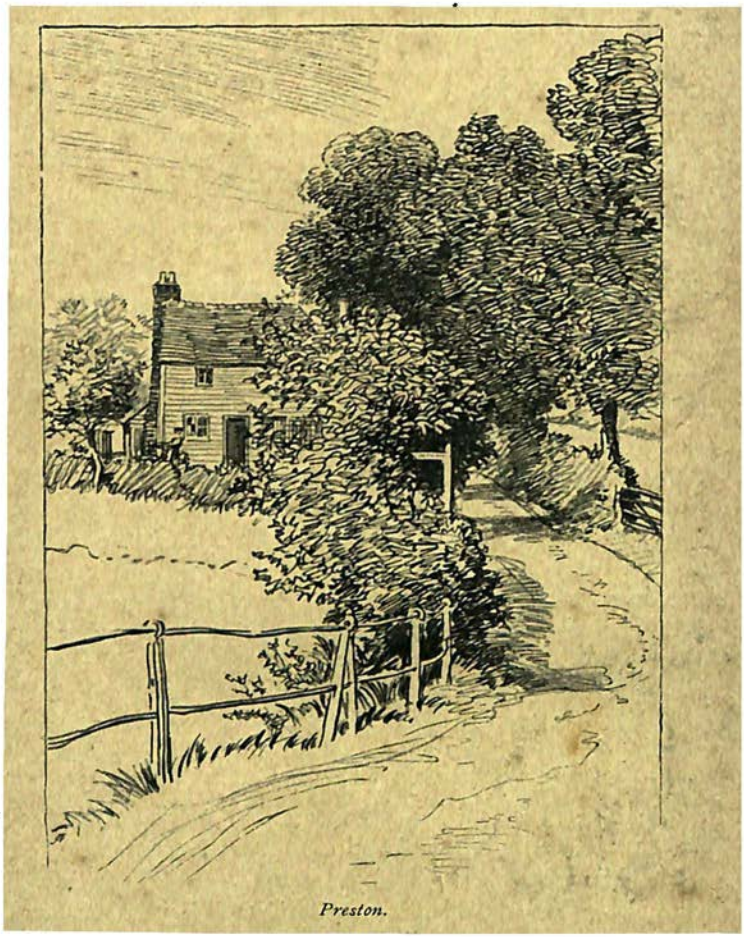
window on the south side of the chancel is described as a thirteenth-century lepers' window. The points of curious interest include a brass (1500) to a man and his wife and their fifteen children. In the small churchyard are the graves of some minor celebrities, including that of Admiral Sir Richard Collinson, who spent three years in the Arctic regions as commander of one of the expeditions sent out in search of Sir John Franklin. A flat tomb, distorted by growing trees, is pointed out as "the maiden-tomb," but does not appear to have any story attached to it as such a nickname would suggest.

From Perivale the road takes us parallel with—but a little distance from—the winding Brent, which it crosses again as we approach Twyford Abbey, another small parish with a small, long-neglected church attached to the manor. As we cross the stream here a staring new railway viaduct cuts through the scene towards the Abbey. Great elms are being felled along the road leading to Hanger Hill, but the turning to the left to Twyford Abbey takes us through a long grove of tall trees, past the new railway station. Despite its name there is some doubt as to whether an Abbey ever really existed here. The present house, built about a century ago, is without any especial interest, and is now the convalescent home of a Roman Catholic brotherhood. Twyford was selected to be the permanent show ground for the Royal Agricultural Ground under the fanciful name of Park Royal. The venture was not, however, a success, and the permanency but transitory, and in 1905 the scheme was abandoned, and the site will probably come to be that of a new residential suburb. From Twyford roads to the east and south will soon bring us into the suburban districts of Willesden, Acton and Ealing.

The course of the Brent may be followed very closely by road or footpath from Twyford to Brentford, the highest to the lowest of its "fords," but for the four or five miles of its north-easterly windings down from the great

Brent, Kingsbury, or "Welsh Harp" reservoir, we are compelled to be contented with glimpses from the roads which cross it, or from one or two footpaths, such as that from Alperton to Willesden, which pass over more or less at right angles. It is a pleasant bit of the valley of which we get glimpses, with its low-lying green fields, and its scattered elms and other trees, forming thick woodland in the landscape where the stream passes near Wembley, through the tortuous lanes about which we make for the delightful little hamlet of Preston, a couple of miles or so to the east of Harrow-on-the-Hill, with which it is indissolubly connected, for it was here lived that John Lyon who laid the foundations on which the great public school has been raised. The road that goes north to Preston from the cross-ways near Wembley Park is an unfrequented one, from which we get memorable views of Harrow Church, especially when it and the trees of the hill are silhouetted in spring mist against a sky in which the sun is nearing its setting. Lyon's house still remains, or some portion of it, but greatly altered. At the farmhouse of Uxendon (Woxindon of old), a little to the south-east of Preston, the principal person engaged in the Babington conspiracy was arrested. This was Anthony Babington, who sought to restore Catholicism by doing away with Queen Elizabeth, and putting Mary of Scotland on the throne. The plot leaked out, as plots will, and Babington and his associates had to seek safety in flight and disguise. Shaven, and with faces stained with walnut juice, they wandered about, and at length sought refuge at the lonely house here, the occupants of which had recently become Roman Catholics. Babington was discovered, arrested, and carried off to London to a trial for treason, and the barbaric death then meted out to traitors. The farm, now a school for shooting, is sufficiently retired to-day, standing as it does a quarter of a mile off the road, and over two centuries ago it may well have seemed sufficiently lonely to be ignored; but the pursuit was rigorous and all manner of houses were

searched with great care, that belonging to a family of converts was therefore little likely long to be passed over.



Preston.

This country immediately to the east and north-east of Harrow is another district in which the follower of footpaths

is particularly well favoured: possibly in some instances the right-of-way has been established by successive generations of schoolboys. One of these paths, starting near the school, may be followed to Preston, whence another goes by Woodcock Hill to Kenton, while from there yet another will take us across the fields to Edgware—a delightfully rural walk of about five miles, nearly the whole of it by footpath, and entirely within a nine-mile radius of the Marble Arch. These footpaths are generally short cuts from place to place, in protest, as it were, against the curious curves and angles made by twisting roads. And some of the roads about here turn and twist in an almost unaccountable fashion. I say almost, for some time ago I cut from a newspaper some amusing verses which the pedestrian will find it well to remember when impatient to reach the end of his journey, made difficult by the divagations of the way. The lines appear to be of Transatlantic origin, but I do not know who wrote them:

One day, through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should,
But made a trail, all bent askew.
A crooked trail, as all calves do:
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead;
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always go;
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged, and turned, and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path.

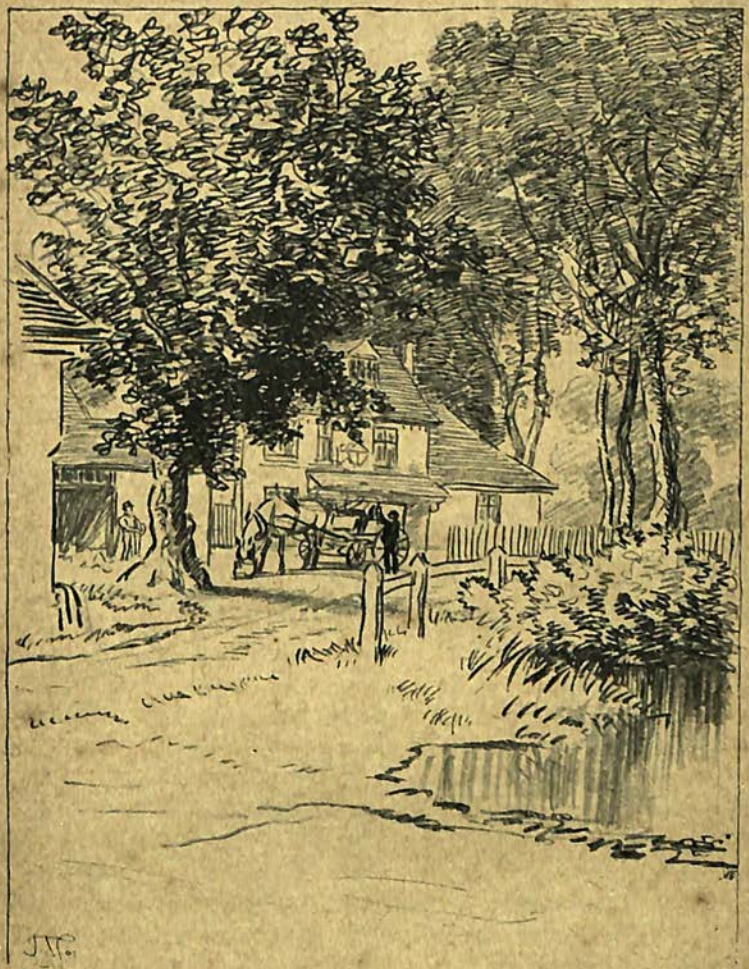
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,
And through that winding wood-way stalked,
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
And bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun
And travelled some three miles in one;
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet;
The road became a village street;
And this (before men were aware)
A city's crowded thoroughfare;
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis,
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about.
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

The footpath from Preston to Kenton brings us to another attractive little Harrow hamlet, a rustic place set amid many trees, with the grounds of large residences, a few old cottages and a picturesque little inn, near which another field-path runs to a wonderful grassy lane and so to Stanmore.

Though Harrow for most people means Harrow-on-the-Hill, there are northward extensions of it, the new suburb of Wealdstone and Harrow Weald, all of them being more or less closely linked up by residences, for the district is crossed by four lines of railway within a distance, as the bird flies, of but four miles, and railway facilities soon have their



At Kenton.

effect in forcing the growth of the outer suburbs. The name of Harrow Weald recalls the time when the broad, more or less level, tract to the north of Harrow Hill, stretching to Stanmore, was all woodland. The country is still well timbered—especially about Stanmore, but the first vigorous attack on the Weald seems to have been made in 1623, when Lord North, then owner of the manor, proposed to cut down the "Weild Wood," and his tenants and others possessed of commoners' rights protested. They could not come to an agreement as to their respective rights, and therefore three Justices of the Peace were nominated to deal with the matter, which they presumably did. Forty years later two men, probably commoners, sought to do a little wood-cutting for themselves, and were duly tried at the Sessions for trespassing and each cutting wood valued at 6/8. Sentenced to pay this amount they refused, strong, let us hope, in the belief in their right, rather than from obstinacy, and on so refusing it was ordered that they be tied to the parish whipping-post, "strip'd naked from the middle of the body upwards, and there openly be whip'd until their bodyes be bloudy."

From many vantage points, notably towards Pinner, we get fresh and delightful views of the "lofty spire" to which Byron's memory turned. Pinner again, with its two railway stations, is expanding into a new villadom, but around it still is much of rural attractiveness in open fields and tree-shaded lanes, while its wide village street, rising gently to the flint and stone church, with its old-fashioned shops and irregular houses, its picturesque Queen Anne inn (1705), has about it an air of old-world comfort and prosperity. Long before its development as one of the outer residential suburbs, the district was noted for the comfortable houses in which, at various times, men of note lived. At Pinner Place, long his residence, died Governor Holwell, one of the few survivors of the indescribable horrors of the Black Hole

of Calcutta, and historian of that awful tragedy; while at Pinner Wood Lord Lytton wrote his tragic romance of *Eugene Aram*.

Pinner, though granted a weekly market and two fairs by Edward the Third, was long only a hamlet of Harrow.[1] The cruciform church, dating from 1321, with its fine embattled tower, topped by a turret and a tall lead-cased cross, is a large, interesting structure. The monuments have no special interest, but the epitaph on a minister, John Day, who died in 1622, is quaint:

> This pourtraiture presents him to thy sight
> Who was a burning and a shining light;
> But now consumed to ashes, here he lies,
> Who spent himself to lighten other eyes.
> His land to the church, his name with men remains,
> The earth his corpse, but heaven his soul contains.

Also buried here is one of the least well-remembered—except to be laughed at—of our Poets Laureate, that Henry James Pye ("eminently respectable in everything but his poetry"), who succeeded Thomas Warton, and preceded Robert Southey, in the position of "official" head of the poets. Pye was one of the worst of the poetasters to whom the laurel was given, but the office of Laureate may be said to have fallen into contempt until it was redeemed by the fine succession of Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. Of Pye's work as poet and dramatist nothing "lives," he is only recalled in satire and anecdote, and by the fact that he seems to have been left out of early editions of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* as beneath Byron's notice, though later the satirist added:

> Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye.

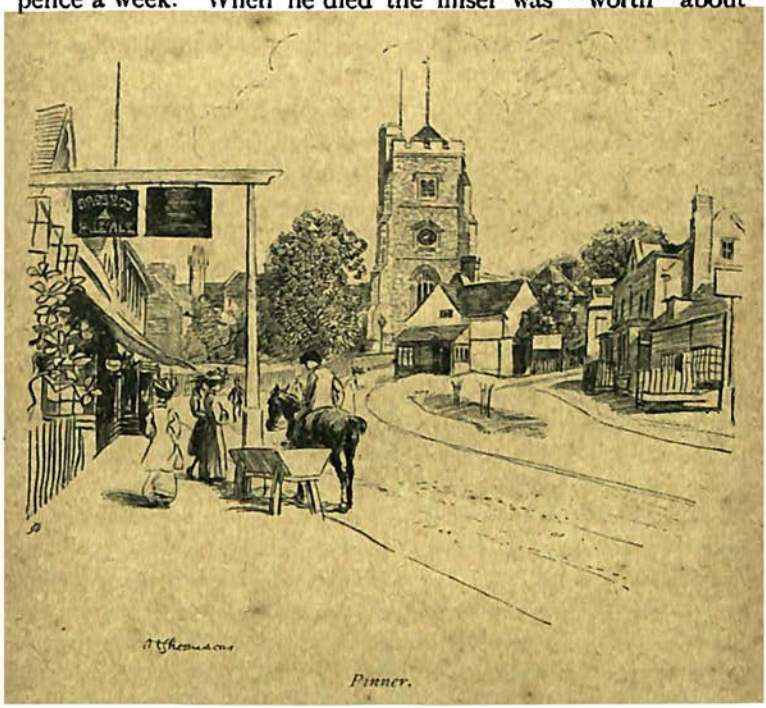
and in *The Vision of Judgment* says the cruellest thing against Southey by dubbing him "Pye come again." When Pye was made Laureate he dutifully offered George the Third each year a birthday ode, and in the first of these had so many references

to feathered choirs and vocal groves. that a wit, on hearing it, broke out with—

> And when the *pie* was opened,
> The birds began to sing;
> And wasn't that a dainty dish
> To set before a King?

In Pinner churchyard is buried probably one of the oldest men of whom our parish registers have record, "William Skenelsby, aged 118, buried Nov. 10, 1775"; this worthy, at the age of 112, calculated his age by the length of his service with various masters, and if his memory did not err, and he is said to have "retained his intellects . . . . . till a short time before his death," he is one of the most notable instances of longevity recorded. If Skenelsby is a remarkable man who died at Pinner, a man no less remarkable, though in a different way, was Daniel Dancer, who lived at Pinner, apparently, for the whole of his eighty years, and died in 1794. He is remembered as being the third generation of a family of misers, for his grandfather and father, says the *Dictionary of National Biography*, are only less known to fame because they accumulated less wealth. At the age of twenty, Daniel inherited the paternal estate of about eighty acres of rich meadows, and a farm named Waldos. With a sister, who shared the family eccentricity, as housekeeper, he set about living a "simple" life almost as rigorous as that of the strange vegetarian of Ruislip. His land he allowed to lie fallow, to save any expense of cultivation, and he and his congenial companion lived in close retirement, and with extreme parsimony, having once a day a scanty meal, consisting of a little baked meat and a hard-boiled dumpling, enough to last the week being prepared each Saturday. His clothing, we are further told, consisted for the most part "of hay bands, which were swathed round his feet for boots, and round his body for a coat." Once a year, however—at what cost to his miserly instinct!—he indulged in the luxury of a new shirt, and it is

recorded that, imagining himself to have been cheated of threepence over the purchase of one of these, he brought a lawsuit against the suspected tradesman, and lost! On his sister's death, Dancer found a congenial companion in a man of like tastes, who was willing to be his servant for eighteen pence a week. When he died the miser was "worth" about



Pinner.

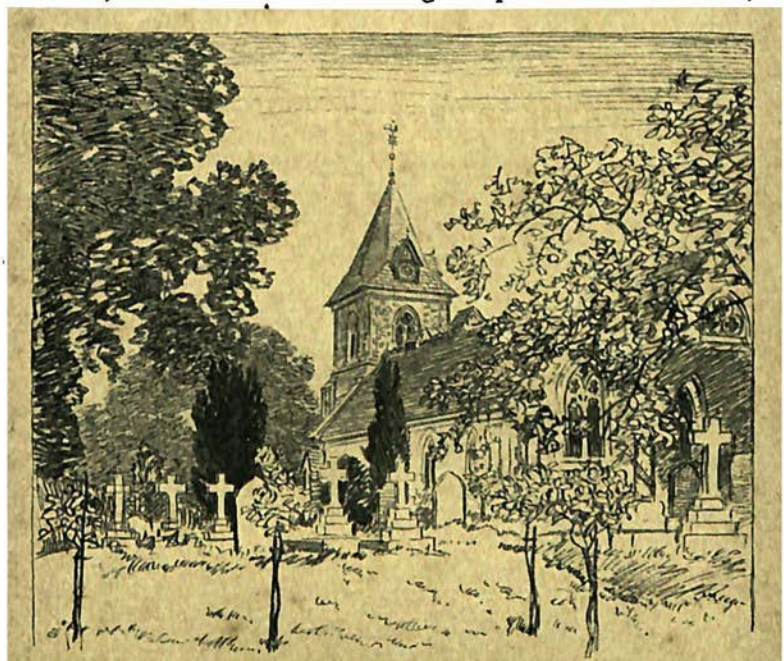
£3,000 a year, but the lady to whom he left his all, a Lady Tempest, who tended him during his last illness, caught a cold at his deathbed, and died shortly after!

Pinner is an admirable centre for country walks. To the north-west is Northwood, another of the developing "centres" in which those who like to live away from, yet within easy reach of, London are establishing new villadoms, with the woodlands

and parks of the Hertfordshire border just beyond; to the west is the well-wooded tract about the great reservoir, while to the south-west Ruislip is within easy reach, by a delightful walk through Eastcote; to the east is the old farmhouse of Headstone, or Heggeston, a moated place, in olden times the occasional residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Matthew Paris says that Becket, returning from abroad, was here for a while before he went to martyrdom at Canterbury, and it was after staying here that he excommunicated the rector and vicar of Harrow, both of whom had sided with the Monarch against the Churchman in the fatal quarrel. "He therefore spent some days at his manor of Harwes, seven miles from the monastery of St. Albans, and kept the festival there; and the man of God showed no signs of trouble. The Abbot of St. Albans supplied him with abundance of provisions; and the Archbishop, in returning him thanks, civilly said, "I accept his *present*, but would rather have his *presence*," only to be told that the attentive Abbot was at the door. The Headstone manor house, possibly that of Harrow originally, became a farm in the middle of the fifteenth century, and has remained such ever since. Though the building is diminished in size, and much altered externally, within are some old features, including a fireback (dated 1596) with the arms of Philip the Second of Spain, in a fine old panelled room with mullioned windows. The old place, with its timber farm buildings, its quaintly situated house with shrub-shaded surrounding moat, is well worth visiting, being within easy reach of Harrow or Pinner, from the latter by a direct footpath, from the former by new roads of villas. The footpath goes right through the farmyard, and gives beautiful glimpses of the moat, and the trees amid which the farmstead is placed.

The Hertfordshire border, trending away to the north-east, is but about a mile and a half away from Pinner at its nearest point. Immediately north—near Pinner Green—is the first

portion of Grimes Dike, "a curious but obscure vestige of some very remote age." From a little further east, cut through by roads and by the North-Western Railway, the Dike may be followed for about a couple of miles in a north-easterly direction to the lovely Harrow Weald Common, near the county border, and close to one of the highest points in this district,



Northwood Church.

475 feet. (The Harrow place-names, it may be noted, range over a fairly straight four-mile line, drawn from South Harrow to the Common.) This point, in the midst of a fine wooded piece of country, is known as the Kilns, from the brick-kilns, and it used to be said that it formed a landmark to seamen approaching England from the German Ocean! The common,

backed by the trees of Bentley, is a beautiful stretch, looking across into well-wooded Hertfordshire. Here I have heard day-singing nightingales in June. Eastwards, when we have followed the road to where the thinner trees allow, we look over the noble park of Bentley Priory, to a point a little higher than that on which we stand. Bentley Priory, which has long been one of the most celebrated seats of Middlesex, is a substantial-looking mansion, in an undulating park, with a magnificent view southwards. Now, alas! the estate of about eight hundred acres is to be "auctioneered away" for building purposes. According to the records, there was of old a priory here, but little is known of it. Lysons vaguely says, "Tanner merely mentions its existence, and speaks of its unfortunate end in the year 1251; but he has mistaken the fact, for it was a prior of this house who met with an untimely fate by being suffocated under a mow of corn." The priory appears to have been one of the smaller monasteries suppressed early in the reign of Henry the Eighth, for in 1543 Cranmer gave the King "the late priory of Bentley" and other properties. In the succeeding centuries the property changed hands many times, until, in 1788, it was bought by the Marquis of Abercorn, who added to the house, and made of it a large mansion. Then, little more than sixty years later, it was sold again, but while in possession of the Abercorn family it was visited by a large number of notable people. Here George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, came with the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia to meet the French King, Louis the Eighteenth, on his way to his restored throne. Later the place became a royal residence, for it was rented by Queen Adelaide shortly after William the Fourth's death, and here she died on December 2, 1849. Two or three years later the property changed hands, the fresh owner being a railway engineer who had profited by the new boom, and who was able still further to enlarge the mansion, to add grand conservatories, and to improve the celebrated gardens.

At the cross roads north of Bentley Priory we are close to the county division, with Bushey Heath just over the border. Turning to the right, along the eastern part of the park, we attain the top of the hill (480 feet above sea-level), and that part of the village above Stanmore church, which we reach from this point by a very rapid descent. The village is fortunately situated in a bit of country still rich in woodland, and besides the neighbouring seats, with their broad parks, has a number of larger villas and other substantial residences. The road that leads from the upper part of Stanmore to Brockley Hill, joining the old Watling Street where that ancient highway has a sudden kink in its remarkable straightness, a mile or so before it straightens itself again at Elstree, fairly marks a ridge which is said to have been successively the site of one of the chief stations of a British tribe, and the Roman station Sulloniacæ. Possibly Grimes Dike had something to do with the defending of this station on the west. The association of the district with the Romans is proved by the recovery of many relics. In 1781 some labourers digging near Bentley Priory, on the boundary of the park, found about fifty gold coins, two gold rings, a golden bracelet, and other things, all Roman, and other antiquities have been found, to which fact we no doubt owe the saying,

> No heart can think, nor tongue can tell
> What lies between Brockley Hill and Perivale.[1]

It may be guessed that the earth hides yet more antiquities than accident or exploration have revealed. When the theory was much discussed as to Sulloniacæ having been situated here, an enthusiastic Mr. Sharpe, who lived in the neighbourhood—secretary to "the princely Chandos"—had a brick obelisk erected, faced with stone, and on each side an

[1] Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill collection included drawings of two antique bronzes, the one a small lion, the other a head of Apollo, found in this neighbourhood.

inscription. The inscribed stones have gone, but the bricks are alive at this day to testify. From near the obelisk we have a fine view across to the Aldenham Reservoir, and a choice of diverging footpaths, the right-hand one taking us to Elstree, by tree-fringed pastures, the left more rapidly to the Herts border. Lysons has preserved the four inscriptions which set forth how this was the headquarters of the tribe under Cassivelaunus.

Circiter hæc loca stetit olim oppidum naturâ atque operâm unitum Suellanorum, qui Duce Cassivelano Romanorum terga viderunt. Qualis et quanti nominis fuit ille Britannorum imperator cui summa imperii bellique administrando communi consilio permissa erant, Cæsar in commentariis sui æternæ memoriæ tradidit. Ab antiquo nomine Burgo non multo abludit hodiernum Brockley cujus loci editioris situm latus hoc orientale prospicit.

Antiquam sedem, Cassiorum nunc Cassibûriam facies hæc occidentalis spectat.

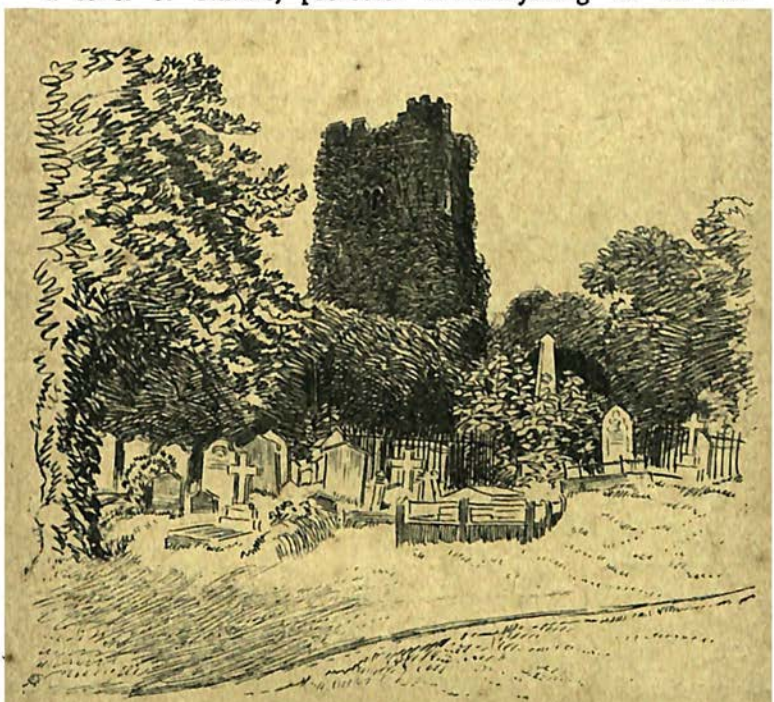
Sylva de Burgo vel arce Cassivelani, Borgham dicta, a plagâ Septentrionale sita est.

Obeliscus hic mediam ostendit viam inter Londinum olim Trinovantum et Verulamium hodie Sti. Albani Vicum, præcipuam Cassiorum Sedem.

This obelisk, then, marked the halfway between London and St. Albans; so much of its inscription may be accepted without cavil; but as to the associations of Cassivelaunus with the spot, it can only be said that they are not proven. Place-names that used to associate the tradition with the neighbourhood included "Cæsar's Pond" for the larger sheet of water some way north of the obelisk, and "Cæsar's Fort" for an ancient barrow on the common. It is not unlikely that these names were fixed on them by the antiquarian researchers of the eighteenth century, and promptly adopted by the local folk. It is much more likely than that Cæsar's name should have passed uncorrupted through the many centuries that have elapsed since the Roman occupation.

Stanmore Common with its "green winding walks and shady pathways sweet," its grand cricket green, its stretch of densely grown birch, oak, and other trees and shrubs is a fascinating

bit of wildwood in which to wander. Immediately east of it, well away from the Watford road, is the Grove, for over thirty years the residence of Eliza Brightwen, the author of *Wild Nature Won by Kindness*. It was here that Mrs. Brightwen, "a lover of Nature, protector of . everything in fur and



The Old Church at Stanmore.

feathers," carried on the observations which she finally embodied in a series of unaffectedly simple and delightful books about "wild nature." To readers who love such books, the Grove is likely to be a shrine scarcely less honoured than Selborne; certainly the student of birds and beasts, insects

and flowers could not have had a more beautiful position in which to carry on her studies.

Stanmore Church stands by the shady cross roads at the foot of the hill, and is a new edifice erected little more than half a century ago. The creeper-clad, disused church, close-neighboured by the new, has become a beautiful old ruin, and is interesting as having been consecrated by Archbishop Laud in July, 1632; some of its monuments (including that of Sir John Wolstenholme, the founder) have been moved to the modern building. A yet older church used to stand nearer where the railway station now is, but of it all that remains is a single gravestone to the memory of "Baptist Willoughby, gent. 50 years incumbent of the Parish" —a worthy who must surely have had some of the qualities of the famous Vicar of Bray, to enable him to retain his position through such changes, political and ecclesiastical, as marked the half-century of his service. In the new church is buried the Earl of Aberdeen, one of the leading politicians of the Victorian era, Prime Minister at the time that England "drifted into the Crimean War." In the churchyard was buried, nearly two centuries earlier, Charles Hart, a tragic actor known as "the Roscius of his age." "Among the characters in which he particularly excelled were Othello, Brutus, and Alexander. Wherever he appeared in these and some other favourite parts, the house was crowded, as at the first representation of a new piece." Hart was not only a distinguished actor, but he was a grandnephew of Shakespeare, and it seems a pity that there is no monument or inscription pointing out that he was a resident of Stanmore, and that he is buried in Stanmore Churchyard.

Here also is buried Eliza Brightwen, who died little more than two years ago.

CHAPTER IX

EDGWARE, HENDON AND THE HERTS BORDER

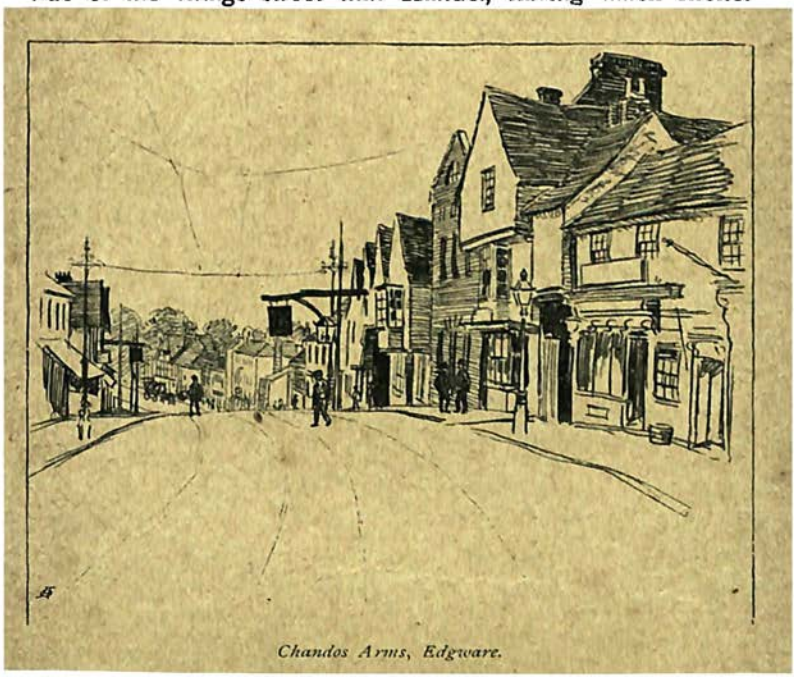
Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landskip into smoke decays.—*Thomson.*

THE long, straight road which runs north-westerly from the Marble Arch—part of the great Watling Street of the Romans—is known now by many names along its different parts: at its London end, however, it is Edgware Road, from the fact that, after leaving the suburban villages of a few years ago—the suburban districts of to-day—the village of Edgware, between eight and nine miles away, was the first considerable place that was reached. Now, with electric tramcars running for some miles along the old way of the Roman legions, Edgware itself is within measurable distance of being, is perhaps already, reckoned as part of suburbia. Though here, as elsewhere in our county, the coming of the trams has meant at some points the widening of the road, the pulling down of houses, or the slicing off of picturesque old fronts to be replaced by ugly substitutions, yet the loss in one respect has been a gain in another; and much of the old-world Edgware is yet to be seen in the gabled houses and small-windowed shops, especially in the old inn, the Chandos Arms, in the garret of which is an ornate carved fireplace, brought hither from the dismantled mansion of Canons. The coming of the tramcars

may have tended to the sophistication of an old-world village, but it has made the country around that village newly accessible to many people. Both highways and byways have much to offer in the near neighbourhood—to the immediate north the old Watling Street, rising over two hundred feet in a couple of miles, takes us to Brockley Hill, of many memories, which we glanced at in the preceding chapter, while within easy reach by quiet lanes or footpaths we may go to Kenton, and Harrow, or Stanmore to the west, or Hale, Mill Hill and Hertfordshire Totteridge to the east. From the slope of Brockley Hill is to be had a grand far extending view to the south and west. On the road across the summit is a fine avenue of limes, with on one side beyond the trees a sheltered footway, suggesting that when our roads are remoulded nearer to the motorist's desire this plan might be followed for the preservation of pedestrians.

Edgware is said to be a corruption of Edgworth—it is Edgworth on Blome's map, 1672—"signifying a fruitful place upon the edge, or outer part of the Shire" (that same Richard Blome makes the county boundary south of Brockley Hill), but in the oldest records it is remarked that it appears as Eggeswere, and that name continued to be used down to Tudor Times. The village, curiously, belongs to two parishes, for, properly speaking, Edgware is all to the east of the main road, the houses on the left being part of the parish of Stanmore Parva, or Whitchurch. Edgware seems to be a comparatively modern place, for no mention is made of it in the Domesday record, but we learn that at the close of the twelfth century the manor belonged to the Countess of Salisbury, wife of William Longsword, and that she "granted it to her son Nicholas and his espoused wife, to be held of her by the render of a sparrow-hawk." Other tenures recorded in the parish are of a hundred acres, the tenant of which had to render his lord a pair of gilt spurs, and of fifty acres held at the rent of a pound of cummin, a plant similar to the fennel, the seeds of which were used of old for

flavouring, as we use carraways to-day. Blackstone mentions that it was usual for the lord of the manor of Edgware to provide a piper or minstrel for the amusement of the tenants while employed in his service. Perhaps to this fact we may owe the *Harmonious Blacksmith*, for it was at a smithy on the west side of the village street that Handel, having taken shelter

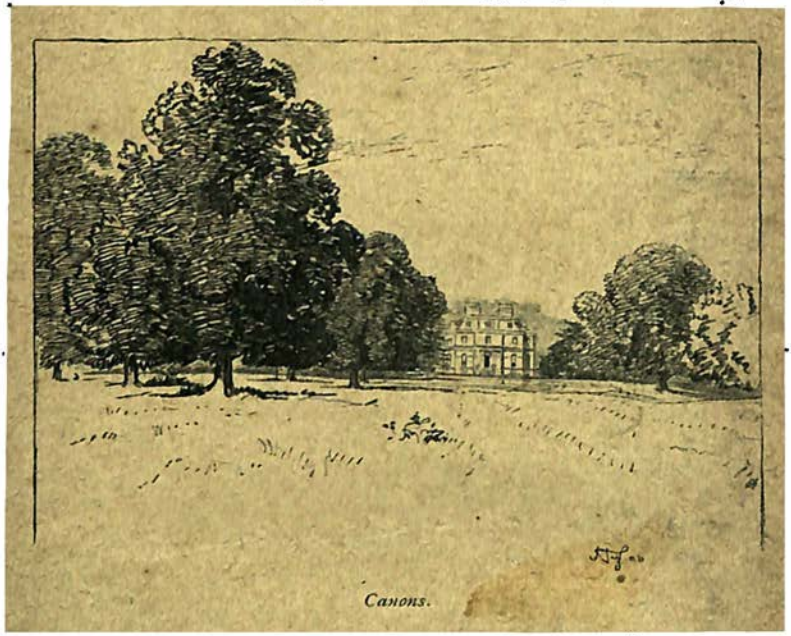


Chandos Arms, Edgware.

from a shower, heard William Powell, the blacksmith, whose performance inspired the famous composition.

In the fifteenth century the manor was sold to Archbishop Chichele and others, as trustees for All Souls' College, Oxford, then newly founded by Chichele, and to that college it still belongs. Edgware Bois—or Boys, the same corruption is to be found in Buckinghamshire—a smaller manor in the parish,

used to be attached to the priory of St. John of Jerusalem, after which it passed through many owners. The parish church, close to the main street on the way to the railway station, has no special interest. But it may be recalled that a vicar here in the eighteenth century was Francis Coventry, the author of *Pompey the Little, or the Adventures of a Lapdog*, a satirical romance which, published in 1751, rapidly ran through



Canons.

several editions, won from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu the commendation that it was preferable to *Peregrine Pickle*—and became forgotten. Coventry was buried in the neighbouring church of Whitchurch in 1754. This brick and stone substantial church stands less than half a mile west of the village, at the southern end of Canons Park. Though the magnificent mansion which "the Princely Chandos" built, and in which

he held his state, has long since gone, the park may be said to be one of the "lions" of the Edgware neighbourhood, though it, too, like its neighbour Bentley Priory, is doomed. Already villas are beginning to fringe its miles of "frontage." The most beautiful part of the park land is at present devoted to golf. From near the church a slanting path takes us through much of Canons Park, to the neighbourhood of the village of Stanmore. The mansion built here by the first Duke of Chandos, about 1712, was designed by the leading architects of the day, and every detail carried out, as the saying is, regardless of expense, the princely one spending, it is said, a quarter of a million over the building and beautifying of his residence. Nearly a couple of hundred years have passed, and the great place no longer stands in its setting of parkland, but remains in Pope's satire as typical of the vanity of expense and the abuse of taste:

> At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
> Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
> So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
> Soft and Agreeable come never there.
> Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
> As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
> To compass this, his Building is a Town,
> His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
> Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
> A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
> Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
> The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.
> Two Cupids squirt before: a Lake behind
> Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
> His Gardens next your admiration call,
> On ev're side you look, behold the Wall!
> No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
> No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
> Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other.
> The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
> Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;

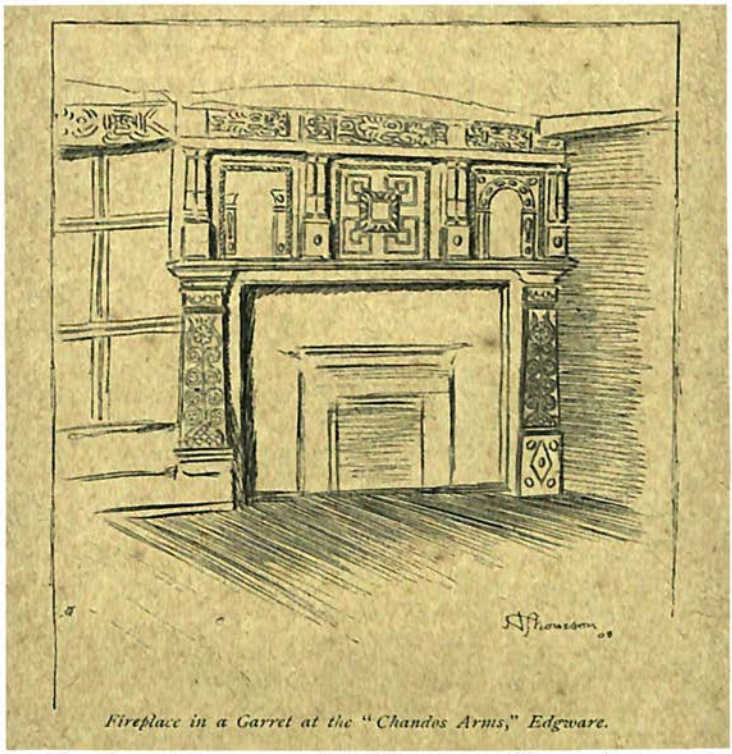
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And here a Summer-house, that knows no shade!
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.
My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've drag'd your thighs,
Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it stor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueïl has bound.
Lo some are Vellom, and the rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n.
On painted Cielings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

The satirist, who swore no day was ever passed so ill as that he spent at Timon's Villa, denied too, ingenuously, that Canons was the original he described, went on to prophesy that

Another age shall see the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

The forecast applied to Canons may not have been literally fulfilled, but thirteen years after the satire was written, in the

very year in which Pope died, died also the princely Chandos, and his heir, finding the villa too costly to maintain, sold it for its materials, and that which had cost nearly a quarter of a million demolished realised only about eleven thousand pounds. Of the things scattered it is recorded the

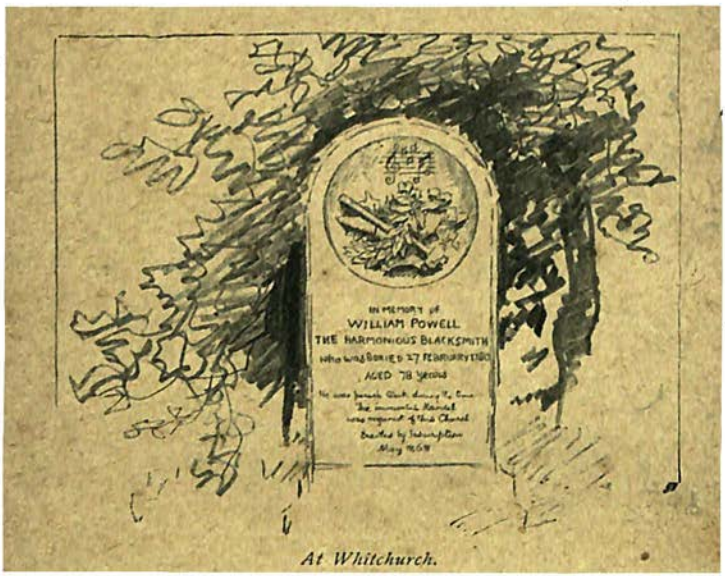


Fireplace in a Garret at the "Chandos Arms," Edgware.

grand staircase was removed to Chesterfield House, in Mayfair, and, to use the words of the late Sir Leslie Stephen, "the statue of George the First helped till 1873 to make Leicester Square hideous," except for the interval from 1851 to 1866, during which it is said to have been buried! A handsome fireplace was removed to the Chandos Arms in Edgware, where

it may be seen to this day, and the garden railings to New College, Oxford.

Chandos was buried—a hideous monument commemorates the fact—in the church which he had built at the southern end of the Park. Of this church Handel, who was director of music at Canons, was for three years chapel master, and the organ on which he played is still—restored and enlarged—to be seen and heard there. While here Handel composed his



At Whitchurch.

oratorio of *Esther*—indeed he is said to have composed it for the re-opening of this church after its rebuilding—his *Acis and Galatea*, a series of twelve grand anthems, and two *Te Deums*, to say nothing of that *Harmonious Blacksmith* inspired by the strokes of William Powell on his anvil in the main street of Edgware. Powell is buried here at Whitchurch, and a tombstone to his memory was erected by music lovers about forty years ago. It was perhaps with one of the grand

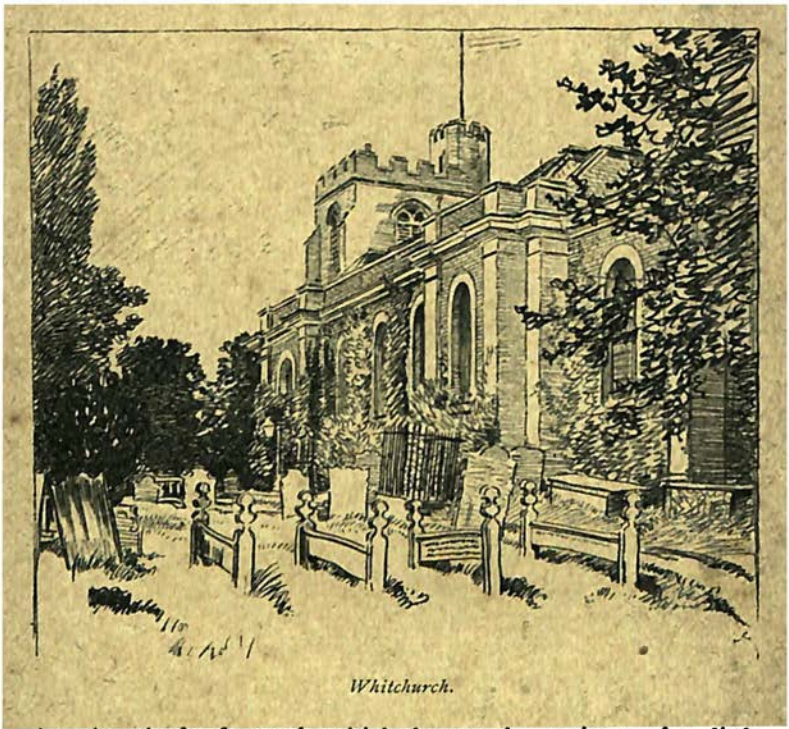
anthems in mind, performed when Chandos attended the church in state with his eight Chelsea pensioners in waiting, like a German princelet, that a pompous poetling, in lines on Canons, wrote :

> Hark, hark ! what wondrous melody is this ?
> See, see, what radiant scenes of opening bliss !
> All Heaven descends, a thousand seraphs come,
> And with a burst of glory fill the room.

Out of a portion of the old materials a new and more modest residence was erected on a knoll in the Canons Park, and this some years later became the property of Dennis O'Kelly, one of the most romantic figures connected with the English Turf. Brother of a cobbler in Ireland, he came to England as a chair-man, and soon, thanks to a liaison with a lady of high position, found himself on the ladder of social advancement. His most important step was the purchase of a share in Eclipse, an untried racehorse, in whom the knowing Irishman must have had great faith, seeing that he paid 650 guineas for his share (and afterwards a further 1,100 guineas to complete the purchase). Eclipse's first race was at Winchester, and was the occasion of his owner making a bet which has become a quotation familiar wherever English is spoken. In races run in heats it was the custom to drop a flag as the winner passed the post, and to ignore all competitors not within 240 yards. O'Kelly, betting on the race, declared he could place the horses, as it would be "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere!" When he died the ex-chair-man, who had come to be colonel of the Middlesex Militia, left Eclipse and other horses to his brother, that he might keep the racing stud going, and left the remainder of the property to a nephew, with a clause in the will by which his heir was to forfeit four hundred pounds for every wager that he made. Eclipse was buried in Canons Park, but what became of O'Kelly's scarcely less famous talking parrot does not seem to be recorded; this parrot is

said to have counted among its accomplishments the ability to whistle the 104th Psalm!

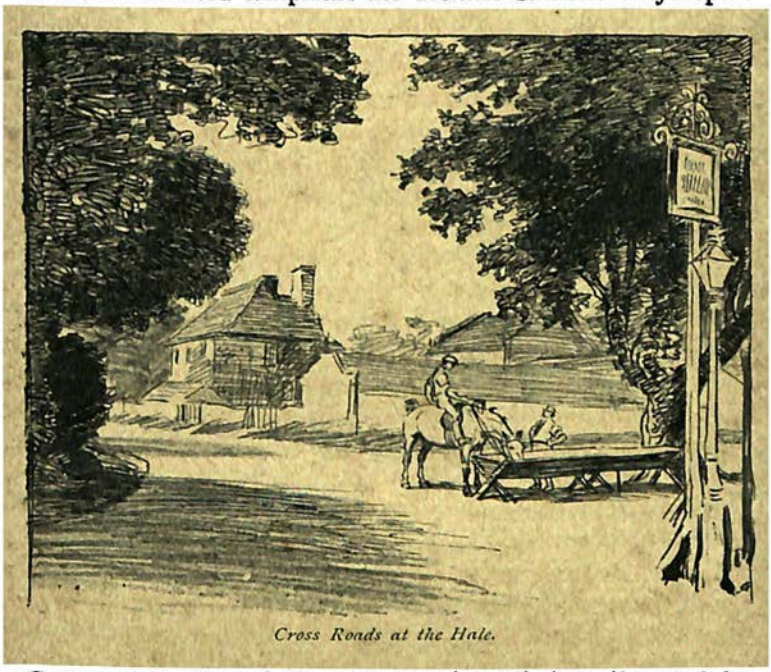
Returning from Whitchurch to the main street of Edgware, we may cross it and follow a winding way to Mill Hill, with inviting lanes turning off to the left. A better route is that



Whitchurch.

by the shady footpath which leaves the main road a little beyond the almshouses. At about a mile or so from Edgware, having crossed the Dean's Brook by a ford, we reach the hamlet of Hale, and so by Mill Hill Station (Midland Railway) come to the straggling village of Mill Hill itself, a growing place scattered along a broad highway and about several byroads. It is a delightful village of large institutions

and scattered "lumber" cottages and shops straggling along elevated ground, with many trees and pleasant grassy margined roads. From about it are to be had wide views across this part of Middlesex, to Harrow, and to the north to Totteridge, in pleasant Hertfordshire—for to the north and east of Mill Hill that county makes a curious dip into Middlesex. With its statue-surmounted campanile the Roman Catholic St. Joseph's

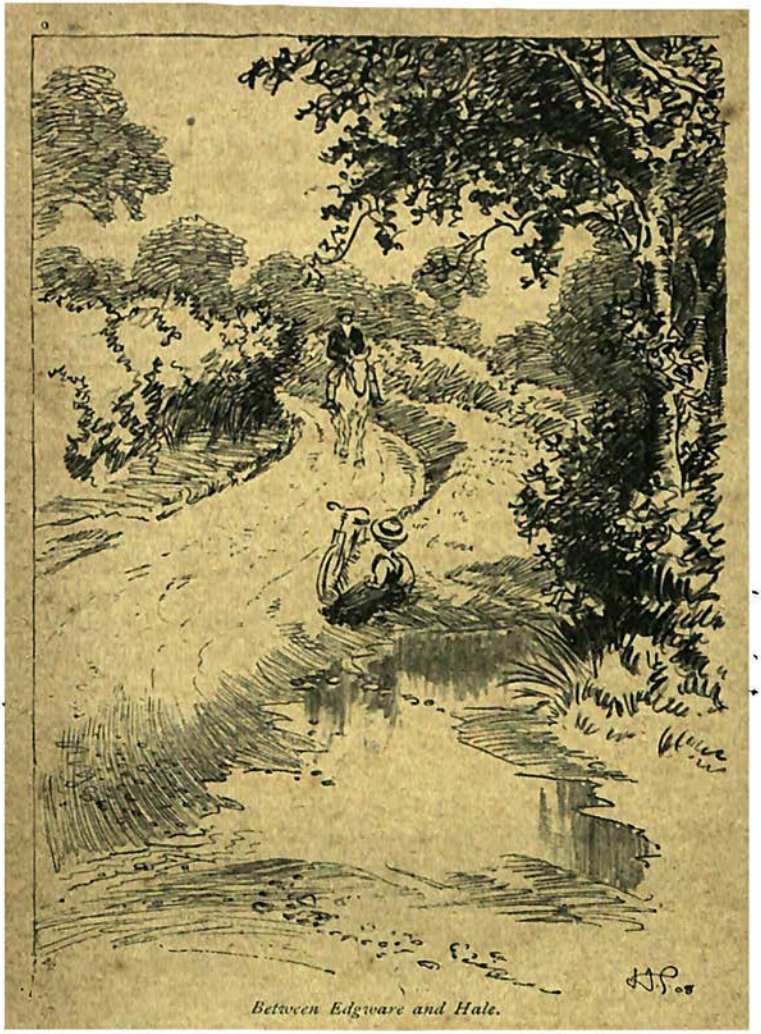


Cross Roads at the Hale.

College of the Sacred Heart for Foreign Missions (founded by Cardinal Vaughan) affords a notable landmark among trees on the western slope. This is but one of various Roman Catholic institutions in the immediate neighbourhood, for the pleasant village has come to be regarded as a notable school and convent centre—St. Vincent's Convent occupies the old brick mansion said to have been erected

by the second Charles for one of his charmers. Mill Hill School—founded a little over a century ago for Non-conformists in days of greater intolerance, when the public schools and universities were in effect closed to Dissenters—is interesting in that it occupies the site of Ridgeway House, the residence of a celebrated botanist, Peter Collinson, who formed here a fine botanical garden, was here visited by a more famous student of the vegetable world, Linnaeus, and is represented in our gardens by the Collinsonia.

Highwood Hill—to be reached also directly from Hale by taking the left turning as we reach it from Edgware—a little to the north-west of Mill Hill, from which it is divided by a sudden dip on one bank of which is a rambling old wooden inn, is a hamlet from which we get fine views, and about which the names of several celebrated residents may be recalled. Here lived, after her patriotic husband's execution, the devoted Lady Rachel Russell, and here Mrs. Mary Porter, one of the famous actresses of the eighteenth century—the vehemence of whose rage in tragedy Johnson never saw equalled—lived for many years. Mrs. Porter was in the habit of journeying home, after her performances at the theatre, alone in a one-horse chaise, with a book and a pair of pistols. That the pistols were necessary in those days of footpadding and highway robbing might well be imagined, and the time came (about 1730) when the tragedian had to threaten to use them. Stopped by a robber, she levelled her pistol at him, and cowed him into confessing that he was but an amateur at the game, being a man rendered desperate by affliction. Instead of firing her pistol, the tender-hearted actress gave him ten pounds. When starting to continue her homeward journey the horse bolted, the chaise was overthrown, and Mrs. Porter had her thigh dislocated, so that she was compelled to be absent from the stage for a couple of years, and subsequently always to walk with a stick. At Highwood House Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles lived the



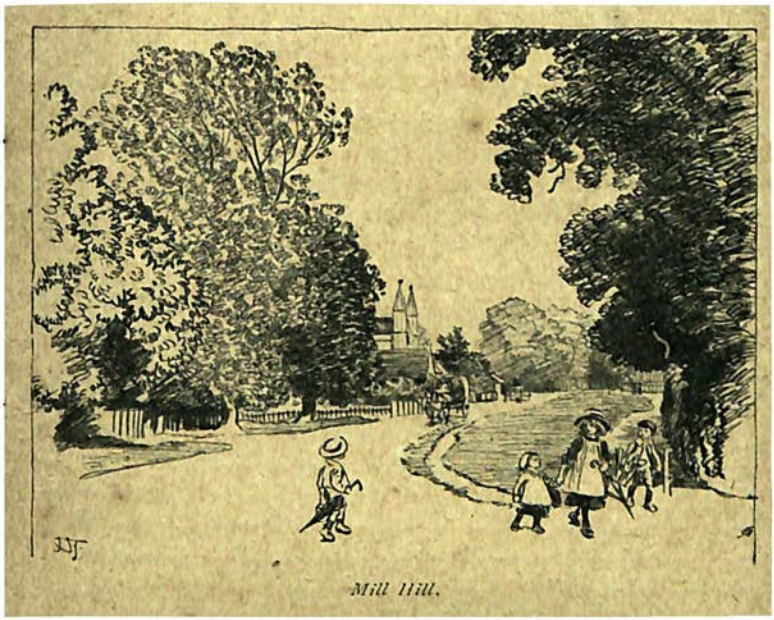
Between Edgware and Hale.

last year or two of his life. He had recently returned from the East, from the founding of Singapore, and the achieving of other notable work, saddened by the loss by fire on board ship of all

the notes, maps, and natural history and botanical specimens which he had collected for years. It was while here that he set about founding the Zoological Society, though he did not live to see the famous Gardens established. In June, 1826, he wrote, "Wilberforce takes possession to-morrow, so that we are to be next-door neighbours, and divide the hill between us." Within three weeks of welcoming so congenial a neighbour as William Wilberforce the philanthropist, Raffles died suddenly in the very prime of life. Wilberforce continued to live here for about five years, when a reverse of fortune necessitated his removal. Many and varied are the personal associations with this district, while just over the Herts border is beautiful Totteridge, where Cardinal Manning was born, and where Lord Lytton is said to have written part of his early work. After her husband's death Lady Raffles continued to reside here for some years, and Baron Bunsen, who lived for awhile at Totteridge Park, frequently visited her, as we learn from a letter in his wife's *Memoir*, in which he remarked upon the extent to which the neighbourhood of Highwood was full of those memorials of the honoured dead which served to enhance the natural beauty of the prospect, and drew attention to the chalybeate spring enclosed by the daughter of Rachel, Lady Russell, or by that devoted lady in her daughter's name.

At Moat Mount lived for some years Mr. Serjeant Cox, one of the last of the serjeants-at-law, who is remembered as founder of *The Law Times* and *The Exchange and Mart*, and who, if he did not found, certainly established, *The Field* and *The Queen*—a quadruple success in journalism that may be looked upon as remarkable. Here Serjeant Cox erected a replica of the Hall of Serjeants' Inn, removing to it the old panelling and coats-of-arms from the original building. A little beyond Moat Mount forking footpaths may be followed to the county boundary; the one to the right taking us to the neighbourhood of a windmill just over the border.

Following that Herts road through the village of Arkley we may reach Middlesex again, where it angles west of Barnet, in little more than a mile. Yet the boundary line between the two counties, embracing the patch of Hertfordshire thus nearly cut off, is over twelve miles long. The left of our footpaths takes us by high ground, over Woodcock Hill—one of the three hills so named in the county—with its half-mile tunnel by which



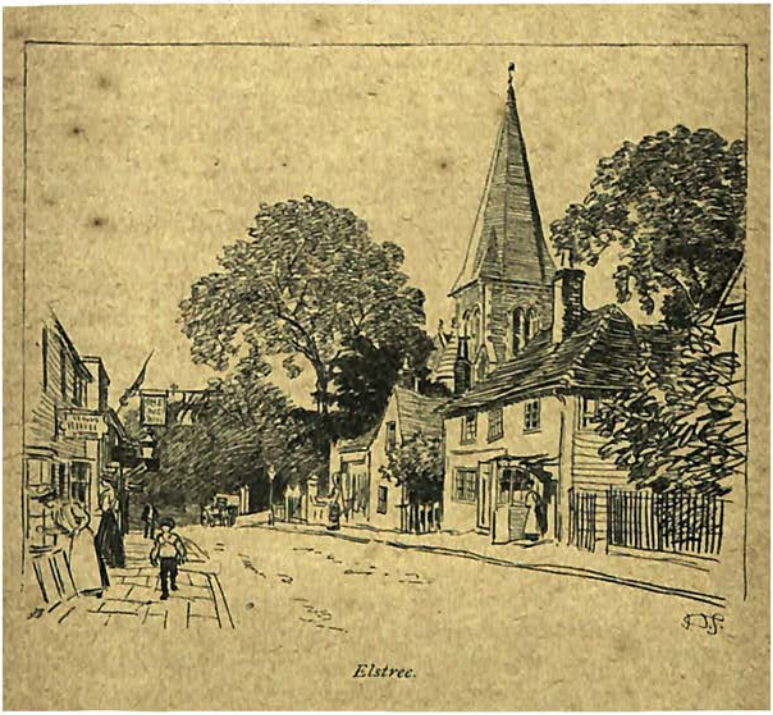
Mill Hill.

the Midland Railway approaches Elstree station, and along the by-road that here divides the counties, to Elstree, that charming village which has the distinction of standing in four parishes and two counties. Though credited to Hertfordshire Elstree is in part a Middlesex village, and from here and there about its well-wooded height we have good and extensive views south to Edgware and Harrow, north to St. Albans; especially beautiful is that through the elms to the left as we reach

the village. With a school playing field an animated scene in the foreground, the land slopes to gleaming waters amid trees, and beyond is "the dim blue goodness" of Hertfordshire's wooded slopes. A little to the west of Elstree—and also partly in our county—is the Elstree and Aldenham Reservoir, a fine sheet of water in rural surroundings, and one well known to metropolitan anglers. It is a favourite haunt of many aquatic birds.

Returning over Brockley Hill to Edgware, with the wooded country about Stanmore over the hay and pasture fields on our right, we may continue Londonwards to some more sophisticated places, though places that possess interesting associations if they have changed much within the past few years. "The Welsh 'Arp which is 'Endon wye" has been familiarised by a Cockney song of great popularity a few years ago. But the success of the song showed that the district was already a familiar resort for humble holidaymakers. The old village of Hendon is to the east of this transmogrified Watling Street, yet for many people it is West Hendon along here that is connoted by the name. A new suburb of rows of houses, and big new shops, marks the highway that crosses two arms of the great Brent, or Kingsbury reservoir, now generally known as the Welsh Harp. It is scarcely an attractive one, yet there are still green fields and big trees left between here and the parent village, though auctioneers' boards herald further change. The name of the Welsh Harp, which has come to be associated with the great reservoir, even with the district around, is of course that of an old inn, long the resort of beanfeasters, holidaymakers, and anglers. The Reservoir, which has all the appearance of a great natural lake, was made in 1838 to supply the locks of the Regent's Canal; it is formed on the course of the Brent, the north arm being fed by the Silk Stream, which comes in from the neighbourhood of Stanmore via Edgware, and the easterly arm by the little Brent stream, joining it from the Hampstead,

Highgate, and Finchley hills. Though the reservoir was only formed in 1838, five years later it had already attracted so many wading and other aquatic birds to the neighbourhood that a list of such visitors was published in one of the natural history journals. When in 1866 Mr. James E. Harting, a resident in the neighbourhood, published his *Birds of Middlesex*,



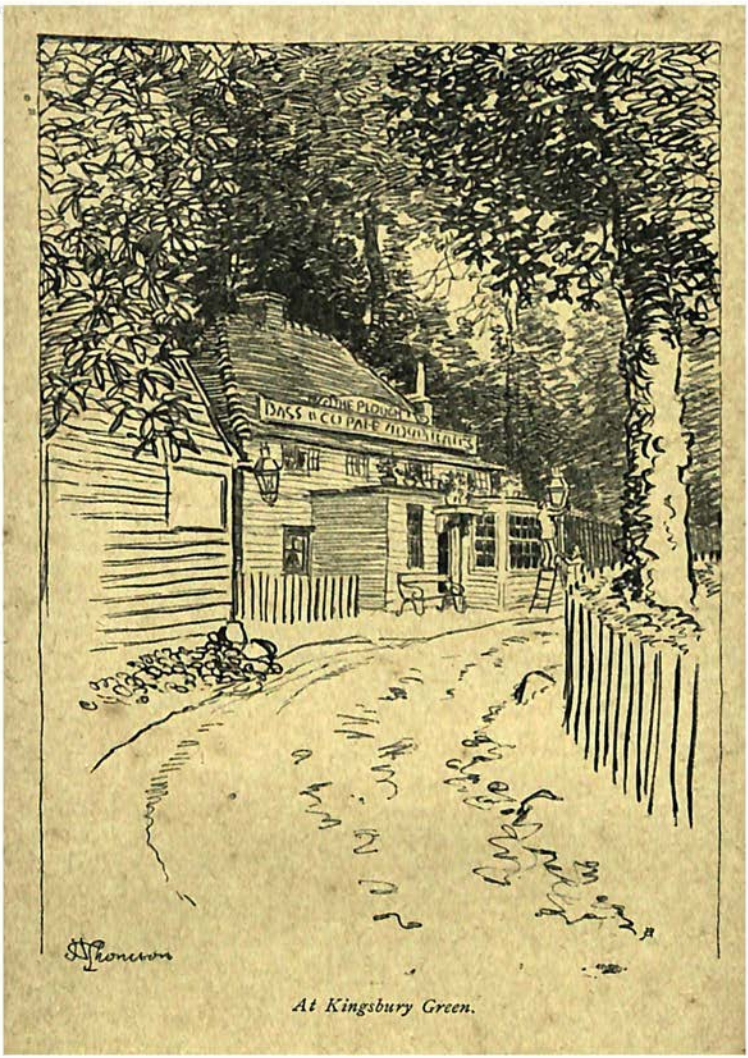
Elstree.

he was able to point out that of the 225 species that had been observed in Middlesex as a whole, 67 species of waders and wildfowl had been seen at the Kingsbury Reservoir. Since Harting wrote London has spread thiswards considerably, and it is to be feared that the rare visitants are rarer than they were, the shy occasional visitors yet more shy, since so much

building has gone on, and the electric cars have come to the highway within a mile of the most retired part of the lake.

Kingsbury, which gave its name to the reservoir, is a pleasant place. The old church near the western end of the reservoir now belongs to the parish of Neasden-cum-Kingsbury. Well away from either village, it stands on rising ground on a by-road, with a wide view over the "developing" country. It is a very old church, variously said to be built of Roman bricks and to have remains of Anglo-Saxon masons' work. In the church is a monument to one John Bul, who died in 1621; having been for some years Gentleman of the Poultry to Queen Elizabeth and her successor. There has been discussion as to the original "John Bull" whose name and portly personality have come to represent the composite Englishman, and here, at least, we have a bearer of the name long before Arbuthnot employed it. From near the old church a byway runs straight to Kingsbury Green, from which another byway, nearly parallel with the highway, takes us past Grove Park, the one-time residence of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. Kingsbury Green is but a little way off the main road, on which an unattractive collection of houses, known as the Hyde, near the northernmost end of the reservoir, has a special interest, in that it was here, at a farmer's house near to the six-mile stone, "that Oliver Goldsmith spent much of his time during the closing years of his life, here that he wrote his unforgettable comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, and here he compiled his well-nigh forgotten *Animated Nature*." Of the work about the comedy we get a pleasant idea in a letter written from the Temple to his friend, Bennet Langton, on September 7th, 1771:

My dear Sir, Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been almost wholly in the country at a farmer's house; quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am therefore so much employed upon that, that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds



At Kingsbury Green.

is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honour of waiting upon Lady Rothes, and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beauclerc very often both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle: deep in chemistry and physics. Johnson has been down upon a visit to a country parson, Dr. Taylor: and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs. Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place; but visiting about too. Every soul is a visiting about and merry but myself. And that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The Natural History is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances. They begin to talk in town of the Opposition's gaining ground; the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davies has published for me, an *Abridgment of the History of England*, for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of decent size, that, as 'Squire Richard says, would do no harm to nobody. However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you'll say that I am a sour Whig. God bless you, and with my most respectful compliments to her ladyship, I remain, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

It is an interesting glimpse of Goldsmith that we get, studying jests with a tragical countenance, as he wandered about our Middlesex lanes; he was perhaps also studying so much of animated nature as came within his view, for we learn from Boswell that early in the following year:

Goldsmith told us, that he was now busy in writing a *Natural History*, and, that he might have full leisure for it, he had taken lodgings, at a farmer's house, near to the six milestone, on the Edgware Road, and had carried down his books in two returned post-chaises. He said he believed the farmer's family thought him an odd character, similar to that in which the *Spectator* appeared to his landlady and her children: he was *The Gentleman*. Mr. Mickle, the translator of *The Lusiad*, and I went to

visit him at this place a few days afterwards. He was not at home; but having a curiosity to see his apartment, we went in, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals, scrawled upon the wall with a black lead pencil.

Here, two years later, in the spring of 1774, Goldsmith was making plans for more work, resolving to give up his chambers in the Temple, and live with his farmer friends for

Hendon Church from Mill Hill Road.

five-sixths of each year. Man proposes. In the middle of March he left his lodgings, and on the 4th of April died in his rooms in Brick Court, Temple. Much as the country around "the six mile stone" has changed since Goldsmith died, it is well to be able to recall his wayward personality, his fine genius, in the neighbourhood which he knew so well.

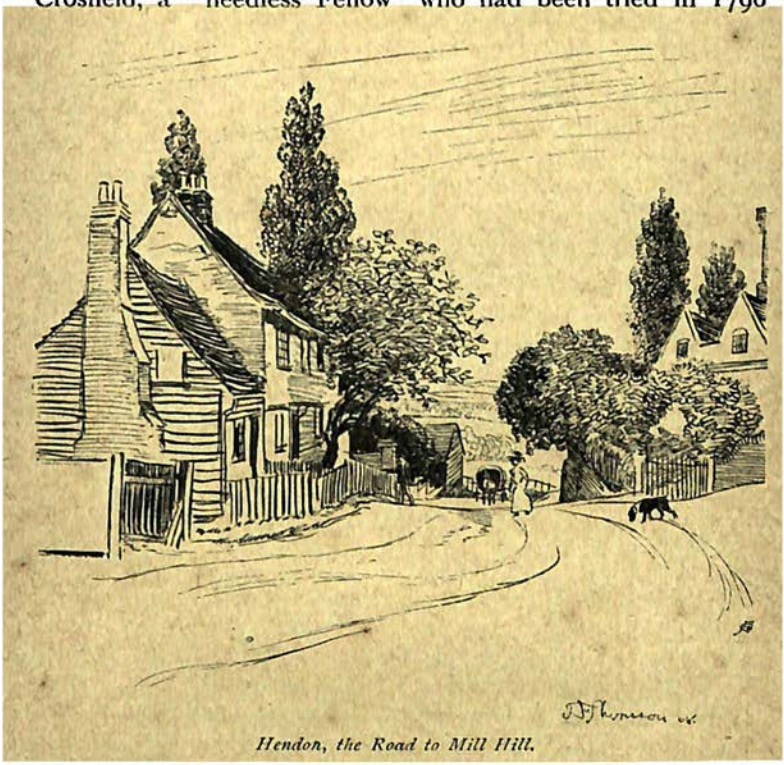
The old village of Hendon—now spreading out down the hills towards the reservoir on one side, and away to Church

End, Finchley, on the other—is rapidly encroaching upon the elm-bordered fields, though footpaths across the land now awaiting the will of the builder still afford comparatively rural walks in the neighbourhood. As with Harrow Church—five miles almost due west—the church at Hendon has long been a fine view-point, though the increase of building has made the outlook less notable than it was; still, its situation on the ridge, which descends somewhat sharply to the west, makes it a good position for overlooking the valley that lies between here and the Harrow ridge. The church, a medley of stone and stucco, with crenellated tower, in its older portions probably dates from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but its chief attractions are not architectural. It is for the view, and as the last resting-place of many minor notabilities, that it is especially deserving of a visit. The monuments include a life-size marble statue of Sir William Rawlinson, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal under William the Third, and there are tablets to Charles Johnson, the eighteenth century dramatist—

> Johnson, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
> Means not, but blunders round about a meaning—

to Sir Stamford Raffles, and others. Here, too, are buried Nathaniel Horne (1784), an artist whose rivalry with Sir Joshua Reynolds led to one of his pictures being removed from the Royal Academy after the Exhibition had been opened; James Parsons, M.D. (1770), a celebrated physician; Sir Joseph Ayloffe (1781), a distinguished antiquarian; Thomas Woolner, R.A., poet and sculptor (1892); and another big man, for the parish register notes the burial of "Edward Longmore, a giant," on February 4th, 1777. This man, who had been exhibited as the Herefordshire Colossus, measured seven feet six inches in his coffin. The body-snatchers of the day must have been known to look with greed on the

burial of the giant, for he was buried in a grave fifteen feet deep. Yet six weeks later it was declared that the grave had been desecrated, and the corpse stolen! Another notorious person buried here (1802) is Robert Thomas Crosfield, a "heedless Fellow" who had been tried in 1796



Hendon, the Road to Mill Hill.

for conspiring to bring about the death of King George the Third by means of a poisoned arrow from an air-gun. This by no means exhausts the number of memorable people whose graves may be looked for by any "Old Mortality" visiting Hendon. Sarah Gundry, buried here in 1807, at the age of 74, has an epitaph worthy of quotation as an example

of what might be termed posthumous pessimism, and also because blank verse is not very often found on churchyard tombs, and this is rather good blank verse—by no means unlike that of Cowper:

> Reader! she wander'd all this desert through,
> In search of happiness, nor found repose
> Till she had reached the borders of this waste.
> Full many a flower that blossomed in her path
> She stoop'd to gather, and the fruit she pluck'd
> That hung from many a tempting bough—all but
> The rose of Sharon and the tree of life.
> This flung its fragrance to the gale, and spread
> Its blushing beauties: That its healing leaves
> Displayed, and fruit immortal, all in vain.
> She neither tasted nor admir'd—and found
> All that she chose and tasted fair but false!
> The flowers no sooner gather'd but they faded;
> The fruits enchanting, dust and bitterness;
> And all the world a wilderness of care.
> Wearied, dispirited, and near the close
> Of this eventful course, she sought the plant
> That long her heedless haste o'erlooked, and prov'd
> Its sovereign virtues: underneath its shade
> Outstretch'd, drew from her wounded feet the thorns;
> Shed the last tear, breath'd the last sigh, and here
> The aged Pilgrim rests in trembling hope.

A terser and more pointed inscription copied in this churchyard many years ago runs:

> Poor Ralpho lies beneath this roof, and sure he must be blest,
> For though he could do nothing good, he meant to do the best.
> Think of your souls, ye guilty throng
> Who knowing what is right, do wrong.

From near Hendon Church two attractive footpaths may be followed through undulating greenery to Mill Hill, while immediately west of the church are other footpaths, one leading shortly to the Hyde by the northernmost end of

the great reservoir, and the other taking us right along the Silk Stream valley, and more or less parallel with the Watling Street, past the new Newspaper Storehouse of the British Museum, to Edgware Church—nearly three miles of footpath way.

A remarkable cedar that grew at Hendon was blown down on January 1st, 1779. This tree had a trunk circumference at seven feet from the ground of sixteen feet, while at twelve feet from the ground it was twenty feet. The diameter of its speading branches was one hundred feet, and its height seventy feet.

Hendonians of the past seem to have been greatly privileged, for Edward the Confessor in the year of the Battle of Hastings granted an extraordinary exemption, renewed by many succeeding sovereigns. In giving certain lands at Hendon to Westminster Abbey, the King freed the inhabitants from all tolls both by land and water. The last renewal of this great privilege was in the fifth year of William and Mary, and it "freed the inhabitants of Hendon from all tolls in all fairs and markets, and from all street tolls, and every other toll whatever in every fair and every market, and every bridge and every way and water and also by sea, for themselves and their wares, for ever." If "every way" should be interpreted as including railways, and the "for ever" still continue, Hendon would be a highly desirable place of residence.

South of Hendon lies its hamlet of Golder's Green, on the road to Hampstead Heath—Golder's Green, the name of which is coming to be associated chiefly with the neighbouring cemetery. (From near the cemetery a footpath passes up on to the Heath at North End.) Like other villages fringing the suburbs, Golder's Green is changing, and has little left of the countrified attractiveness which it seems to have had for Akenside—the poet who, by the way, was at his best when singing of the *Pleasures of the Imagination*. Writing

just a century and a half ago an "Ode on Recovering from a Fit of Sickness, in the Country," he said:

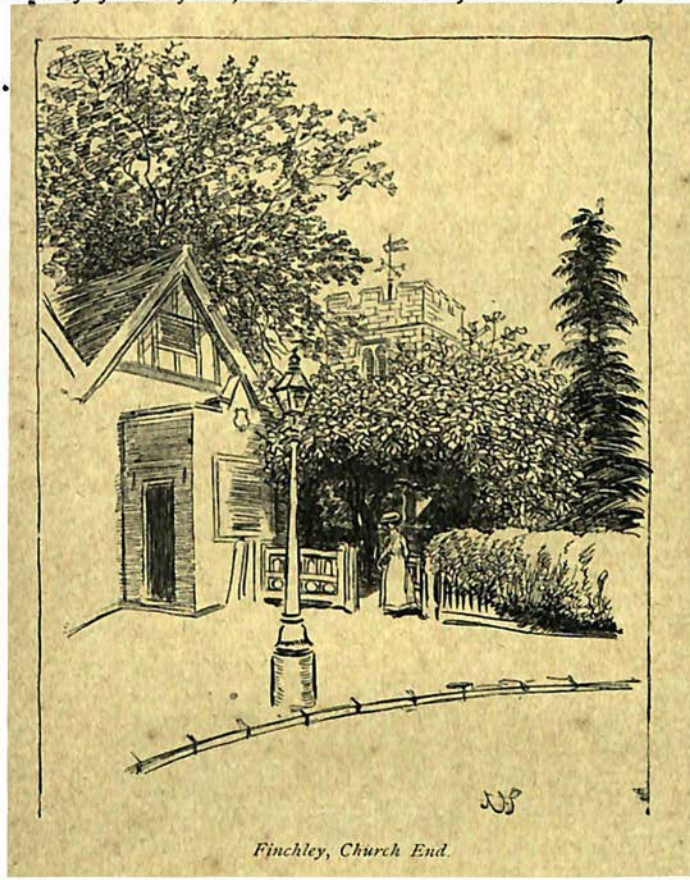
Thy verdant scenes, O Goulder's hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breast
Once more I climb thy steep aerial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the springs of life with gentler movement play. . . .

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The distant voice of Health I hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear.
"Droop not, nor doubt of my return," she cries;
"Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
Meet thee beneath yon chestnut bower,
And lenient on thy bosom pour
That indolence divine which lulls the earth and skies." . . .

O Goulder's hill, by thee restor'd
Once more to this inliven'd hand,
My harp, which late resounded o'er the land
The voice of glory, solemn and severe,
My Dorian harp shall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And send a less ambitious lay
Of friendship and of love to greet thy master's ear.

Wordsworth, many years later, wrote to a friend, saying, "I am not infrequently a visitor on Hampstead Heath, and seldom pass by the entrance of Mr. Dyson's Villa on Golder's hill, close by, without thinking of the pleasures which Akenside often had there." This house, close to North End, was the residence of such a friend as poet can rarely boast, for Mr. Dyson allowed Akenside £300 a year, and provided him with a house and chariot, "till he should be able to live like a gentleman by his practice as a physician." Such friendliness led to the making of the physician, but the atrophying of the poet.

A little to the north-east of Hendon, to which it is more or less closely linked by houses, is Church End, Finchley, with Finchley just beyond, and East Finchley not far away. The



Finchley, Church End.

Finchleys now form a wide residential district about the great north road, north of Highgate, and the highway from Hampstead, which joins that road in the neighbourhood of Colney Hatch. Between these two converging roads, where

they are farthest apart, are still open fields and bits of woodland, but though the Londoner may regard it as "countrified," the true lover of the country finds it more than touched with the dinge of London. The roads keep fairly to a ridge of higher land that must have made this a pleasant district in the days when Finchley Common was a reality, some two thousand acres in extent. The common, however, long since passed under the Enclosure Acts, and of some goodly portions of it were made the extensive cemeteries associated now with the name of the district. A by-road connecting our two main roads runs from East Finchley to Church End, past the Marylebone Cemetery, while those of St. Pancras and Islington lie to the right of the Great North Road some way further along.

It was, by the way, at Turpin's Oak, near the St. Pancras Cemetery, that the notorious highwayman—made hero only by the licensed imagination of the novelist—was wont to hide himself while lying in wait for mail coach or other victim to approach within striking distance. It was a little further along—by the seventh milestone—that the courageous villain, according to a story of doubtful authenticity, "held up" within but a short time no fewer than eight coaches, and then got away with his spoils. Harrison Ainsworth made of Turpin a picturesque figure, but the *Dictionary of National Biography*, stripping him of the fictional trappings, and reducing him to but a poor creature of a "robber," denies him even the title of highwayman. That Finchley Common was, however, a favourite haunt of the highway robbers there is ample testimony. It had got its evil reputation in the days of Charles the Second, for in January, 1672, say the annals of crime, one Symon Jones, of Finchley, did at Finchley assault James Henley on the highway, and then and there rob him of 600 yards of thread bone lace, worth seventy pounds, and a box worth three pounds, and a cloak bag worth five shillings—for which Symon Jones of Finchley was duly sentenced to be

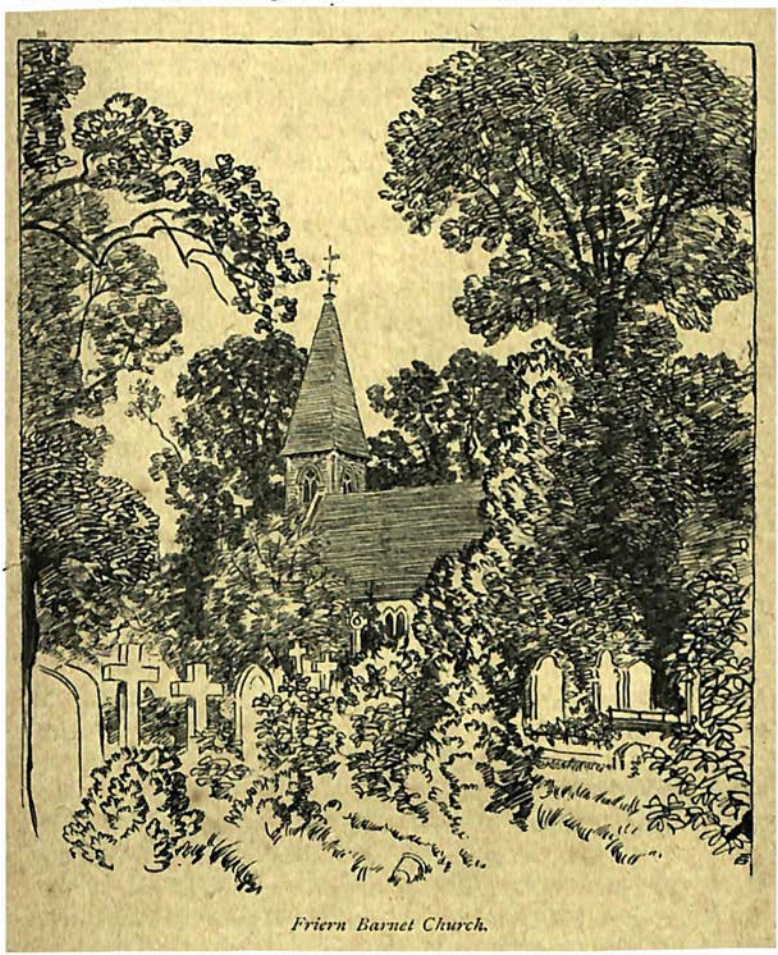
hanged. Here—near the Green Man Inn, half a century later—Jack Sheppard was captured, disguised in a butcher's blue smock, on September 10th, 1724, after one of his sensational prison-breaking exploits. It is perhaps worthy of note that three men of "Fryan Barnet" were tried in 1676 for stealing various things, and two of their number were sentenced to be hanged, but of the fate of the third there is no record. His name was John Sheppard, a fact which suggests that he may have been a relative of the more infamously famous robber of the same name. Finchley, indeed, shared with Hounslow fame as being a dangerous place for coaches, chaises, or pedestrians, owing to the highwaymen, footpads, and other evil-disposed persons who made it the field of their operations. Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Earl of Minto, on his way to London in 1790, delayed his journey a few hours that he might cross the ill-reputed place in daylight. "I shall not trust my throat on Finchley Common in the dark." Possibly this fame had something to do with the thoroughness with which enclosing was carried out, so that Heath and Common ceased to be, except in name. Like the westerly Heath, too, Finchley Common's associations are for the most part divided between the doings of malefactors and military encampments. Here Edward the Fourth had his army in April, 1471, when hastening to his contest, at Barnet, a few miles further north; here General Monck drew up his army in February, 1660, on his return from Scotland, and while already engaged in negotiating the restoration of Charles the Second; here in 1745 the Guards encamped when an army was hastily formed for the putting down of the Young Pretender—Hogarth's famous painting, "The March to Finchley" shows, with a wealth of humour and satire, the Guards setting out for the camp from the turnpike in the Tottenham Court Road; and here, yet again, troops were encamped when the Gordon Riots had made Londoners nervous as to what might happen next. Nothing is now left to suggest that this was once

wide common land, that armies for nearly four hundred years had used it as a camping ground, or that here were furzy stretches which the lonely traveller crossed with fear and trembling, suspecting every horseman a highwayman, and every bush the shelter of a lurking footpad.

Up the Great North Road Finchley straggles towards Whetstone, where a narrow tongue of Middlesex runs up towards Barnet, in Herts—this wedge-shaped strip of our county is but a mile and a half long, and from one to two miles in width. Whetstone is a new and growing district, chiefly notable for the quaint tradition which declares that the ancient hamlet got its name from an old stone on the green, on which the soldiers, bound for the battle of Barnet, sharpened their weapons! Another tradition says that Richard Baxter, the great seventeenth-century Nonconformist, preached in a chapel here during his stay at Totteridge, a little to the west. From near the railway station crossing into Hertfordshire, a very pleasant by-road may be followed through Totteridge, and so into our county again at Highwood Hill, descending which we come to the Hale, and so to Edgware.

East of Finchley lies a place, the name of which has come to be used in so unflattering a way that it is not surprising to find that residents prefer a newer euphemism, and Colney Hatch is now New Southgate. There does not perhaps at first sight seem much connection between the names, but both are said to be derived from their positions as entrances to the great Enfield Chase, which of old occupied the northernmost tract of Middlesex. It was in 1851 that the great County Lunatic Asylum was built at Colney Hatch—an asylum that has in course of time come to annex the name of the hamlet where it was built. The extensive buildings, with between two and three hundred acres of gardens and farmlands, form a colony of about two thousand mentally afflicted patients. Though two names have now come to be associated with the place, it is part of the old parish of Friern Barnet—once

belonging to the Knights Hospitaller of Jerusalem. Of the ancient Friary nothing is left. The mansion which stood here



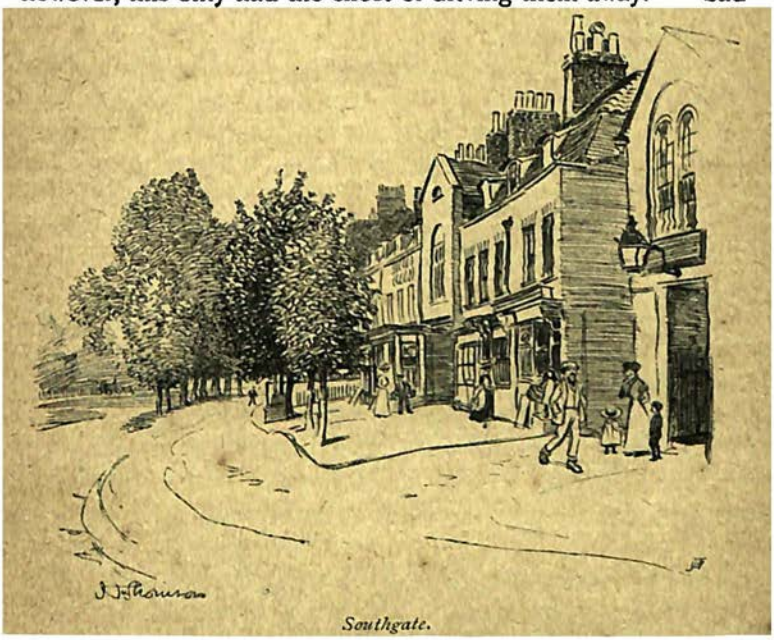
Friern Barnet Church.

in Elizabeth's time belonged to Lord Chief Justice Popham, and here the great Queen is said to have stayed. The

attractive Tudor red-brick almshouses, which have been well repaired, are worth more than passing notice.

We here reach the fringe of Charles Lamb's country, a country much changed from the days when he wrote to a friend, saying: "the way from Southgate to Colney Hatch, thro' the unfrequentedest Blackberry paths that ever concealed their coy bunches from a truant Citizen, we have accidentally fallen upon." The building of the asylum some twenty years later, and the consequent growth of New Southgate have changed much of this, and the unfrequentedest lanes of the immediate district must be sought over the Hertfordshire border, which we are "hugging" as we pass by the most direct road to Southgate itself. This is a long, straggling place, with broad parklands still about it on either hand, still retaining centrally much of its old-time quiet attractiveness, with its irregularity of buildings, its broad green, with its grand elms and abundance of other trees. The handsome church is modern, but is worth visiting by those interested in the pre-Raphaelite movement, as it contains typical windows designed by Rossetti and Burne-Jones. At a house in the park to the south of the church lived the Duke of Chandos after the demolition of Canons. A little to the east is Broomfields Park—now a fine playground for the people—with good trees in it, stretching down near to the London and Enfield road, and forming a welcome break of greenery near that highway, right and left of which the builder is working his will. North of Southgate is Grovelands, a park with a grand lake in it, which, in the autumn of 1865, was frequented by a pair of ospreys, among the rarest of our ornithological visitors. "As this property is in a ring fence, and strictly preserved, the ospreys, no doubt, discovered an agreeable resting-place, and finding themselves undisturbed for some time, remained, and were observed to capture fish, which they carried to the masthead of a pleasure boat, where they devoured it. In so doing, the boat was rendered so dirty

as for some time afterwards to be unfit for use. At night it was supposed that they roosted in the adjoining wood. It would seem that the pleasure derived from observation of these noble birds in a state of freedom was excelled by a desire to possess one or both of them, and, unfortunately, with this view, they were several times shot at. Instead of the desired result, however, this only had the effect of driving them away."[1] Sad



Southgate.

indeed is the persistence of the desire—on the part of those who should know better, too—to "'eave 'alf a brick" at a stranger!

At Southgate was born, in 1784, Leigh Hunt, the son of a pleasure-loving and unpractical preacher, who was for a time tutor to a nephew of the third Duke of Chandos, that James Henry Leigh to whom the poet and essayist owed the full complement of his Christian names. In his *Autobiography*

[1] *The Birds of Middlesex*, by J. E. Harting.

Leigh Hunt prided himself on being a Middlesexian, born in so sweet a village as Southgate. If less true than it was a century and a quarter ago his description of the county still applies to its least spoiled parts: "Middlesex in general is a scene of trees and meadows, of 'greenery' and nestling cottages; and Southgate is a prime specimen of Middlesex. It is a place lying out of the way of innovation, therefore it has the pure, sweet air of antiquity about it." He liked "to wander in imagination through the spots marked in the neighbourhood with their pleasant names—Woodside, Wood Green, Palmer's Green, Nightingale Hall, &c.—and fancy my father and mother listening to the nightingales and loving the new little baby, who has now lived to see more years than they did." Some of the places with "pleasant names" are greatly changed since 1784. At old Southgate cemetery is buried another writer, Gerald Massey, "Poet, Author, Spiritualist, Egyptologist."

At Winchmore Hill, to the north-east, we have yet another growing residential place, spreading in various directions, but with something like an old-fashioned village centre about its little green near the railway station. Some of its small, irregular shops, its neat villas in shrub-grown gardens must be much as they were when Thomas Hood removed thither in 1829. Here he lived for about two years at Rose Cottage, a pleasant house (somewhat enlarged since his time) standing a little way back from a quiet by-road, and here his daughter Fanny was born in 1830. It may well be believed that in choosing Winchmore Hill as a place of residence, Hood was influenced by the fact that Charles Lamb was living at Enfield, within an easy walk. A footpath at a little distance from Rose Cottage may be followed as an attractive short cut to Chase Park and Lamb's side of widespreading Enfield. Of the Hoods' stay at Winchmore Hill there are, unfortunately, but few particulars, though it seems to have been a short period of health and prosperity in the life of a poet who was all too little dowered with good health, and seemingly ever unfortunate in his business

relations. The tramway from London to Enfield now runs along the main road at the foot of the "hill" on the slope of which Rose Cottage stands, and terraces of villas are cutting into the immediate surroundings of the old village; but there are still many trees left, and to the west yet may be had delightfully rural rambles.

CHAPTER X

EDMONTON, ENFIELD AND THE CHASE

Sir Arthur.—Mine host, we have had the moiling'st night of it that ever we had in our lives.

Host.—Is't certain?

Sir Ralph.—We have been in the forest all night almost.

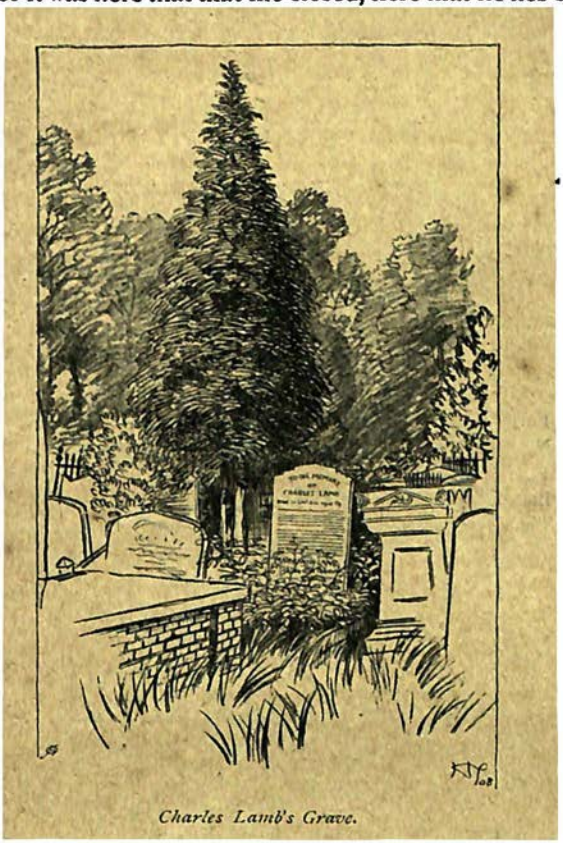
Host.—'Sfoot, how did I miss you? Heart, I was a-stealing a buck there.

Sir Arthur.—A plague on you; we were stayed for you.

Host.—Were you, my noble Romans? Why, you shall share; the venison is a-footing.—*The Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

IT is scarcely too much to say that in Charles Lamb we have one of the most remarkable of all the famous Middlesex men, remarkable because, born and educated in Middlesex, it was in Middlesex that he did his long day's task at the desk's dead wood, and in Middlesex that he did his life-work in literature—the "County" of London was an innovation undreamed of until many decades after his death. Then when he became the superannuated man it was within the bounds of Middlesex that he made his successive moves to Islington, Enfield, and Edmonton. It is true that he had happy recollections of boyish holidays in pleasant Hertfordshire, that he made a few brief excursions farther afield, to Margate, Brighton, Hastings, to the Quantocks, to the Lakes, and that once he crossed the Channel; these were but episodical; he was, as has been said, preeminently a Londoner, and a life-long Middlesexian. In

starting our rambles about the northernmost part of the county, we do so at a place with which, as long as his work is read and the story of his brave life remembered, Lamb's name will be associated, for it was here that that life closed, here that he lies buried,



Charles Lamb's Grave.

with his loved sister, beneath a plain headstone, on which are engraved memorial lines by his friend H. F. Cary, the translator of Dante. A modern poet has deplored that Lamb should have been buried away from the city that he loved, for

Mr. William Watson's opening and closing lines of a sonnet on the subject run :—

> Not here, O teeming City, was it meet
> Thy lover, thy most faithful should repose . . .
> Not here, in rustic exile, O not here,
> Thy Elia like an alien should be laid !

The "teeming city" threatens to absorb Edmonton long before "Elia" is forgotten.

The rose-grown grave will be seen at the foot of a tall, pyramidal arbor vitæ to the south-west of the church, at some little distance from the high-railed path—so far, indeed, that only part of the inscription which is as follows, is readable :—

To the Memory
of
CHARLES LAMB.
Died 27th Decr 1834 aged 59

> Farewell, dear friend . . . that smile, that harmless mirth,
> No more shall gladden our domestic hearth.
> That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
> Better than words, no more assuage our woe.
> That hand outstretched from small but well earned store
> Yield succour to the destitute and more.
> Yet art thou not all lost ; thro' many an age
> With sterling sense and humour shall thy page
> Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
> That old and happier vein revived in thee.
> This for our earth, and if with friends we share
> Our joys in Heaven, we hope to meet thee there.

ALSO MARY LAMB
Sister of the above
Born 3rd Decr 1767, Died 20th May 1847

It is to be regretted that Wordsworth's intended epitaph proved too long for the purpose, though a score of lines from his memorial poem might well have been utilised, being possessed by a haunting quality lacking in Cary's stiffer production. The passage from the poem which I like to recall is

that beginning with the Wordsworthianised pun on the name of his lost friend :—

> From the most gentle creature nursed in fields
> Had been derived the name he bore—a name
> Wherever Christian altars have been raised,
> Hallowed to meekness and to innocence ;
> And if in him meekness at times gave way,
> Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,
> Many and strange, that hung about his life ;
> Still, at the centre of his being, lodged
> A soul by resignation sanctified :
> And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
> That innocence belongs not to our kind,
> A power that never ceased to abide in him,
> Charity 'mid the multitude of sins
> That she can cover, left not his exposed
> To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.
> O, he was good, if e'er a good man lived !

Three of these lines, including the unforgettably simple closing one, will be found engraved inside the church, where, just within the north door, is a double mural memorial to Lamb and Cowper, placed there by Mr. Joshua W. Butterworth to commemorate the visit of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society in 1888. The memorial consists of medallion portraits of Lamb and Cowper above appropriate inscriptions, three stanzas from *The Diverting History of John Gilpin* indicating the tenuous connection of William Cowper with Edmonton. Immediately north of the church is a recently erected Charles Lamb Memorial Hall and Institute, a handsome stone-fronted, red-tiled building, designed as a centre for "literary, social and recreation work," which will serve long to keep the name of the writer familiar in the great suburb which is forming—has, indeed, formed—about the old village. Such an institute (it may perhaps be hoped that a Lamb Memorial Library is to be established therein), is perhaps scarcely the most appropriate memorial to an Elia, and realising its connection

with the church one cannot help recalling how the essayist described himself as a "one Goddite," or Unitarian! A short distance from the church and hall, toward the railway station, passing—Edmonton's oldest bit, perchance—an old project-

Lamb's Cottage, Edmonton.

ing timbered house on the right against the ancient but aggressively modernised "Rose and Crown," we come to Lamb's cottage (once Bay Cottage), a retiring little place at the end of a strip of garden, squeezed in between two larger houses, one of which is covered by a noble old wistaria. Hither Mary

Lamb came in the spring of 1833; here in May her devoted brother followed, and here he remained until his death at the close of the succeeding year. It is a very little bit of old Edmonton that we have left here, for not much of Church Street remains as Lamb knew it. Directly opposite his cottage is a row of typical small surburban villas of the present time, but a little away to the left there still stands the Charity School for girls, with the figure of a girl in a niche, beneath which is the neat legend,

A Structure of Hope
Founded in Faith
On a Basis of Charity,
1784.

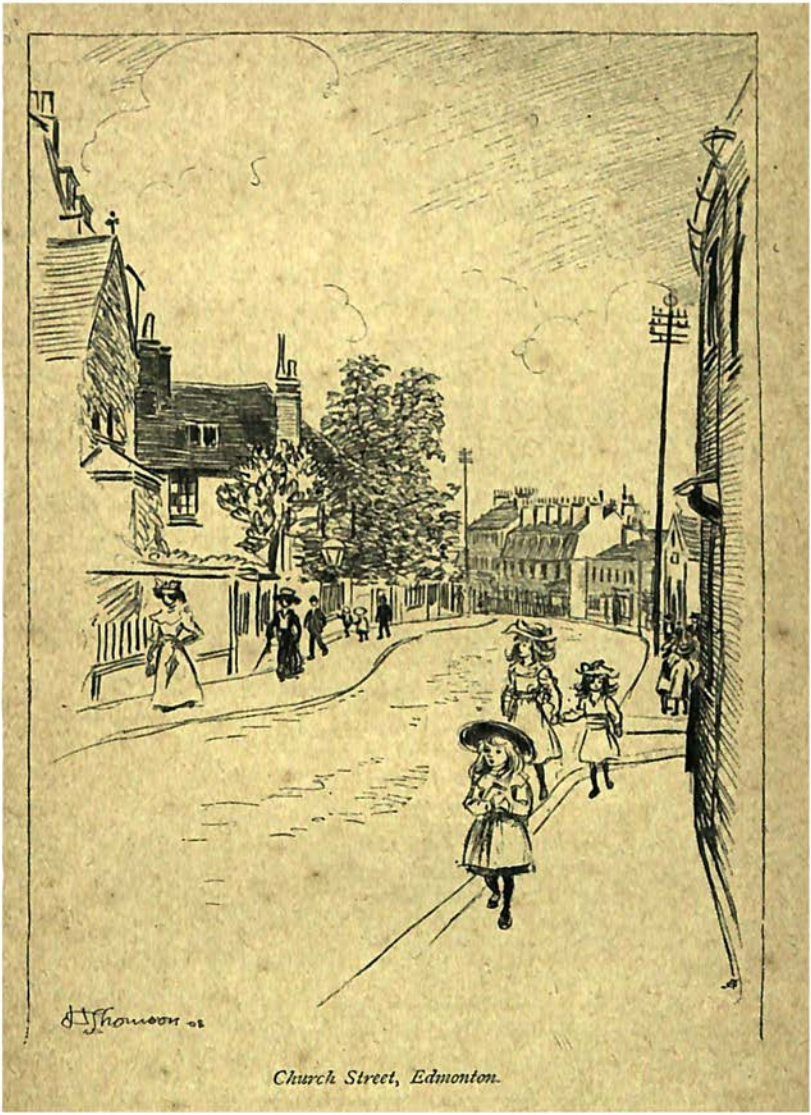
Beyond the church, villas are encroaching upon the fields towards Winchmore Hill, while immediately to the east the railway crosses the road, and just beyond is the main road, now a busy, much-built highway from where it leaves the City, through populous districts, extending with but slight breaks to the county border near Waltham Cross. Edmonton, with its large shops, its new theatre, its many neighbouring public institutions, has little about it to show what it was like in Elia's day, when coaches were always passing through, bound for his loved "Great City"; little beyond here and there some gabled roofs, a few old cottages, two or three terraces of straight-fronted houses, once the desirable residences of comfortable prosperity, now looking depressingly dingy. It is well that his house remains much as it was in his time. Long may it continue to do so.

Church Street, too, has associations with John Keats, for here the boy lived, when not at school at Enfield, from his tenth to his fifteenth year, in his grandmother's house, and it was to an Edmonton surgeon named Hammond, also in Church Street, that he was apprenticed at the age of fifteen. Of his life as a schoolboy many reminiscences are recorded, and such may well be recalled at Enfield; of his association

with Edmonton but little is told, though he stayed with Dr. Hammond for four out of the five years of his apprenticeship, when he quarrelled with his master, and removed into the City. It was, as the poet told his friend Charles Cowden Clarke, the recollection of their frequent loiterings at a footbridge spanning a little brook in the last field upon entering Edmonton from Enfield that inspired one of the most beautiful passages in "I stood tiptoe upon a little hill," that beginning :—

> Linger awhile upon some bending planks
> That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
> And watch intently Nature's gentle doings :
> They will be found softer than ring-dove's cooings.
> How silent comes the water round that bend ;
> Not the minutest whisper does it send
> To the o'erhanging sallows : blades of grass
> Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.
> Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
> To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
> A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds ;
> Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
> Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
> To taste the luxury of sunny beams
> Tempered with coolness. How they ever wrestle
> With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
> Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand.
> If you but scantily hold out the hand,
> That very instant not one will remain ;
> But turn your eye, and they are there again.

The little plank bridge is no longer identifiable, but taking the road opposite the church one may follow a now more or less sophisticated footpath to Bury Street and Enfield, possibly the way by which the poet used to go to and from his school, and to see his old schoolfellow when the surgery was claiming his business hours. Though much building has gone on in the whole of this district, there is yet something of the charm of association in such semi-rural walks as remain,



Church Street, Edmonton.

when we can recall that here Keats and Lamb were wont to loiter.

In Lamb's letters there are references to meeting with friends at "Johnny Gilpin's"; there he had a reminiscential dinner with C. V. Le Grice, when they talked over the friends whom they had lost during the thirty years elapsed since they had met. Johnny Gilpin's was "The Bell," so nicknamed because it was there that the worthy linen-draper of Cheapside, hero of Cowper's poem, arranged to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of his marriage. Thither his wife and children, his sister-in-law and child, journeyed, "all in a chaise and pair," and thither John Gilpin sought to get on the horse borrowed from his friend the calender. The ride is one of the most famous in "history," and it was all up this road, through Tottenham and Edmonton, that the cloak-flying Gilpin held on to his steed's neck in undignified position, while the borrowed beast, ignoring its rider's wishes, made for its master's country house at Ware:

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
Said Gilpin—So am I!

The "Bell" is still to be seen at Edmonton, at the corner of Gilpin Grove—at the London end of the long, straggling place

—but it has no semblance to the old inn of Cowper's time from which Mrs. Gilpin watched her spouse gallop past to Ware, and then back again to Cheapside. (It is, by the way, to be regretted that no record has been left of the good lady's opinion of her husband's horsemanship as rendered by "curtain lecture" to him on the night of the fateful anniversary!) The modern "Bell" has nothing to suggest its tradition, beyond a pictorial representation of the famous rider high on its corner front. A local legend says that Cowper's "Bell" may have been the "Angel," once known as the "Blue Bell," but the poem itself certainly suggests that if Cowper was familiar with the topography of Edmonton he must have had in mind some inn on the *further* side of the "Wash," where the road forded the Angel Brook, or River.

Edmonton's connection with our literary history goes back beyond Lamb and Keats, beyond Cowper's ballad-fooling. Indeed, Lamb may well have had a liking for the place from its association with two of those Elizabethan dramas which he enjoyed so thoroughly and praised so judiciously. The authorship of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* is not established, though there have not been wanting critics to ascribe it to Shakespeare, while *The Witch of Edmonton* was written by Dekker and Ford. The "Merry Devil" was one Peter Fabell, who is supposed to have made a Faust-like compact with the devil and cheated him; he is described as having flourished some time before the dramatist made him a stage hero, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, for Norden says: "There is a fable of one Peter Fabell,[1] that lies in this church, who is said to have beguiled the devill by policie, for money, but the devill is deceit itself." Weever, in his *Funeral Monuments*, says of Edmonton Church, "Here lieth interred under a seemlie tombe without inscription the body of Peter Fabell (as the report goes), upon whom this fable was fathered; that he by his wittie devices

[1] Fuller, who has a few words about Fabell in his *Worthies*, also indulges in the obvious pleasantry.

beguiled the devill: belike he was some ingenious conceited gentleman, who did use some slightie tricks for his own disports. He lived and died in the raigne of Henry VII, saith the book of his merry pranks." That book was a prose tract by one Thomas Brewer, which may have been written on account of the popularity of the play; in it, however, Fabell's devil's compact has but little part beyond the induction, which, again, has but little connection with the comedy itself. The comedy tells the old old story of young lovers outwitting their elders, with scenes in Enfield Chase suggestive of the closing scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. In the Prologue the subject of the play is thus described:

> 'Tis Peter Fabell a renowned scholar,
> Whose fame hath still been hitherto forgot
> By all the writers of this latter age.
>
> In Middlesex his birth and his abode,
> Not full seven mile from this great famous city;
> That, for his fame in sleights and magic won,
> Was call'd the merry Fiend of Edmonton.
> If any here make doubt of such a name,
> In Edmonton yet fresh unto this day,
> Fix'd in the wall of that old ancient church,
> His monument remaineth to be seen.

At the present day a mural tablet, with marks where brasses have been inset, at the end of the north aisle, is pointed out as the Fabell monument, but as old writers on Edmonton say that the "merry devil's" monument had disappeared, it looks as though we had here another "fable." Possibly the nameless monument gave rise to the whole story, thanks to the ingenuity of the dramatist—in which case, of course, the play would have had to be produced before Norden wrote his account of Edmonton. A writer wishing to utilise something suggested by the Faustus theme of Marlowe might well have invented Peter Fabell, and associated him with the

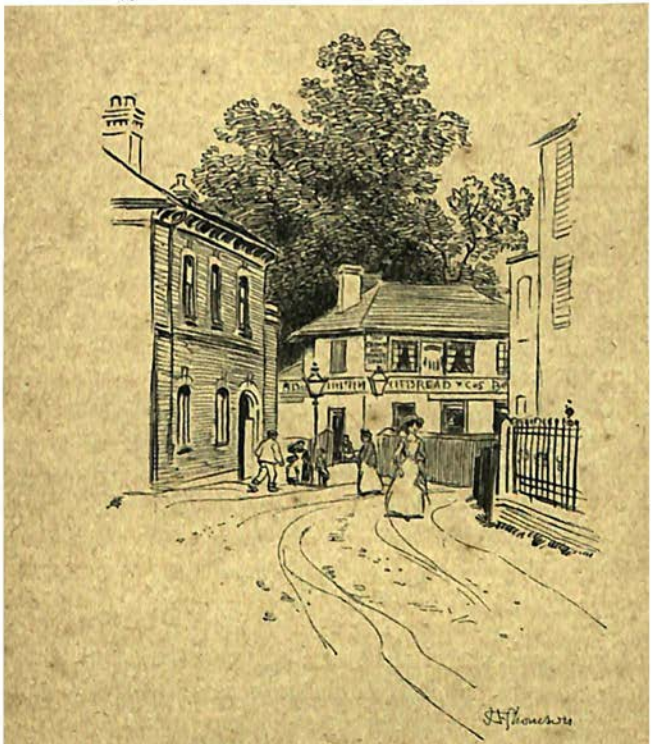
tomb—Weever explicitly says that it lacks inscription—to give an air of reality to his story.

The Witch of Edmonton (Mother Sawyer) seems to have been founded on the sacrifice of a wretched woman to the witch-finding zeal of Stuart times, for a couple of years before the play was produced (1623) one Elizabeth Sawyer had been executed for witchcraft. Nearly the whole of the play—its bigamy, its murder, its morris-dancing, and its dealings with the devil-familiar in the guise of a black dog—is enacted in and about Edmonton, but of the old village of the early seventeenth century, in which the tragedy was supposed to be worked out, there is little enough to remind us to-day. I say supposed, because the authors who collaborated in the play appear to have thought Edmonton was in Hertfordshire: "Master is a title my father, nor his before him, were acquainted with; honest Hertfordshire yeomen; such an one am I; my word and my deed shall be proved one at all times . . . . my serenity shall be present payment. And we here about Edmonton hold present payment as sure as an alderman's bond in London." The "witch" reputation seems, however, to have clung somewhat persistently to neighbouring Enfield, for in the thirteenth year of James the First, Agnes Berrye, a widow, was sentenced to be hanged for having caused a neighbour to waste away; while in 1610 another Enfield woman, Agnes Godfrey, had true bills against her in that she had for several years practised witchcraft, whereby "a steer, a pig, a little pig, and a mare" had died, and various persons been caused to die, and she was found guilty of having caused the death of an infant and the animals so particularly specified, but not of the other indictments. Despite the energy directed against "witchcraft" she must have got off, for a dozen years later she was again indicted for similar offences. Of "Merry Devil," or tragic "witch," Edmonton has nothing but tradition (and a few lines in the Sessions Rolls)—tradition we may be sure less real to many people

than that of John Gilpin's ride—which, by the way, it has been suggested, may have had some slight basis of fact. To-day the long stretch of highway known as Upper Edmonton and Edmonton, and so on by Ponder's End, Green Street, Enfield Highway and Wash (over the Cuffley Brook), and Freezy Water, is a much modernised suburb, expanding right and left into the fields and nursery gardens for which this bit of Middlesex was once famous. There is yet much of market gardening carried on towards Enfield and about the open country still left between here and Winchmore Hill; and indeed on either hand of the highway which runs more or less directly north from Edmonton to the county boundary in the neighbourhood of Waltham, we come upon acres of glass houses, occasional patches of orchard, and now and again groups of old red-tiled farm buildings—suggestive of what has been. This is the Ware road, and its whole course through Middlesex has become in a large measure but one continuous street, with electric trams that will take us from Shoreditch Church to that Hertfordshire Waltham which has formed about the beautiful "Eleanor Cross." To the east runs, roughly parallel with it at the distance of about a mile, the Lea Navigation, and the Lea, which is the boundary between our county and Essex, of the well-wooded slopes of which about Epping Forest we get some pleasant glimpses.

Well "fed" by suburban railways and tramways, the few remaining bits of a rural character to be seen are little likely to continue long unspoiled, though we may still find some not unattractive footpath walks. One such, partly by fieldpaths, partly by lanes and roads, may be taken from Upper Edmonton, keeping as near as may be to the Pymmes Brook, or Angel River—for the latter name seems to be superseding the old one. Where this stream reaches Edmonton it flows through the grounds of a pleasant old house which has been acquired as an educational centre by the local council, and the extensive grounds have been laid out very successfully as

public gardens, with ornamental water, beyond which are extensive playing fields. There are some grand evergreen and other trees in the gardens, and when the new-planted ones and the shrubs have added a few years of growth to their present insufficiency, this should be one of the most attractive of such



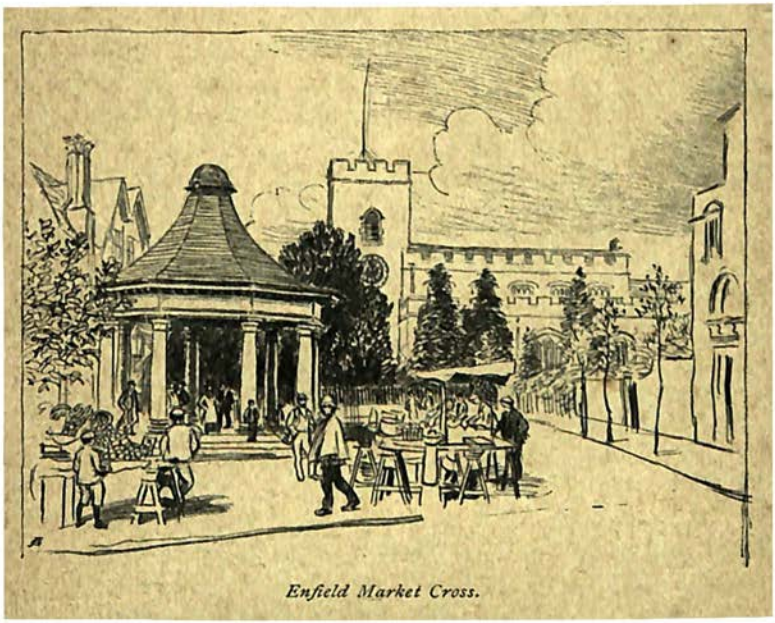
"Crown and Horse Shoes" Inn, Enfield (Lamb's favourite Inn).

resorts in the suburbs. The stream, with its deep-cut channel crossed by rustic bridges, runs along the front, near the road. A little west of the great workhouse a road turns to the left, and there, under a fine group of elm, chestnut, and other trees, we come to a triangular ford with two plank bridges, the

left leading us to a footpath to Tottenham, the right and more attractive one keeping near the bush-grown banks of the stream, and taking us almost immediately into a country of meadows and ploughed fields, with but few buildings in view. Near the ford used to stand the fine old early Jacobean brick mansion of Wyer Hall, long the seat of the Huxleys—a branch of the family to which Thomas Huxley belonged. The brook, which has worn a deep channel through gravelly soil, may be followed more or less closely to where it comes under the New River, near the villadom of Bowes Park on the populous London to Enfield road, and thence to Southgate and the edge of the Hertfordshire "peninsula," through which it comes from Chipping Barnet. Where the stream enters our county, under the lane—the blackberried lane of Elia's time—from Southgate to Colney Hatch, it is in a well-wooded valley, with a pretty tree-shaded bit of its course to be seen on either hand, though a pedestrian of middling stature has to stand on tip-toe to get the Middlesex view, the parapet of the bridge being surmounted by a curmudgeonly paling. From where it crosses the Edmonton road the stream passes through a grey district of small houses and marshy meadows to the Lea, and alongside it is being built a bold viaduct for carrying across the railway the road to the bridge that has superseded the Cook's Ferry, and so into Essex in the neighbourhood of Chingford.

The Ware road, with its houses, houses all the way, is not an attractive route, unless it is to be covered with the expedition of the electric cars; it has changed much since Piscator, Venator, and Auceps set out for Ware, Hoddesdon and Theobald's one fine, fresh, cool morning two and a half centuries ago. But the pedestrian may travel not unpleasantly parallel with it along the towing-path of the Lea Navigation with occasional footpaths and byways across the marshy meadows to "the winding course of Lee's delightful brook." By the way, it may be noted that though, in accordance with modern use

and wont, most of us refer to the "Lea," the Conservancy Board uses Drayton's old spelling of "Lee." The towing-path, raised well above the flat meadows which gleam all over with lakelets after wet weather, affords a not unattractive journey, the route marked ahead of us by a snaky line of twinned telegraph poles, bearing close upon a hundred wires. At a little distance we have the Lea itself, winding and



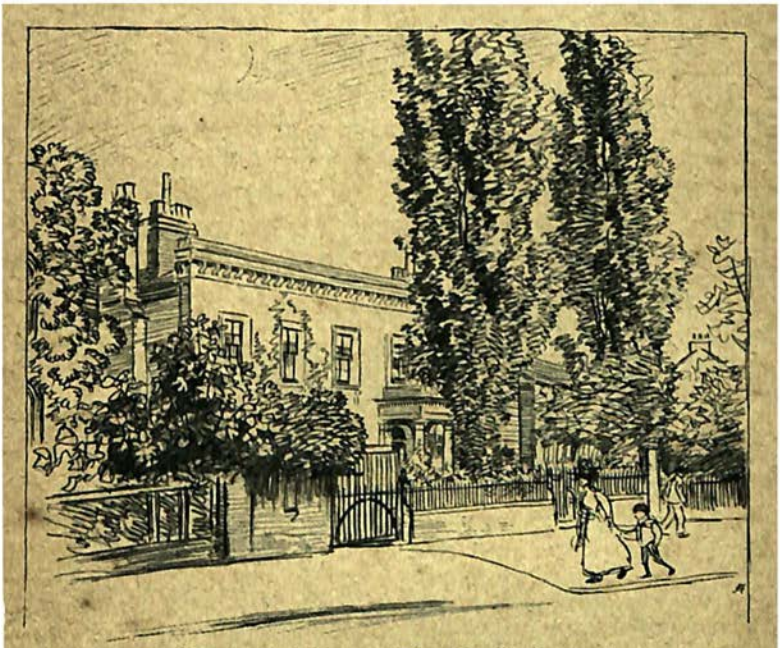
Enfield Market Cross.

turning almost as much as the Surrey Wey. The walk has a certain sameness, unpleasantly diversified by the high chimneys of factories which are invading the Lea Marsh meadows; but the larks sing beautifully, there are few houses within sight, and the low Essex hills form a pleasant background on the right. From near the first lock beyond the Edmonton Bridge a meadow path leads across the Lea to the old church of Chingford, from near which is to

be had a good view of the low country through which the boundary river runs. Returning to the "Navigation," we have not gone far before the frequent sound of shooting suggests the testing of new rifles at the Royal Small Arms Factory which we are nearing, situated on an island formed by the Lea and the Canal. A long flat row of neat cottages fronts the canal, presumably the homes of the factory employees. Here the towing-path crosses from the left to the right bank—in riverine language—and a pleasant mile more brings us to where—at Rammey Marsh—Middlesex, Essex, and Hertfortshire join near Waltham Abbey. A little beyond this point is a picturesque spot, where several branches of the stream run together under tall trees.

As is perhaps only fitting in a district which was many years ago part of the great Enfield Chase, we find the name of Enfield at several places some distance apart. Anyone, for instance, wishing to visit the Royal Small Arms Factory who should, as he not unnaturally might, go to Enfield Town, would find himself with about four miles of cross country between him and the factory. As we saw that Edmonton lay on the Ware road, running more or less closely parallel to the Lea, so Enfield is reached, if by direct road from London, by another trammed highway, from which, to the right, pleasant walks are to be had in a westerly direction from the time when we have reached Palmer's Green. Yet all along the road, and on either side of it, suburbia is spreading, continuously or sporadically. On the Chase, with a group of old and new cottages shutting off the embanked line of the Great Northern Railway, are two houses once occupied by Charles Lamb. To the first of these—"the prettiest compactest house I ever saw"—the Lambs removed from Islington in the autumn of 1827. The literary pilgrim, however, who should seek to follow Lamb's advice to a visitor making for Chase Side,—"come down by the Green Lanes . . . . pass the Church; pass the 'Rising Sun,' turn sharp round the corner, and we are

'he 6th or 7th house on the Chase; tall elms darken the door,"—would find the seemingly simple direction most confusing. We may follow the letter-writer to the 'Rising Sun.' Then comes bewilderment. There are many more turnings than there were. There are new shops, there is an open patch of building ground with sombre cedars, suggesting that many



House at Enfield once inhabited by Charles Lamb.

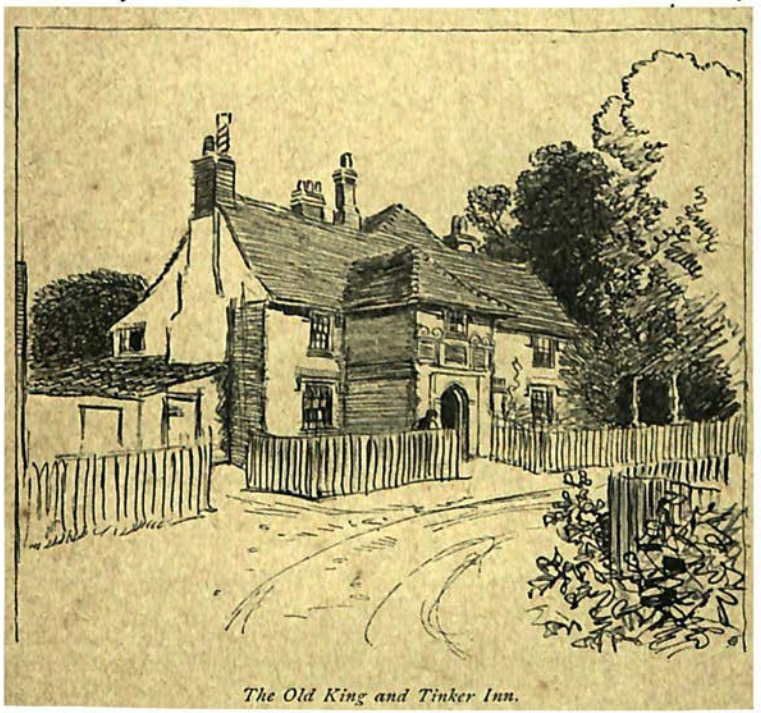
of the new houses are standing on the old time grounds of a large mansion, and we must cross the New River before we turn to the right, along a strip of doleful-looking turf—perhaps some day to be made more pleasing. Here, past building-plots and hoardings, we come upon a bit of old Enfield, and the two houses in which the Lambs successively lived (the second "twenty-five inches further from the town") duly

marked with commemorative tablets. Tall elms no longer darken the door of the first house; their place has been taken by a couple of poplars. It is worth noting that the further one is covered by a very old growth of wistaria, the same climber which neighbours Bay Cottage at Edmonton; a coincidence that, if book-lovers needed an annual floral reminder of their hero, might make the beautiful Japanese flower the emblem for Elians' wear. For about two years the Lambs lived in the first house, for about three and a half in the second. To write at length of those years is tempting, but Lamb lovers will know all there is to tell; a passage, however, may be quoted from the reminiscences of one who was a boy at the time (living in the wistaria-covered house) and who indicates something of the goodly company that came hither to visit the superannuated man of business, the immortal man of words.

When any notable visitors made their appearance at the cottage, Mary Lamb's benevolent tap at my window-pane seldom failed to summon me out, and I was presently ensconced in a quiet corner of their sitting-room, half hid in some great man's shadow. Of the discourse of these *dii majores* I have no recollections now; but the faces of them I can still partially recall. Hazlitt's, for instance, keen and aggressive, with eyes that flashed out epigram. Tom Hood's, a Methodist parson face: not a ripple breaking through the lines of it, though every word he dropped was a pun, and every pun roused a roar of laughter. Leigh Hunt's parcel genial, parcel democratic, with as much rabid politics on his lips as honey from Mount Hybla. Miss Kelly's, plain, but engaging. (The most unprofessional of actresses, and unspoiled women; the bloom of the child on her cheek, undefaced by the rouge, to speak in a metaphor.) She was one of the most dearly welcome of Lamb's guests. Wordsworth's, farmerish and respectable, but with something of the great poet occasionally breaking out and glorifying forehead and eyes.

Then there was Martin Burney, ugliest of men, hugest of eaters, honestest of friends. I see him closeted with Mary Lamb, reading the Gospel of St. John *for the first time*. And Sheridan Knowles, burly and jovial, striding into Lamb's breakfast-room one spring morning—a great branch of May-blossom in his hand. And George Darley, scholar and poet—slow of speech and gentle of strain: Miss Kelly's constant shadow in her walks amongst the Enfield woodland.

If we seek to follow the walks which were Lamb's favourite excursions eighty years ago, we find all around that rapid changes have been going on; old estates have been and continue to be cut up, new roads have been formed, and building has been progressing everywhere, though least noticeably towards the Herts border. As for Enfield itself,



The Old King and Tinker Inn.

those far short of being ranged with the oldest inhabitants have seen great alterations. With two railways running thither —the high embankment of one runs now at a little distance in front of Lamb's houses—it has rapidly grown to the position of a large residential suburb. When Lamb sent his invitation "the Chase," on the western bank of the New River,

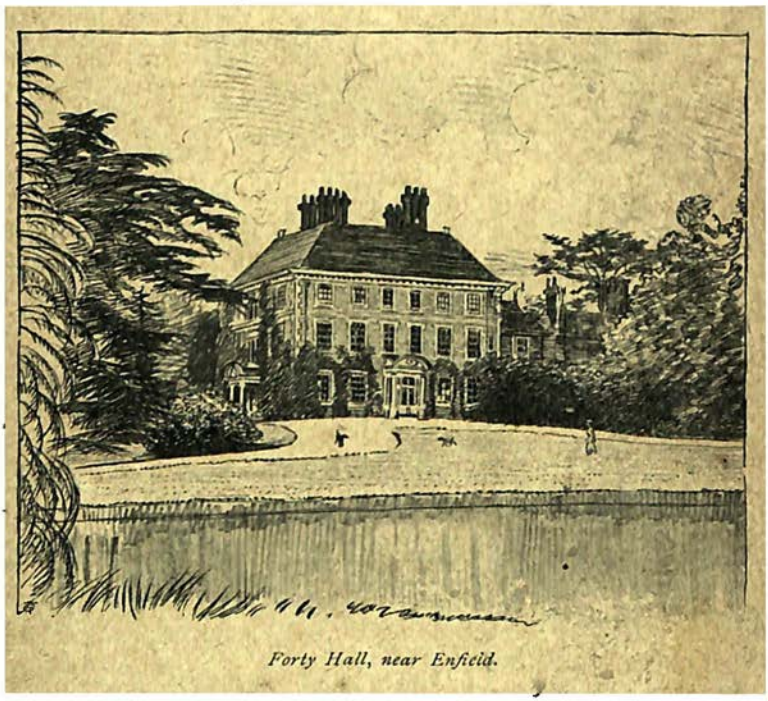
where the stream is made to take a big northerly loop round old Enfield, was probably, but for a few cottages, the western part of the village; now it spreads for a mile or so further to the west, up the hill, and Chase Side has become, as it were, a suburb to the suburb. Though new rows of shops, and roads of small attached villas tend inevitably to uglification—and Enfield has plenty of such—it is a place full of historical interest, and is still a centre for much delightful rambling. A village of some size at the time of the Domesday Survey, it came to be of importance in Tudor days, when two of the eight manors of the extensive parish belonged to the Crown. In High Street, nearly opposite the church, is a building known as Enfield Palace, being all that remains of the residence built by Edward the Sixth for his sister Elizabeth, who, when she came to be Queen, made several stays here. The "Palace" is but a fragment of the Tudor building, the main part of which was demolished towards the close of the eighteenth century. After the great Queen's time it had a succession of many residents, the most noteworthy for us being Mr. Robert Uvedale, headmaster of the Grammar School, who became the tenant about 1660, and formed here one of the most famous gardens of his time. Said a writer on the subject in 1691:

> Dr. Uvedale, of Enfield, is a great lover of plants, and having an extraordinary art in managing them, is become master of the greatest and choicest collection of exotic greens that is perhaps anywhere in this land. His greens take up six or seven houses or roomsteads. His orange trees and myrtles fill up his biggest house, and another house is filled with myrtles of a less size, and those more nice and curious plants that need closer keeping are in warmer rooms, and some of them stand where he thinks fit. His flowers are choice, his stock numerous, and his culture of them very methodical and curious; but to speak of the garden in the whole, it does not lie fine to please the eye, his delight and care lying more in the ordering particular plants, than in the pleasing view and form of his garden.

Those early greenhouses, quaintly designated "roomsteads," have long passed away, but Enfield remains a noted horticul-

tural centre, and it owes one existing feature to good Dr. Uvedale, for at the back of the Palace stands a noble cedar of Lebanon, one of the first planted in this country. It is said to have been brought from Mount Lebanon to Dr. Uvedale by one of his pupils, "in a portmanteau," and to have been planted in its present position some time between 1672 and 1680. Though threatened more than once—on one occasion a trench was actually dug round it in readiness for the workman's axe—the tree still flourishes, its girth at a foot and a half above the ground being given as twenty-one feet and four inches. The Palace is now the home of a local club. Enfield had long association with the children of Henry the Eighth, and here much of their childhood was spent. When Prince Edward was but a child of six, the released Scottish noblemen who had been made prisoners at Solway Moss, when on their way from London along that road to the North, which a wicked wag has said no Scotsmen ever willingly journeyed, were brought to visit him at Enfield, and, says Holinshed, "dined there that day, greatly rejoicing, as by words and countenance it seemed, to behold so proper and towardly an Ympe." The palaces of Elsynge Hall, or Enfield House, and Worcesters, have long since disappeared, and local historians dispute even as to the exact site of the former—which stood somewhere west of Forty Hall, possibly between this and Clay Hill; the latter was pulled down in the seventeenth century, and replaced by the present Forty Hall, the architect of which was Inigo Jones. It was at Elsynge Hall that the Princess Elizabeth was staying when her father died, and hither her brother was brought from Hertford, and in her presence told of the event which had made him, a boy of ten, King of England. Four or five years later he granted Elizabeth the Manor of Enfield, and then, it is suggested, rebuilt the manor house. If that were so, it would look as though Elsynge Hall had stood near where the portion of the palace still stands. Hither the Lady of the

Manor, more or less a prisoner under the rigorous rule of her sister Queen Mary, was brought in 1557, in such state as suggests that there must have been brightness and colour about Enfield when the pageant-loving princess was in residence. Hither she came from Hatfield House in the charge of her keeper, but, as the chronicler shows, in state



Forty Hall, near Enfield.

quite unlike that of a prisoner, for she had with her: "a retinue of twelve ladies in white satin, on ambling palfries, and twenty yeomen in green on horseback, that she might hunt the hart. On entering the Chase she was met by fifty archers in scarlet boots and yellow caps, armed with gilded bows, one of whom presented her with a silver-headed arrow, winged with peacock feathers." Elizabeth's famous poet-seaman-historian-

courtier, Sir Walter Raleigh, is said to have had a "cottage" at Chase Side when in attendance on the Court, while many other notabilities, major and minor, are associated with Enfield. Captain Marryat, who wrote some of the best known sea stories; Charles Babbage, who devised the calculating machine; and Concha, the Spanish general who was shot at Estella, were all here at school together. Here, too, died on March 25, 1827, Sir Nathaniel Dance, who, as commodore of homeward bound ships belonging to the East India Company, saved his entire fleet by sheer bravado. Encountering a French squadron, Dance ranged his rich but ill-equipped vessels in line of battle, and the French Admiral, misled into believing the merchantmen battleships, thought discretion the better part of valour, when Dance "made the signal for a general chase, and for two hours enjoyed the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful squadron of ships of war flying before a number of merchantmen"! Should Enfield folk follow the way of other communities and indulge in a "Pageant," there are many subjects made to their hand.

The easterly ways from Enfield have no special attractiveness; they bring us, more or less directly, through flat meadows and market gardens to the populous Ware road again. South, however, by the side of the New River, is a footpath way through Chase Park and market gardens to the near neighbourhood of Hood's house at Winchmore Hill. West and north lies much of that which is most attractive to those in search of real "country" walks, for though the great tract of Enfield Chase—"a forest for her pride, though titled but a chase"—has long since been de-chased, there are still stretches of parkland, and the swelling country of grass meadows—for the pasture is here far more extensive than the arable—is finely diversified with trees, the roads often margined by stately oaks, while occasional spinneys further remind us of the time when about thirty square miles of this northern tract of our county was a Royal Chase formed out of the great Forest of Middlesex,

which extended from far to the south-west into Hertfordshire and Essex at Waltham. It is perhaps still the biggest rural stretch which Middlesex has to show, though there are bits about the Buckinghamshire corner not less attractive. Though the Chase no longer exists, its name is retained in many parts; Enfield and Southgate has each its Chase Side, indicating, presumably, one of the bounds of the irregularly shaped preserve; Colney Hatch is supposed to owe its name to there having been there a "hatch" or entrance to the Chase; Chase Farm is to be seen near Potter's Bar—perhaps itself the Hatfield entrance; some of the "Lodges" indicate where keepers of the Chase had their houses. Much used by Tudor Princes, and so well liked by James the First that he acquired Theobalds as a seat handy to it, Enfield Chase first felt the hand of change under the Commonwealth. When in 1650 a survey was made, "the Chase of the Keepers of the Liberty of England" was estimated to cover nearly eight thousand acres, the inhabitants of Enfield declaring that about a third as much had been taken from it by encroachments. In estimating the timber value of the Chase at this time, 2500 oak trees were left out of reckoning as being earmarked for the use of the Navy. Much of the timber was destroyed, many of the deer killed, and much of the land enclosed before the Restoration, when it was taken again for the Crown, re-stocked with deer, and re-planted with young trees. As Macaulay puts it, in his survey of the State of England in 1685, not, perhaps, without that exaggeration pertaining to the orotund style, "At Enfield, hardly out of sight of the smoke of the capital, was a region of five and twenty miles in circumference which contained only three houses and scarcely any enclosed fields. Deer, as free as in an American forest, wandered there by thousands." The historian has but paraphrased the diarist, for Evelyn on June 2, 1676, wrote:—

I went with my Lord Chamberlain to see a garden at Enfield town; thence, to Mr. Secretary Coventry's lodge in the Chase. It is a very

pretty place, the house commodious, the gardens handsome, and our entertainment very free, there being none but my Lord and myself. That which I most wondered at was, that, in the compass of twenty-five miles, yet, within fourteen of London, there is not a house, barn, church, or building, besides three lodges. To this Lodge are three great ponds, and some few inclosures, the rest a solitary forest, yet stored with not less than 3000 deer. These are pretty retreats for gentlemen, especially for those who are studious and lovers of privacy.

The garden which Evelyn went to see was probably Dr. Uvedale's. Mr. Secretary Coventry's house was presumably that known as the South Lodge, still to be seen in its three-ponded park, nearly midway between Enfield and East Barnet. The East Lodge, curiously enough, is due north of the South Lodge. It has been pointed out that in saying there was not a "house, barn, church, or building besides three lodges" in the Chase, Evelyn probably ignored foresters' and labourers' cottages, of which it is only reasonable to suppose there were some scattered about. A quarter of a century after the sylvarian's visit a survey of Enfield showed that there were then about four thousand acres, with some 630,000 trees, principally oak, ash and beech. Almost exactly a hundred years after his visit an Act of Parliament was passed disafforesting the whole Chase, and dividing it up among the various parishes and individuals with any claims to a share. In the century and a third that has since elapsed, the whole, as a forest, has disappeared, though there are bits of rough woodland bordering some of the parks —notably Trent Park, and Whitewebb's Park by the Herts border, near Theobalds—that help us to realise what the whole was like, while oak-shaded lanes may be followed in various directions, marking probably the old keepers' tracks through the Chase. The fewness of footpaths in the district suggests that the forest in which royalty hunted the deer was so well preserved that the people of the villages on its confines established no meandering rights of way.

On the road running west to Barnet is the park of South Lodge, memorable as the residence for a number of years of

the great Lord Chatham, who won the commendation of the fastidious Horace Walpole for the gardens which he laid out about his "villa." This park, however, has but little to show us of the glory of the ancient Chase. It is Trent Park, on the slope to the north, that affords us the best glimpse out of which we may seek to re-form the old-time forest. Leaving Enfield by the villa-margined road of Chase Side, and turning to the left where the roads fork opposite a great public institution, we shall get, across the small valley through which a little stream trickles on its way down to Edmonton, another view of the woodland and parkland of Trent (for many years the seat of the banker family of Bevan). Down by the stream is one of the unattractive small stations of the Metropolitan Water Board, leaving which we reach, in half a mile, the corner of the park, along which the road runs for nearly a mile. It is a dense bit of wild wood, the more sophisticated part of the park lying around the lake and mansion, with magnificent masses of rhododendrons, out of sight to the south. The close-grown silver birches, the clean-boled beeches, and the patches of pine, with much of undergrowth, help to make us realise what the extensive Chase must have been like in the day of the Merry Devil of Edmonton, and later before "encroachment" began the work of destruction which "enclosure" was to complete. A little beyond the entrance to the park, hidden from view among the trees, is the site of Camlet Moat—a spot whereon an ancient house is supposed to have been, one about which fiction and tradition tell romantic things. Where old-time topographers disputed, present-day ones can but rarely come to agreement. According to Camden the "ruins and rubbish of an ancient house," still to be seen on the mound, were all that remained of a one-time castle belonging to the Mandevilles. Lysons, on the other hand, believed the moat to mark the site of the chief forester's lodge. A romantic story about this spot runs that there is "a deep well at the north-east corner of the area,

paved at the bottom, in which it has been pretended that an iron chest full of treasure is concealed, which cannot be drawn up to above a certain height; and that the last or one of its owners, to whom the whole Chase belonged, being attainted of treason, or some high crime, hid himself in a hollow tree, and sinking into this well, perished miserably." Of the traditional house that stood here it is said that it had "brazen gates which could be heard to shut as far as Winchmore Hill," which is nearly three miles away! Another story runs that this spot was one of the hiding-places of Dick Turpin, whose grandfather's inn was a couple of miles away across the Chase at Clay Hill, and its then loneliness may well have promised a fairly safe lair to an ill-doer seeking to lie low during the height of a hue and cry. In the penultimate chapter of Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel* this Camlet Moat is made the tragic scene of Lord Dalgarno's murder:

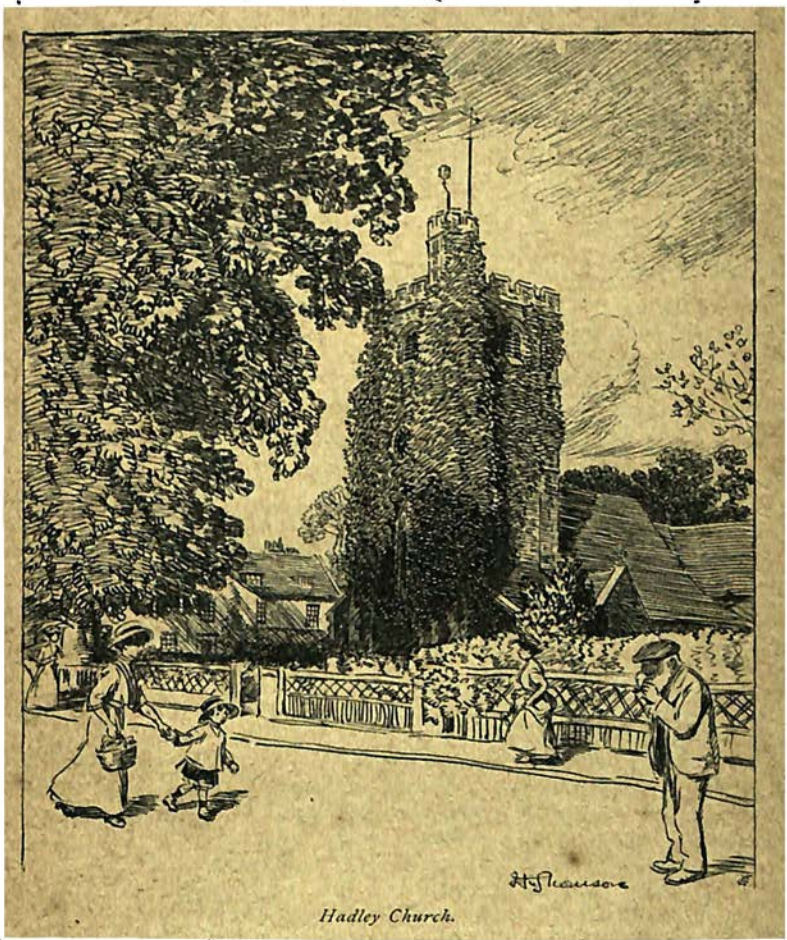
> The sun was high upon the glades of Enfield Chase, and the deer, with which it then abounded, were seen sporting in picturesque groups among the ancient oaks of the forest, when a cavalier and a lady, on foot, although in riding apparel, sauntered slowly up one of the long alleys which were cut through the park for the convenience of the hunters. . . .
>
> The place at which he stopped was at that time little more than a mound, partly surrounded by a ditch, from which it derived the name of Camlet Moat. A few hewn stones there were, which had escaped the fate of many others that had been used in building different lodges in the forest for the royal keepers. These vestiges, just sufficient to show that "here in former times the hand of man had been," marked the ruins of the abode of a once illustrious but long-forgotten family, the Mandevilles, Earls of Essex, to whom Enfield Chase and the extensive domains adjacent had belonged in elder days. A wild woodland prospect led the eye at various points through broad and seemingly interminable alleys, which, meeting at this point as at a common centre, diverged from each other as they receded, and had, therefore, been selected by Lord Dalgarno as the rendezvous for the combat, which, through the medium of Richie Moniplies, he had offered to his injured friend.

Here the proposed fight is prevented by the deadly shot of a robber, and though the scene now differs widely from that

which was before those who took part in the tragic episode there are still goodly woodland prospects in the immediate neighbourhood, thanks to the many fieldside oaks left standing. Trent Park itself is full of beauty, the thick growth of timber, shrubs and bracken about the Moat making it a fascinating place for a privileged visitor. The black water of the moat, close overgrown with greenery, suggests the Haunted House of which Thomas Hood wrote. Here, however, is now no sign of any buildings. At the south-western end of the park, where it borders the Southgate road, is the tiny village of Cock Fosters,—a modern church, an old inn, and a few villas and cottages—on the very border of Hertfordshire. The second part of the quaint name of this place is said to derive in some way from "foresters," and an ingenious suggestion is that the whole is but a corruption of "bicoque forestieres," signifying a hamlet of foresters' cottages—a suggestion which may perhaps be accepted in default of a better. From Cock Fosters there is a tempting Hertfordshire footpath way along the strip of Hadley Common —the only scrap of the Chase now public property—to Monken Hadley and Barnet. Keeping to the road, however, we soon come to the grand stretch of Beech Hill Park, with its lakes, through which flows the Pymmes Brook we have met with again and again. Though beautiful now, ominous markings on the palings show that it is already doomed to development as a building estate, that roads are marked to be cut through the tree-dotted turf. This doomed park, at the end of the 18th century, fell to the share of the gentleman who, as Surveyor-General, had the task of drawing up the scheme for the division of the Chase.

It is becoming ever more difficult to realise that not many decades ago it was possible to journey from Hadley Church, through Enfield Chase, and Epping and Hainault Forests, to Wanstead in Essex, "without ever leaving the green turf, or losing sight of forestland." The northern part of the old-

time Chase, though dotted here and there with new buildings, is a fine undulating country taking us near the Hertfordshire



Hadley Church.

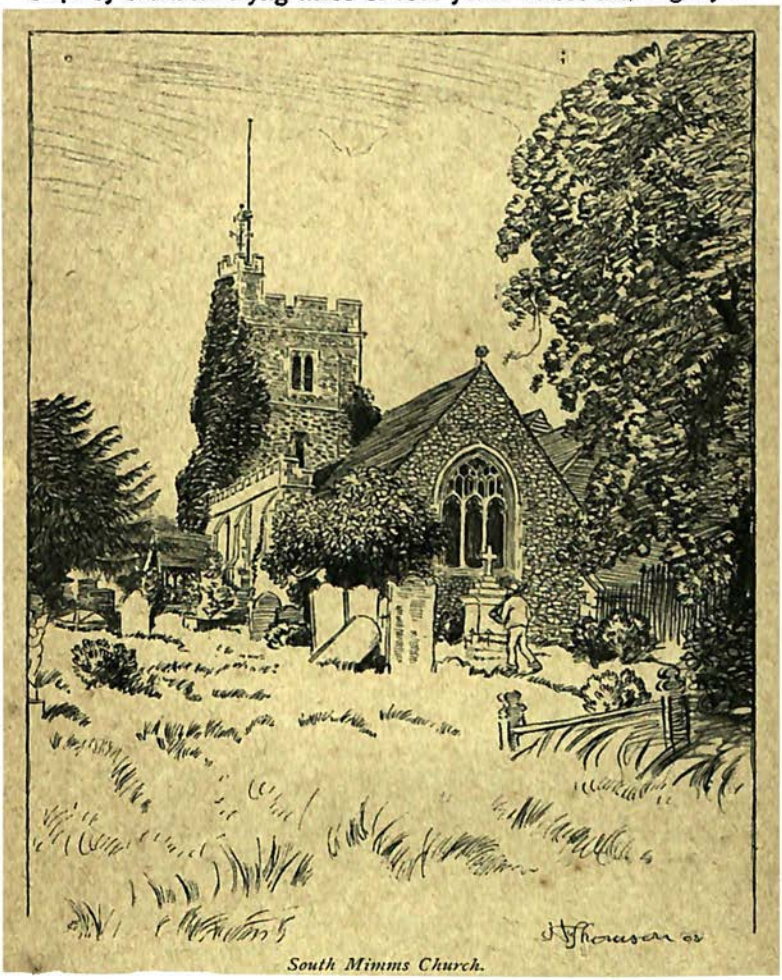
border at South Mimms and Potter's Bar. These places to the north of the bit of Herts inset in our county about Barnet lie in such a tree-grown tract as is befitting in the extension

of what was the Chase. On the very boundary of the county—on the main road north of Barnet—is the obelisk commemorating the Battle of Barnet, an obelisk that contrives at once a treble debt to pay, being the memorial of the old fighting on these heights, marking the meeting line of two counties, and serving as a milestone indicating the distance along the bifurcations to Hatfield and St. Albans. This monument was erected in 1740 by Sir Jeremy Sambrook, as it was believed that the battle took place on what was known as Gladsmore Heath (later Bentley Heath), a large and dreary plain well suited to the business of multifarious slaughter which extended north of Barnet, but which has all been long since enclosed and become farm land and parks, except the small tract extending from Monken Hadley, just north of Barnet, to Cock Fosters. The inscription on the obelisk runs, "Here was fought the famous battle between Edward the Fourth and the Earl of Warwick, April the 14th, anno 1471; in which the Earl was defeated and slain." In this decisive conflict it is said that no fewer than ten thousand of the combatants were killed. The death of the Earl, says one record, "was consonant in terrible grandeur to the leading actions of his life. Finding that all was lost, he dismounted from his horse, and rushing amongst the noblest of his foes, triumphed even in death, by escaping from deliberate vengeance and falling by the side of his own banner." Green, however, tells another tale:

> At early dawn on the fourteenth of April the two hosts fronted one another at Barnet. A thick mist covered the field, and beneath its veil Warwick's men fought fiercely till dread of mutual betrayal ended the strife. Warwick himself was charged with cowardly flight. In three hours the medley of carnage and treason was over. Four thousand men lay on the field; and the Earl and his brother were found among the slain.

From the war-commemorating obelisk either fork of the road has its attractions, but the byway to the left is pleasanter than the much bemotored highway to the right. Each takes us along one side of the pleasant Wrotham Park—which derives

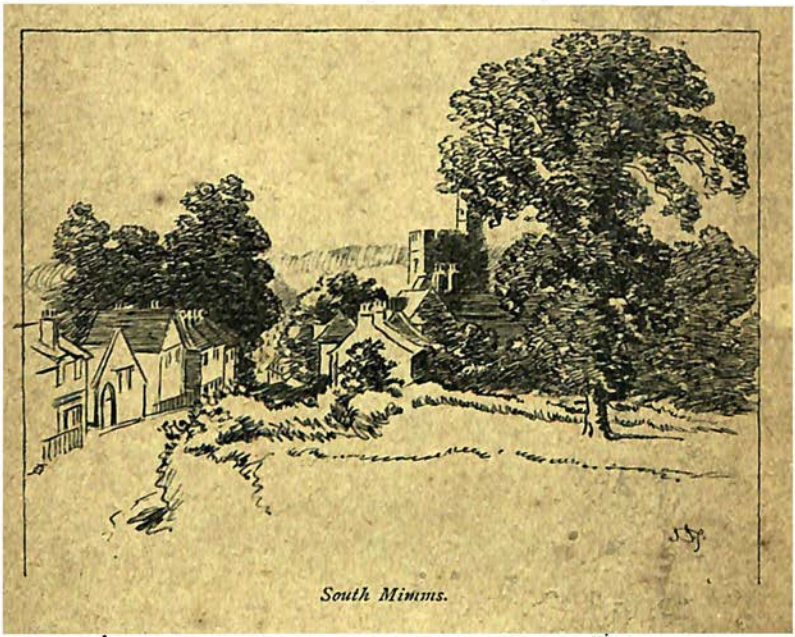
its name from that other Wrotham in Kent. The mansion was built by Admiral Byng three or four years before the tragedy of



South Mimms Church.

March 14, 1757, when the Admiral was shot "*pour encourager les autres.*" Across one corner of the park, affording a view of

the mansion, is a footpath which leads from the highway to the quiet hamlet of Bentley Heath, and so to Potter's Bar. The road up the western side of Wrotham Park affords a wonderful sight when—as in the past season—the hawthorn blossom is plentiful. At the north-east corner of the Park the road to Potter's Bar reaches the height of 425 feet at the Ganwick Corner of the map—the more phonetic Gannick



South Mimms.

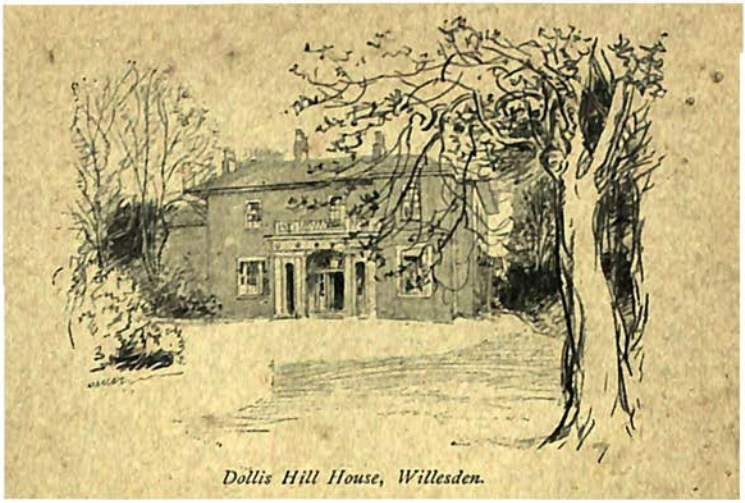
Corner of the finger-posts. The Great Northern Railway passes through this hill by a long tunnel, a little beyond which is Potter's Bar, a straggling village of no special attractiveness, but one offering delightful walks about the county boundary through a prosperous looking country of green fields and many trees.

About a couple of miles to the west of Potter's Bar is the beautiful village of South Mimms, the most northerly of our

Middlesex centres, situated on fairly high ground about the junction of many byways, with delightful views across the undulating country and many varied walks both on the eastern side in our county and on the west into Hertfordshire. The church is a picturesque old flint and stone structure, one of the most notable internal features of which is the Frowyk Chantry dating from the mid-fifteenth century. There are various monuments and brasses to members of the Frowyk family, and a memento *mori* which should appeal to the curious in such matters. This is a small figure of a skull (in the south wall of the nave), with a mutilated inscription, which I have conjecturally completed :

> [Both young and] Ovlde, Looke On,
> Why Turn Awaye Thyne Eyne,
> This Is No Strangeres Fase
> The Phesnamy Is Thyne.

In South Mimms parish, by Dancer's Hill, just to the west of Wrotham Park, is Dyrham Park, partly in this and partly in the neighbouring county, with an entrance gate worthy of note as having been the triumphal arch erected by General Monck for Charles the Second when that monarch entered London on his restoration in 1660.



Dollis Hill House, Willesden.

CHAPTER XI

THE NORTHERN SUBURBS

Suburban villas, highwayside retreats,
That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets,
Tight boxes, neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who, gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air . . . . . .
But still 'tis rural—trees are to be seen
From ev'ry window, and the fields are green;
Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,
And what could a remoter scene show more?—*Cowper.*

PRECISELY where the suburbs begin and where they end it passes the wit of man to say definitely. I have heard them defined as being only limited outwards by the outermost beat of members of the metropolitan police force! And then again I have heard a householder, who certainly could not find a "country" walk within two miles of his home, indignantly repudiate the suggestion that he was living in the suburbs.

By some strange chain of reasoning a man who lives in an island is supposed to narrow the range of his outlook on things (unless, of course, he lives at the centre), when he is supposed to take on something of the various qualities of all who jostle in the capital), so those who live about the vague periphery of that centre are said (reproachfully) to be suburban, while those who pass their lives in the provinces are provincial. In each case the term may be an exact one: an islander is insular, a resident in the suburbs is suburban, a dweller in the provinces is provincial, but—insular, suburban, provincial, each word has come to connote a point of view, and to be used foolishly in a patronising or pitying fashion. Perhaps those who resent the terms are no less foolish than those who use them as belittling adjectives. If that is surburban which is within easy reach of the centre, then the larger part of this county of Middlesex has become Suburbia, and if the term is to be used as extending to all those residential places the people of which have their main business in London, then there are but few out of the way parts of our county to which the word surburban does not apply. Perhaps it might be said that the suburbs extend where the houses spread without having considerable break in their continuity—in which case again the suburbs would, as we saw in the last chapter, sometimes extend to the very limits of the county. In these closing chapters describing discursive ramblings about Middlesex, I am concerned with those suburbs about which there can be no question, those districts which lie just without the limits of the London County Council. To each of these districts it would be easy to give a special chapter, even a special book perhaps, if we were to go back to the histories of the manors in which they started, to the story of their churches, the records of their inhabitants who won to notoriety or fame. If we take the Ordnance Survey map and look to the district about which we wandered in the last chapter, we find that the road which runs with map-straightness from London Bridge

to Waltham Cross, a busy thoroughfare throughout, runs until Tottenham is reached through that greyness which on the map signifies unbroken stretches of bricks and mortar.

Setting out to explore the northern suburbs from Shoreditch Church, we find, east and west of us, some of the dreariest districts of London, on the one side, Hoxton and Islington, on the other, Haggerston and Bethnal Green stretching to Old Ford and Hackney. Business premises, warehouses, and a tangle of grey streets of small houses and tenements, give but a depressing impression of the surroundings in which many thousands of people pass their lives. The main thoroughfares, with their cheap shops and kerbstone markets, possess the only colour and animation which many of these people see from year's end to year's end. These districts are, however, very London, but it may be recalled that, as London, they are modern. Without going back to the traditional days of the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, when Bethnal Green was a village, we find that three hundred years ago Shoreditch was still presumably in the midst of open fields, for it was here that Ben Jonson, in a duel, it is said, killed a fellow player named Gabriel Spencer, for which, on confessing the indictment, he "asks for the book, reads like a clerk, is marked with the letter T, and is delivered according to the form of the statute." Even a hundred years ago many of these populous districts close-neighbouring Shoreditch were described as "hamlets." Now even the open spaces that have been preserved are small and far apart, though Victoria Park is a beautiful playground for the people, while Hackney Marsh, bordered by the Lea, forms an extensive recreation ground. A popular song of years ago used to tell of the lavish extravagance of a holiday maker:

A tuppenny ride on a tramcar
Down to Victoria Park,
A tuppenny ride on a donkey,
To show I was having a lark.

Now the holiday tramcar rider is taken much farther afield.

These eastern and north-eastern districts of London were at one time the place of residence for well-to-do citizens. Sir George Trevelyan, half a century ago, described such suburbs as being "places which, as regards the company and the way of living, are little else than sections of London removed into purer air." Each generation sees these sections removed a little further out, as the "exhalations of dirt and smoke" extend their sway. The old villadom of many of these districts has been pushed ever outwards, and it is about Stamford Hill —the "gentle and fine eminence," on which the Lord Mayor of London, with all his brethren, met James the First on his journey to his new capital—that we begin to find the villadom of to-day. Between Stamford Hill and Tottenham we reach the northerly limits of the upstart county that has annexed so much of old Middlesex. It was from Stamford Hill that King James, according to Harrison Ainsworth, exclaimed "in rapturous accents, as he gazed on the magnificence of his capital, 'At last the richest jewel in a monarch's crown is mine!'" The tide of houses has swept up to and overwhelmed the hill, lessening its apparent height, and narrowing the view over a city dimmed by smoke.

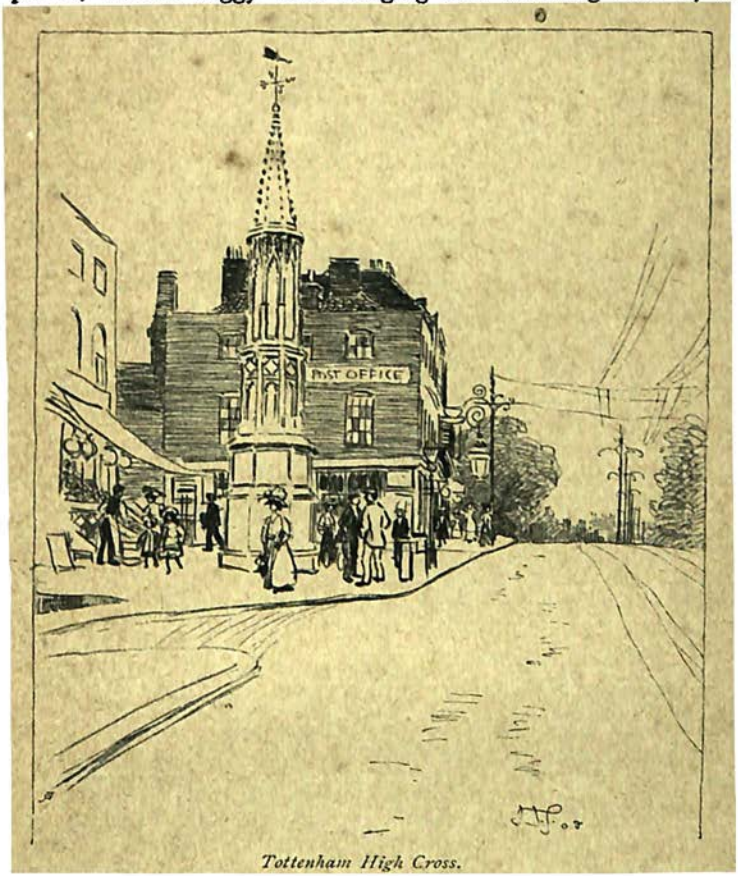
Tottenham is now a spreading residential district, with some old bits here and there, even one or two surviving wooden-fronted houses, with many streets branching off from its main thoroughfare down towards the levels about the Lea, and the extensive reservoirs (still, I am told, the haunt of various wild-fowl), but it has little left to suggest the Tottenham even of a hundred years ago. About the broad road, however, many old trees have been preserved, and others planted. Indeed, near where the Seven Sisters Road branches off—a network of tramway lines and overhead wires—Tottenham has quite an arboreal appearance, as is only fitting, since that road took its name from an old group of seven elms surrounding a walnut

that stood here of old. The tall, new-looking Tottenham Cross, vane-surmounted, to be seen standing in the pavement on the right of the road, close-neighboured by shops, long gave to this central portion of an extensive parish the name of Tottenham High Cross. It is said not to be one of the crosses erected by Edward the First along the route taken by the funeral of his Queen Eleanor from Nottinghamshire to Westminster in 1290, though it is worth pointing out that the funeral *cortège* took thirteen days passing from Lincoln to Westminster Abbey, and that the list of crosses erected is twelve—may there not have been one for each day, and the thirteenth be that at Tottenham? The early records of the cross describe it as of wood, covered with a square sheet of lead "to shoote the water off every way, underset by four squares." In 1600, the wooden cross had fallen into such a state that Dean Wood, a local worthy, had it re-erected in octagonal form of brick, and exactly a century ago, the people of the neighbourhood had the brick cased in with stucco and decorated in the "Gothic" style, in which we see it to-day. Almost opposite the Cross is a quaint survival in the shape of a wheel-worked pump with conical tiled roof, standing near the bit of green by courtesy called "Common." A little beyond the Cross are the Grammar School (1675), of ugly yellow brick, and old almshouses scarcely more picturesque. Big new public buildings and large shops are coming to be the chief note of the main thoroughfare.

Tottenham was surely one of the first of places to inspire a local topographer, for in 1631 (the year before his death) William Bedwell, vicar of the parish, "one of the most learned translators of the Bible," and the first Western student of Arabic literature, published a *Description of Tottenham*. The place, too, has the distinction of having several proverbs of its own. One of these

> When Tottenham Wood is all on fire
> Then Tottenham Street is nought but mire,

Bedwell explains thus: "When Tottenham Wood, of many hundred acres, on the top of a high hill in the west end of the parish, hath a foggy mist hanging and hovering over it, in



Tottenham High Cross.

manner of a smoke, then generally foul weather followeth, so that it serveth the inhabitants instead of a prognostication." All that old Fuller comments on this is: "I am confident there is as much mire now as formerly in Tottenham Street, but

question whether so much wood now as anciently on Tottenham Hill." It may be that the wood "on fire" meant its appearance when autumn had laid "its fiery fingers on the leaves," at which time the low-lying ways of the district may well have been miry in days when road-making was still in a primitive state. Tottenham Wood was presumably where the suburb of Wood Green now is, and extended perhaps over the hill on which the shadowy mass of the Alexandra Palace shows from various high points about the northern suburbs. Another proverb, referring to the same tract of woodland, has doubtless become obsolete, as it has assuredly lost all point. Anybody proposing a seemingly impossible task was told "You might as well try to move Tottenham Wood," but Tottenham Wood has disappeared, and those who would essay that which they are told is impossible may well take heart of grace. Another local proverb, cited by Fuller, is "Tottenham is termed French," "applied to such, who, contemning the custom of their own country, make themselves more ridiculous by affecting foreign humours and habits." It seems that in the early part of the reign of Henry the Eighth French mechanics swarmed into England, so that not only was the city, "but country villages for four miles about, [were] filled with French fashions and infections." Tottenham, presumably, was especially favoured of the foreigners. Recently the neighbourhood had unpleasant association with aliens, when two Russians, after a peculiarly bold highway robbery, ran amok, commandeered a tramcar and other vehicles and shot several local people, turning a peaceful neighbourhood into a scene reminiscent of the Wild West of lawless times before they fell to their own or their pursuers' shots.

One of our earliest humorous poems is associated with this suburb, for it was presumably a fifteenth century writer who produced *The Turnament of Tottenham*, a farcical skit upon the knightly tournaments of the past. This ballad, telling of "the wooing, winning and wedding of Tibbe the Reeve's

daughter," was first printed, more or less modernised, from an old manuscript, by Bedwell, and that learned scholar seems to have been possessed of but a small sense of humour, for he accepted it as the more or less literal record of a tournament that must have taken place before Edward the Third put down such encounters. The story tells how various bachelors, rudely armoured in sheepskins, mats, and other protective materials, fought with flails until heads were broken, and the wounded were taken home on "dores," "hyrdyllys, and "whele-barows," while "Perkyn the potter" won the day, the maid, and the menagerie with which the reeve, her father, dowered her:

It befel in Totenham on a dere day,
There was mad a shurtyng be the hy-way;
Theder com al the men of the contray,
Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,
And all the swete swynkers:
Ther hopped Hawkyn,
Ther daunsed Dawkyn,
Ther trumped Tomkyn,
And all were trewe drynkers.

Whoso berys hym best in the turnament,
Hym schal be granted the gre be the comon assent,
For to wynne my dozter wyth "dughtynesse" of dent,
And "Coppel" my brode-henne, "that" was brozt out of Kent,
And my dunnyd kowe.
For no spens will I spare,
For no cattell wyl I care;
He schal have my gray mare,
And my spottyd sowe.

To that ylk fest com many for the nones;
Some come hyphalte, and some trippand "thither" on the stonys;
Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at onys;
Of sum where the hedes broken, of some the schulder bonys.
With sorrow come thay thedyr.
Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,
Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,
And so was all the bachelary
When they met togedyr.

The whole ballad may be read, in divers versions, in the various histories of Tottenham, or in *The Percy Reliques*.[1] It is told with such rough humorous satire as Samuel Butler was to use to other ends a couple of centuries later in *Hudibras*.

At Tottenham, in the reign of Queen Mary, lived an Italian doctor, Cæsar Adelmore, who became physician to the Queen, and was authorised to change his name to Julius Cæsar, and here was born his son, the more famous Julius Cæsar, judge, who held many high positions in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the First, and was singled out by Fuller as among the most notable of the worthies of Middlesex. Of him Fuller gives the following account:

> A person of prodigious bounty to all of worth or want, so that he might seem to be almoner general of the nation. The story is well known of a gentleman who once borrowing his coach (which was as well known to poor people as an hospital in England) was so rendezvoused about with beggars in London that it cost him all the money in his purse to satisfy their importunity, so that he might have hired twenty coaches on the same terms. Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, was judicious in his election, when perceiving his dissolution to approach, he made his last bed in effect in the house of Sir Julius.

It is not easy to recall the past of the place while wandering about its shop-lined highway or its villa-terraced byways, but turning to the left up Bruce Grove, we may well go to the church, where something of that past is recorded. The elm avenue to which the street owes its name has long since gone. Just before reaching the church we come to a picturesque old mansion (with inharmonious additions) now containing public offices and a museum, standing in a small public park. This is Bruce Castle, for centuries the seat of noble families. The oldest part of the present house, however, was only built at the

[1] The extract is taken from the edition of the *Reliques* in Bohn's Standard Library, where the "Turnament" is given from a mid-fifteenth century MS. in the British Museum.

end of the seventeenth century. In 1827, Rowland Hill, of Penny Post fame, and his brothers started a school here, which flourished for about sixty years, and had a distinct effect on the trend of modern education. Early in the twelfth century the original mansion is said to have been built by Earl Waltheof, from whom it descended to Robert Bruce, to whom it owes its name. (It is perhaps worthy of note that John Baliol, Bruce's competitor for the Scottish crown, also held a manor in Tottenham.) The only scrap of ancient building left is a bit of detached tower on the west—probably part of the old Tudor castle, successive owners of which entertained Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth. There are fine old trees in the grounds, including some good cedars.

The old church of Tottenham stands immediately to the north of Bruce Castle, and is worth visiting, though much restored, and marked by ugly additions. Its most noticeable feature is the ancient buttressed tower, of stones topped with brick, with window spaces filled in with old red bricks. Here are to be seen a number of monuments more curious than remarkable, notably one of a seventeenth century couple, with beneath their busts their dozen children represented. From near the church footpaths take us across the cemetery, and by all that is left of Tottenham Park (doomed to the builder), through such of the open country as remains, to Edmonton Church, or to Palmer's Green—certainly a far pleasanter route than following the tram lines of the highway. If bound for Edmonton we cross the Angel Brook by the really beautiful "bit" at the Wyer Hall ford, or if to Palmer's Green by a more westerly ford, before descending to which we cross football grounds and a field, from which is to be had a good view over changing country, broad fields to the north and many trees, with the growing belts of houses along the populous main roads left and right. Along the White Hart Lane, which runs by Tottenham Park to Wood Green, we come to a small group of wooden farm buildings, a few

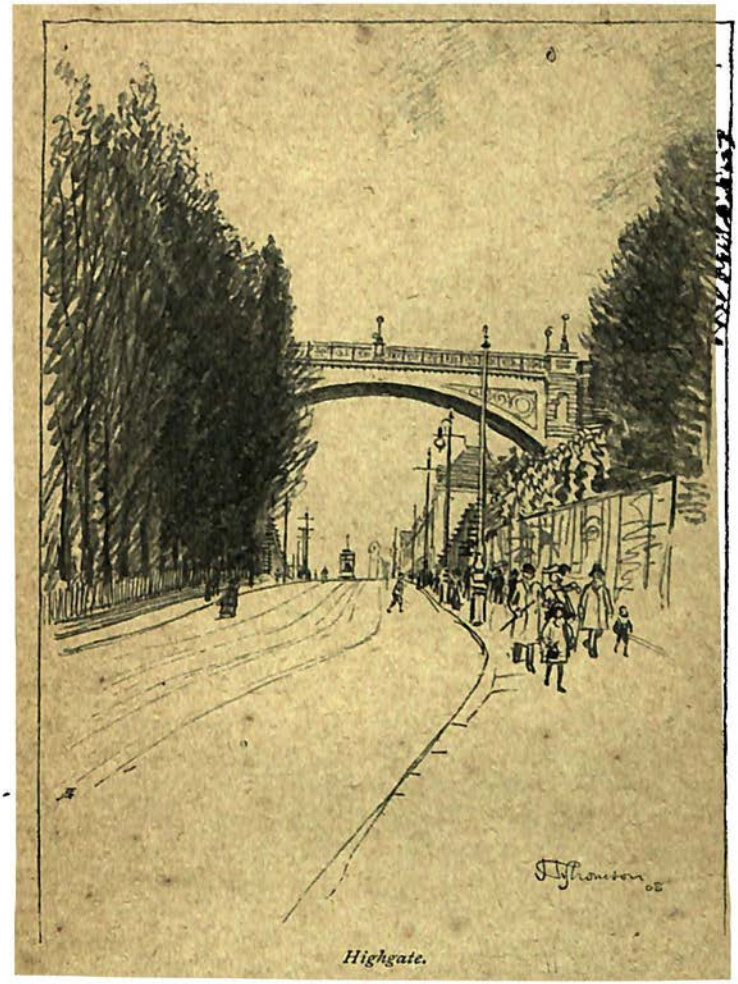
cottages, and a pond, quite a rustic hamlet set amid fields, but the football fields, with disused tramcars by way of robing rooms, suggest approaching change. Not for long will there be so much of semi-rurality here, for, as Cowper says, and as bold notices announce:

> Estates are landscapes, gazed upon awhile
> Then advertised, and auctioneered away.

Around London the converse of the poet's opening statement is coming to be true, and "landscapes" to be "building estates" but for a brief while before they are covered with new extensions of the outer suburbs.

Taking the next of our radiating highways, we pass from one-time "merry" Islington, through Barnsbury, Canonbury, Highbury, Holloway, and Stoke Newington; all these crowded districts—the salubrious suburbs of a few generations ago—are now part of the great congeries of towns known as London. At Finsbury Park, another populous district of tramwayed highways and of byways innumerable consisting of rows after rows of small houses and villas, we step out into Middlesex proper again, but the Great City is to all intents and purposes still with us, far along towards Enfield. In Finsbury Park itself—the open space that gives this district its name—the northern suburbs have a recreation ground of about a hundred and twenty acres. Well planned and planted, on the top and slopes of a hill, this is one of the most attractive of London's suburban open spaces, with its broad stretches of turf, its many trees and shrubs, its interesting patches of well-grown rock-garden, and its hill-top lake, on which boating is indulged in. Here are public tennis courts and cricket pitches, and capital gymnasia for children and adults, so that it forms altogether a valuable, as well as a beautiful, playground for the people. From the highest point wide views are to be had north and east to neighbouring hills, all more or less closely house-covered. Near the lake is a large open-air aviary, in which are to

be seen many of our native birds—including goldfinches, bullfinches, linnets, starlings, and doves; and though, on first



Highgate.

seeing them, our impression is likely to be one of pity for the creatures thus caged in beautiful gardens, it must be admitted

that many of the children who delight in seeing them there might otherwise never see some of them at all. In their large aviary, too, they appear quite happy, and sing a seemingly joyous chorus—the thrush singing in freedom from the top of a neighbouring shrub not more joyous. Through the northern end of the park the New River passes, emerging again to the light of day after a goodly portion of its course has been passed in a mole-like fashion from where it is first covered in in the neighbourhood of Wood Green. The New River has, however, little that is attractive now about its windings through North London. Its aspect has changed much since Charles Lamb lived on the borders of, and since his friend George Dyer tumbled into, the "waters of Sir Hugh Myddelton."

The road beyond Finsbury Park, the "Green Lanes" of our grandparents, with its ever-humming succession of electric tramcars bound for Enfield and New Southgate, affords a seemingly endless succession of houses and shops; populous district succeeds to populous district, and but few patches of open land are left near the road, though here and there we may leave the main thoroughfare, and after an interval of villa-lined byways attain the comparative rusticity of open fields, beyond Wood Green. Easterly from Bowes Park or Palmer's Green we may follow the Pymmes Brook to Edmonton and fieldpaths to Tottenham. It is, however, to the west that the more open country lies. At Palmer's Green—where "parades" of new large shops are to seen on one side of the way, and on the other the grounds of an old residence and a picturesque thatched house, a striking conjunction of the old and the new—we are within easy walk of the well-parked country about Southgate. Close to where the New River passes beneath the road, a turning to the left takes us through a new hillside district of villas to Broomfield Park, and so to Southgate itself, and one of the most countrified of our districts due north of London.

Between this road and the Great North Road about Finchley

are still bits of open fields and woodland, though as soon as we get on rising ground the rapid growth of these suburbs can be gauged. After but a few months of absence change is to be noticed. In this district a conspicuous landmark—a mass of buildings with four corner towers and small domes of glass—is the Alexandra Palace, standing on the high ground of Muswell Hill. About this and the opposite hillside new streets are rapidly forming, though there is still a stretch of greenery given up to games in the valley between this and Shepherd's Hill, running to North Hill and Highgate.

Crouch End, Muswell Hill, Fortis Green, and part of Highgate are all comprised within the old bounds of Harringay or Hornsey, the whole of which district is now largely a series of populous suburbs. Here, in olden times, the Great Black Forest of Middlesex stretched, and there may be seen some of the best bits of woodland left within easy reach of the metropolis. Highgate Woods became public property over twenty years ago, when they were dedicated to the public use by the City of London. Linking up, more or less closely, with Parliament Hill and Hampstead Heath, they help to make this north-western the most favoured of suburban districts in the matter of open spaces. These stretches of woodland, turf and grass-grown common about London's northern heights are familiar to all. From their higher parts wide views are to be had, and London is to be considered lucky, for their old-time celebrity for healthfulness might well have led to their being among the parts first built upon. Given a clear atmosphere—the energetic should select the *early* morning of bright summer weather (when every man should be his own daylight saver)—from the summit of Parliament Hill, beyond London's wilderness of houses, may be seen the Surrey hills. In "associations" these districts are so rich as to provide material for a volume to themselves. Highgate and Hampstead might have a biographical dictionary of the notable people associated with them, from the time of Dick Whittington, who rested here by the wayside

when leaving the City which, as he had found, was not paved with gold, and heard Bow bells chime

> Turn again, Whittington,
> Lord Mayor of London,
> Turn again, Whittington.
> Three times Lord Mayor,

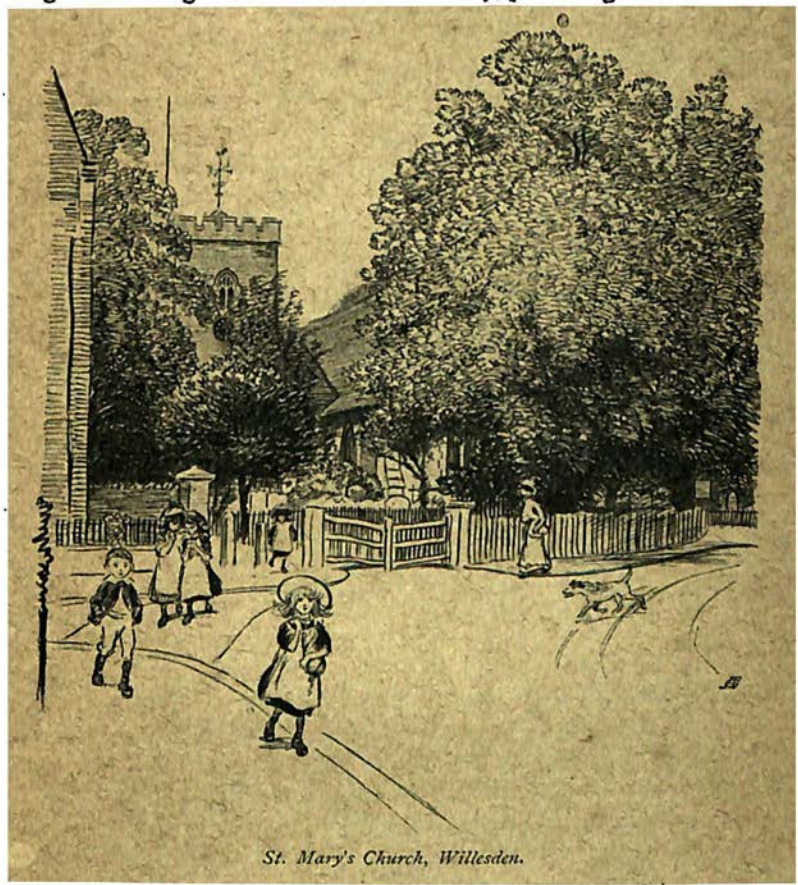
or as the old ballad has it:

> But as he went along
> In a fair summer's morn
> London bells sweetly rung
> 'Whittington back return!'
> Evermore sounding so,
> 'Turn again Whittington;
> For thou in time shall grow
> Lord Mayor of London.'

The Whittington tradition is kept alive (as so much of the traditional *is* kept alive) by a public-house sign, and by the fact that when the Whittington almshouses were removed from the City, nearly a century ago, they were re-erected here.

Apart from its happily preserved woodlands, and some of the "fair houses" in large grounds, the Highgate district has become a populous suburb about the boundary between the old county of Middlesex and the new County of London—the actual division between the two here runs along the road, which is carried high above the Great North Road on Highgate Hill by the famous Archway. From this archway a magnificent view over London is to be had as far as the smoky atmosphere will let us see, though we can no longer claim, with the Elizabethan Norden, that we "beholde the statelie citie of London, Westminster, Greenwiche, the famous river of Thamyse and the country towards the south verie faire." The ancient North Road ran through more miry ways to avoid the height, but it is now several centuries since the newer way was cut through Highgate Hill. According to Fuller this new road was begun by "a nameless Hermit," who "on his own cost caused

gravel to be digged in the top of Highgate Hill, where now is a fair pond of water; and therewith made a causeway from Highgate to Islington: a two-handed charity, providing water on the

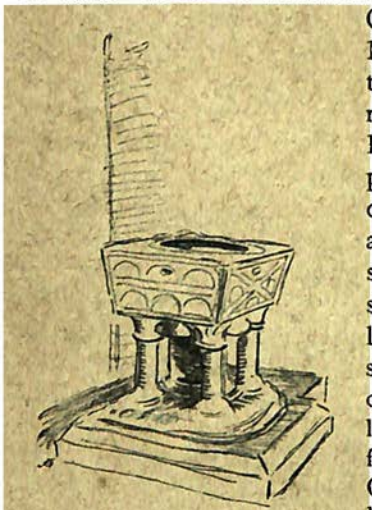


St. Mary's Church, Willesden.

hill, where it was wanting, and cleanness in the vale, which before, especially in winter, was passed with much molestation."

Beyond the modern Archway—a recent successor to a clumsier erection of 1813—houses and shops line the way more or

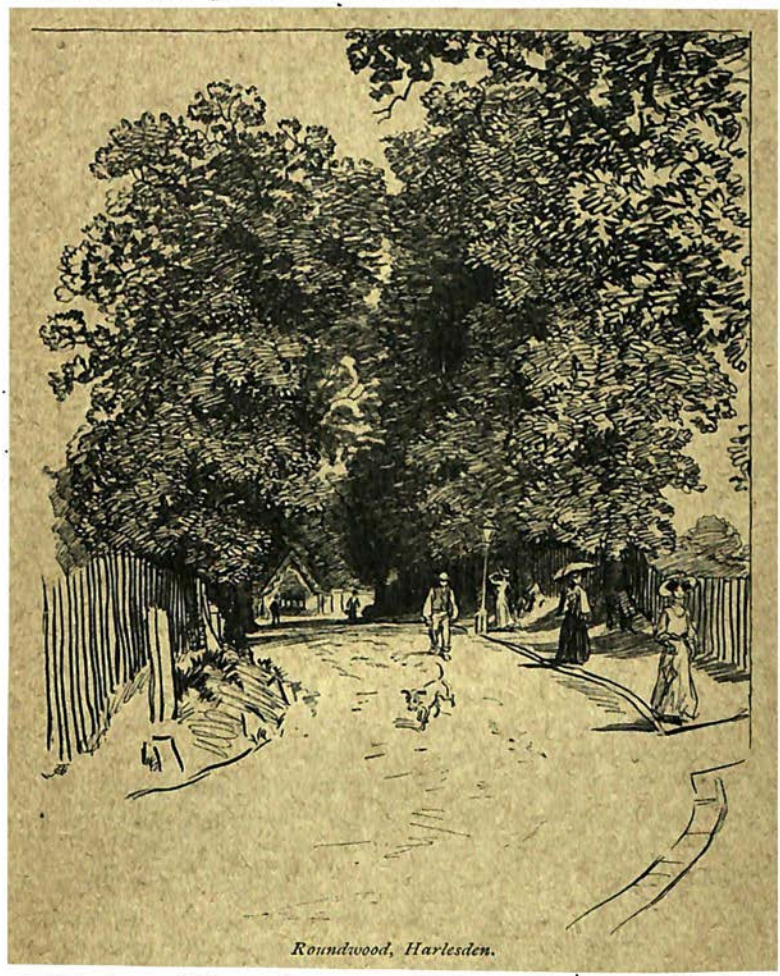
less closely to the county limits beyond Whetstone, and the grounds of numerous old-time residences have been cut up, but there are many points of interest, which may be visited by the pilgrim in search of such, all about this bit of London that lies around the fine irregular tract of woods and commons stretching from Highgate to Hampstead, and from near Kentish Town to near Golder's Green. But all this is now London, as far north as Caen Wood or Kenwood, where "Cooper Venner," as Carlyle terms him, and his "Fifth Monarchy Men" were hidden on the failure of their attempt to raise the City a year after the Restoration. Beyond the metropolitan limits here and there, the open bits of country that are left are intersected by footpaths, and starting from bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor, we may yet, following the footpath way, get some measure of rusticity, by crossing the fields to East Finchley from near Caen Wood, or from North End to the spreading Golder's Green. It is, however, but an urbanised rusticity that we get, for on either hand the march of progress is being accelerated by tramrails, more potent than seven-league boots.



Font in St. Mary's Church, Willesden.

Kilburn, Cricklewood and Willesden, about the north-western limit of London, are all populous districts merging the one into the other. Kilburn is, to all appearance, a continuation of London, and along the high road it extends by a succession of villa residences into Cricklewood, beyond which little open fields are left before we reach Hendon's Welsh Harp; each year lessens the range of greenery visible from the main road.

Westerly by the pleasant prosperity of Willesden Lane with its villas and gardens it stretches to Willesden Green and



Roundwood, Harlesden.

Willesden. Kilburn is now a highway of shops, with innumerable byways of villas east and west of it, but in its

"Priory" retains the name of a fourteenth-century Augustinian nunnery which was done away with by the reforming zeal of Henry the Eighth. Near the Priory was a mineral spring—which in the eighteenth century, when our forbears were placing great faith in "the waters" of many places, won fame as Kilburn Wells. The "Wells"—about which some of the scenes in Ainsworth's *Rookwood* are laid[1]—for a time shared the honours with those at Hampstead and Acton, but did not long retain their medicinal reputation, though well into the last century (while Kilburn was still a village to which the "cit" might drive in search of relaxation) it retained its popularity as a place for cheap and dissipated entertainment. Thanks to its situation on one of the main roads, Kilburn as a suburb has developed greatly; in the history of old times it belongs but to the neighbouring manors of Hampstead and Willesden.

Willesden, to most people to-day, suggests little more than an intricate network of railway lines converging on the Junction, yet it is an ancient place, a place with a history, and one that, despite its rapid growth, its many roads of small houses, its tram-dominated streets, has quieter ways, suggestive of its not distant past, when it was a countrified residential district for London folk. There is but little of the rural left though in Roundwood Park—from the knoll in which is to be had a good view of Harrow—there is one of the best laid-out of the smaller parks near London, a really beautiful recreation ground, with abundance of summer flowers, and an open-air display of cactuses more striking than that at Kew Gardens. It is in its old church that the historical interest of Willesden—or Wilsdon, as it was anciently spelt, and is now most frequently pronounced—centres, for in this building

[1] It will be recalled also that Ainsworth's Dick Turpin set out from Kilburn on his famous ride to York. It is said that while his book was going through the press the novelist himself performed the ride, for the purpose of proving it possible, and with the object of verifying local colour and distances.

the antiquarian will find a number of brasses and other old monuments,—while for the modern hero-worshipper there is a recent brass inscribed: "To the Glory of God and in Memory of William Ewart Gladstone, a great statesman, a faithful son of the Church of England, a frequent communicant in this Church from 1882 to 1894, this tablet is placed by his fellow worshippers. MDCCCXCVIII." Mr. Gladstone attended this church during his many visits to friends at

Roundwood House from the Park.

Dollis Hill. At the old parish church of St. Mary's, Willesden, there were, until their destruction in 1548, sacred miracle-working relics, to see which pilgrims were wont to journey in many numbers, but not, the records hint, always with the most pious motives. A friar, preaching at St. Paul's Cross a little while before the putting down of the pilgrimages, said, "Ye men of London, gang yourselves with your wives to Willesden, in the Devyl's name, or else keep them at home with you with sorrow."

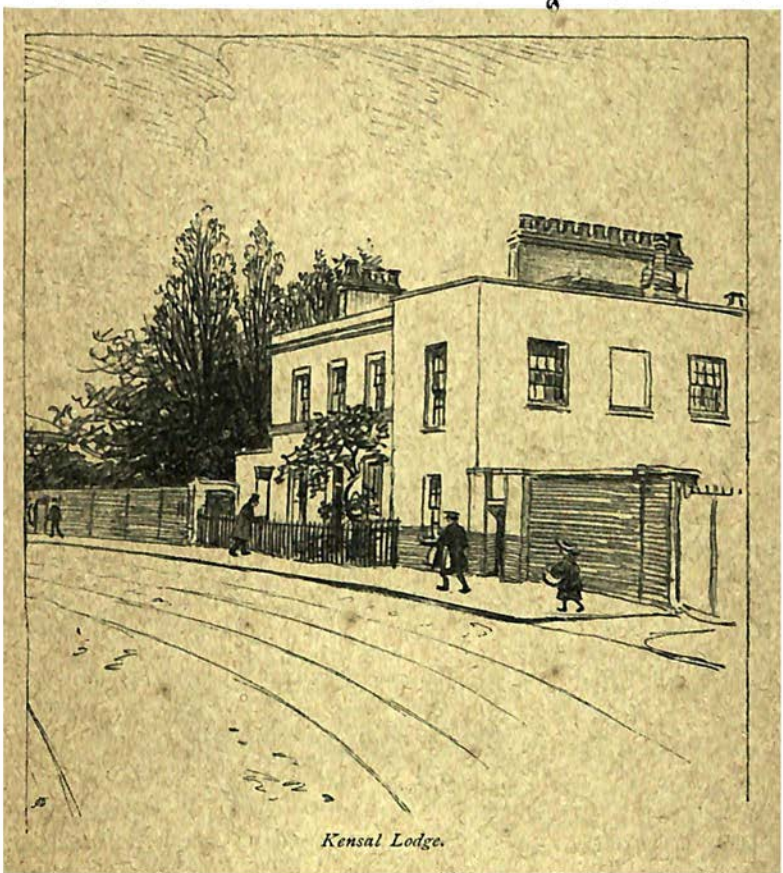
The church stands between Willesden and Willesden Green, part hidden by tall elms, while other of these trees are dotted about the burial ground; it is an edifice of various periods, which, after having been allowed to fall into a state of picturesque disrepair, was twice enlarged and restored during the past century.

Among the more memorable dead buried here—near a large elm, under an eccentric tombstone, at the north-east of the building,—is Charles Reade, the distinguished novelist and earnest reformer of social abuses, to whom the writing of fiction was a matter for sincere "purpose." The didacticism of the man is shown by his tombstone, on which are to be read "His last words to Mankind," in the form of a Christian profession of faith and hope. He was not, however, a Willesden resident. The novelist of the neighbourhood was a man of very different talent—William Harrison Ainsworth, who laid some of the most dramatic incidents of his *Jack Sheppard* in and about the old Willesden Church, dwelt first in a house on the Kilburn Road, and later at Kensal Lodge and the Manor House—close neighbours in the Harrow Road.

The association of William Ewart Gladstone with the neighbourhood is permanently and appropriately celebrated by the beautiful Gladstone Park on the Neasden side of Willesden. This public pleasaunce was long known as Dollis Hill, and here when the house was occupied by the Earl of Aberdeen the aged statesman was fond of retiring for rest and comparative quiet. It was when visiting here that he was wont to attend the services at Willesden parish church until such crowds watched his arrival and departure that he took to attending the more retired little church of Neasden-cum-Kingsbury. The association of Gladstone with Dollis Hill during his later years will long make the place a point of pilgrimage.

Of course the experienced woodman delighted in the fine tree life to be seen at Dollis. In the late Lord Tweedmouth's time, long before

Mr. Gladstone came to stay at Dollis, he is said to have taken an affection for the place, and an old gardener who has been at the house for thirty years declares that a pine tree on the east side was planted fifteen or twenty years ago by Mr. Gladstone. In the garden, close to a pretty winding



Kensal Lodge.

pool covered in the summer with water lilies, a small fir tree flourishes which he planted immediately before the rejection of the Home Rule Bill in 1886, and the spade used by the Grand Old Woodman is religiously preserved as a valuable relic.[1]

[1] *Dollis Hill and its Memories of Gladstone.* By E. T. Slater, 1901.

It was a happy idea to save Dollis Hill as a public recreation ground, and as such it forms a beautiful memorial to the statesman with whom its name is always associated. Here Gladstone was visited by many of his illustrious contemporaries. As Lord Aberdeen, his host, wrote in the

Jack the Highwayman's House.

pamphlet from which I have quoted: "On a Sunday afternoon friends would frequently drive down from London to spend an hour or two in the grounds; Lord Spencer and other distinguished colleagues were frequent visitors. It often happened, however, that at about six o'clock, when the party were probably conversing on the lawn, it would be discovered

that Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had somewhat mysteriously disappeared. This merely meant that they had slipped away to evening service, great care being taken to avoid attracting any attention to this proceeding, partly in order to avoid interrupting the social converse that was going on, and also to avoid the natural purpose of the host and hostess to provide a carriage." Here on Saturdays during Mr. Gladstone's stays —"a refuge from my timidity" he termed it—were held notable gatherings of political friends and foes, and other distinguished visitors from near and far, and the beautiful bit of parkland and ground will long suggest reminiscences of those who were privileged to be present at such reunions. The Gladstone tradition should long be maintained in the Willesden district.

A local legend has it that a house near to Dollis Hill was one of the resorts of Jack Sheppard, the criminal who has been converted into a hero. The tradition is probably based on the fact that Harrison Ainsworth makes this place the scene of Sheppard's murder of the farmer's wife. Here he is supposed to have lain *perdu* during the hue and cry following one of his exploits, and so persistently has the house been associated with his name that it is said to have been utilised by artists designing scenery for plays dealing with the flourishing time of the knights of the road.

CHAPTER XII

THE WESTERN SUBURBS

Though our idle tribe
May love description, can we so describe,
That you shall fairly streets and buildings trace,
And all that gives distinction to a place?
This cannot be; yet, moved by your request
A part I paint, let fancy form the rest.
Cities and towns, the various haunts of men,
Require the pencil; they defy the pen.—*Crabbe.*

OUR Western Middlesex suburbs are those districts—mostly residential, with little indeed of rurality left—comprised within the tract bounded on the north and west by the Grand Junction Canal, on the south by the Thames from Hammersmith to Kew Bridge, and on the east by—London. Even so we have already visited part of this district at Brentford, (the old position of which, as the county capital, seemed to justify the according it something more than a suburban reputation), and the most westerly portion of the thus bounded space about Greenford and Southall. Willesden, as we saw in the last chapter, spreads down to the canal, Acton and Ealing are spreading up to it, for within recent years these old-time villages have got infected with the virus of civic "boulimia," and are rapidly devouring the surrounding country. Old houses have been pulled down, old trees felled, old gardens laid waste, and these, in common with the neighbouring fields, have fallen under the influence of the untiring builder. Some indication of the growth of this part of suburbia may be

gathered from the statement that where in Acton forty years ago there were about eight thousand inhabitants, there are now nearly eight times as many; where there was much of open country are now street after street of small villas and "flats"; where there were handsome houses in their well-treed grounds, are new agglomerations of bricks and mortar.

If we take the great highways which cut through these western suburbs—the Great Western or Oxford Road, which runs through our county from London to Uxbridge, or the Staines Road, which runs more or less parallel with the other until it trends south-westerly from Hounslow—we shall find them largely lined on either side with shops and houses until we reach the arbitrary limit which we have set to the suburbs. And the shops are beginning to predominate over long stretches of these main roads—sign that the "hinterland" on either side is becoming converted into street after street of houses. Excursions into the byways shows that the sign is a true one. Here and there open bits have been preserved, but the western districts have not had the good fortune of the northern in this respect, and in place of broad commons by way of natural feature, have little left of which to boast beyond the river Thames.

When Fuller wrote Acton was but a village, yet he said, "I find no fewer than seventeen Actons in England, so called, as I conceive, originally from *ake*, in Saxon an *oak*, wherewith anciently, no doubt, those towns were well stored. But I behold the place nigh London as the paramount Acton amongst them." A modern gazetteer gives us twenty-one Actons, without including those around the "paramount" one which derive their names from it. As for the trees of this old oak-town, an Old Oak Farm stood until recently to the east, within the limits of London, where the White City now stands; while if we cross the Canal from near Willesden Junction we come to Old Oak Common, at the corner of which stood that Acton Wells House which was a popular and fashionable

resort during the eighteenth century, after it had been declared that the "waters" had qualities similar to those of Cheltenham. Now the criss-cross of railway lines has destroyed the old place, and it is difficult to realise that the neighbouring hamlets were about a century and a half ago the summer resorts of fashionable people who came hither to see and be seen, to enjoy the horse racing, and incidentally to take the waters as cure for the "vapours" and other ailments of the time. As a "spa," however, Acton had but about half a century's vogue, for, despite the fact that "the water is impregnated principally with calcareous glauber, and is supposed to be more cathartic than any other in the kingdom of the same quality except that of Cheltenham," it was too near to London to maintain its reputation. That the value of a "cure" is presumed to increase in direct ratio to the distance that has to be journeyed for its obtention may be surmised from the way in which the various spas, once fashionable around the Metropolis, fell into disuse. Friars Place and East Acton, to the south of the Wells, were the hamlets where "valetudinarians and the idle" found summer lodgings during the "season" here, and East Acton long retained some aspects of its old prosperity, but there is little left of antiquity or beauty to appeal to the eye about the neighbourhood now. It is true that in and about Acton lived at various times many distinguished people, but the visible links with them have gone. Tradition—unsupported by any evidence—has it that Cromwell resided for a time at Friars Place, while the known dwellers in or about it include Lord Chief Justice Hale, and his friend Richard Baxter, the preacher. Francis Rous, Speaker of the Commonwealth House of Commons, long lived here, and here he died in 1659. Another worthy of the same time was General Skippon, while later residents included Mrs. Barry, the actress, and Henry Fielding, whose house was on the main road between here and Ealing. In the parish registers the names of Rous and Skippon had their titles erased, and "traitor" written against them by

some zealous follower of the restored order of things. When civil dudgeon first grew high the rector of Acton, one Daniel Featley, was a strong churchman, and so rigorously adhered to the observances of the Church of England that, after the Battle of Brentford, a detachment of Parliamentary troops was sent to bring him to reason, but the worthy rector justified his name, and made his escape. The colonel of the troops established his headquarters at the rectory, and allowed his men to burn the barn and to break into the church, where they "pulled down the font, broke the windows, and tore up the communion rails, which they burnt in the street," as was duly recorded by Bruno Ryves, whom we met at Stanwell. Ryves became rector at Acton after the Restoration, but remaining an absentee, left the work of the parish in the charge of a drunken curate, who was directed to persecute Richard Baxter. Between these two, however, the living was held by a bitter anti-Royalist named Philip Nye, who lives in a couplet of *Hudibras*:

> With greater art and cunning reared
> Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard.

It is recorded that Nye, who "was very remarkable for the singularity of his beard," used to ride out to Acton every Lord's Day, as though in triumph, in a coach drawn by four horses. When Charles the Second came into his own again, Nye's animus against the Royalist party was remembered, and he was only included in the general pardon on condition that he never accepted any office, civil or ecclesiastical. A later rector was one Edward Cobden, who became chaplain to George the Second but had to resign his chaplaincy owing to having preached a "seasonable and excellent sermon" directed against the immorality of the time. He was also by way of being a versifier, and published a volume of *Poems on Several Occasions*, in which "he eulogises Stephen Duck's poetic fame, glorifies somebody's squirrel and a lady's canary, and laments over a dead cow."

The church in which Colonel Urry's men carried on their iconoclastic work in 1642 has disappeared, the present structure being a modern one. Here was buried the wife of Speaker Rous, her monument being defaced by the obliteration of her husband's titles by that fanatical royalism which was not satisfied with its opponents being dead, but dug up the corpses of Cromwell, Ireton, and others, and exposed them on gibbets. A Lady Southwell, who was buried here in 1636, was honoured with a punning epitaph beginning—

The *South* wind blew upon a springing *Well.*

In the churchyard was buried in 1698 one William Aldridge, a wheelwright, who had died at the great age of 114, a case of longevity which seems curious in view of the state of affairs chronicled by Lysons, who declared that for about three centuries the burials of Acton uniformly exceeded the baptisms. Nor does the case of the venerable wheelwright stand alone; in 1762 a woman aged 100 was buried here, while a year earlier another woman was vaguely entered as "aged one hundred and odd."

Entries in the parish accounts of two and a half centuries ago suggest that the Acton churchwardens were moderate in their expenditure. The wife of Sir Robert Dudley had given "certain massy pieces of plate" to the church, and in connection with the gift we have the following entries:

	£	s.	d.
Paid for a potte of canary wyne for the ringers when the Lady Dudley brought the plate which she gave to the church	0	2	0
Laid out when we went to give the Lady Dudley thanks for the plate, for our dinner and other expenses for 5 persons and their horses	0	9	0
Paid to David King for two journies to carry the plate to be consecrated, and afterwards to bring it home, for his own expense and his horses	0	5	0

As with Acton, so with Ealing. The old place has become renewed, and with its residential byways spreading northwards towards the Brent, and southwards towards Brentford, it has but little left of the old-time character when it was a village of large houses and wide-stretching grounds, a popular centre for educational establishments for young gentlemen. Thanks to the broad bit of common—Ealing is more fortunate than its neighbour in the preservation of open spaces—it is in a way cut off from Acton on the east, but expansion to the west has made it merge into Hanwell, and where not many years ago used to be a fairly attractive stretch of highway, now humming electric trams pass between rows of substantial villas and stretches of showy shops. At one of Ealing's many schools, where his father was a master, was born Thomas Henry Huxley. The same school could boast of an extraordinary beadroll of scholars who won fame, including William Makepeace Thackeray, Captain Marryat, Sir Henry Lawrence, Cardinal Newman, and Sir W. S. Gilbert. Thackeray, it will be remembered, made Henry Esmond pass some of his early life with French refugees in "a little cottage in the village of Ealing." Thackeray's literary *bête noir*, Bulwer Lytton, was also educated at Ealing, while his hero, Henry Fielding, lived for a number of years at Fordhook House, and set out thence, dying of dropsy on the voyage to Lisbon, the chronicling of which was his last work. In the introduction to the *Journal* of that voyage Fielding paid an emphatic tribute to the healthfulness of Ealing:

The month of May (1754), which was now begun, it seemed reasonable to expect would introduce the spring, and drive off that winter which yet maintained its footing on the stage. I resolved therefore to visit a little house of mine in the county of Middlesex, in the best air, I believe, in the whole kingdom, and far superior to that of Kensington Gravel-pits; for the gravel is here much wider and deeper, and placed higher and more open towards the south, whilst it is guarded from the north by a ridge of hills, and from the smells and smoak of London by its distance; which last is not the fate of Kensington, when the wind blows from any corner of the east.

Those who would like to get some indication of the depth of the Ealing gravel may do so by following the footpath south from the old church. This footpath—close-bordered now by new terraces of houses—crosses the railway a few hundred yards from the church, over a sharp cutting in which the surface soil is seen to be very shallow, and beneath it a stratum of fine gravel, the full depth of which is not exposed. It suggests that in this district one need but scrape the soil from the surface to find gravel paths already there! Ealing residents still pride themselves on the healthfulness of their district, on the natural features with which it is blest. From Fordhook House in the following month the great novelist set out on the slow but ineffectual voyage in search of health, and he has described the scene in a few pathetic words at the beginning of the *Journal*:

> Wednesday, June 26, 1754.—On this day the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was in my opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doated with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pain and to despise death.
>
> In this situation, as I could not conquer Nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever; under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer, the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt not whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

Ealing maintains in its town-like days the literary traditions of its village time, for here for many years has dwelt one of the first of living poets and critics—and, incidentally, a biographer of Fielding's—Mr. Austin Dobson. But it is not only men of letters who have been associated with Ealing, for at Castle Hill Lodge, on Castlebar Hill—where now stands Kent House—Mrs. Fitzherbert is said to have lived, as did afterwards the

Duke of Kent. When the Duke wished to sell this residence in 1819 he hit upon the idea of setting it up as a lottery prize. A Bill for the purpose of authorising the sale of it in this fashion was actually introduced into the House of Commons, but met with such opposition that it was withdrawn, for lotteries were passing out of favour and approaching an end in England. Other notable residents about Castlebar Hill at different times were Lord Heathfield of Gibraltar, and Constable, the Edinburgh publisher, while yet another was "Squire" George Osbaldeston, a noted sportsman who undertook in 1831 to ride two hundred miles within ten consecutive hours, and won a bet of a thousand pounds by doing it so successfully that he had an hour and eighteen minutes to spare. He divided the distance into four mile "heats," and used a fresh horse for each successive heat! In the same year Osbaldeston fought a duel with Lord George Bentinck at the neighbouring Wormwood Scrubbs. They had had words at the Newmarket Craven meeting, the "Squire" having said "'Lord George, I want £400 I won of you at Heaton Park.' 'You want £400 you swindled me of at Heaton Park,' answered Bentinck. 'The matter will not end here, my Lord,' exclaimed the Squire, who marched off with his bristles set." A challenge followed, and then came the duel, when Lord George fired, and missing his opponent, called out perfectly unmoved, "Now, Squire, it's two to one in your favour." "Why, then, the bet's off," answered Osbaldeston, and fired his pistol into the air.

Beyond the ramifying roads on either side of the highway we may reach urbanised bits of country in open fields and market gardens, and may still see a goodly number of large trees. Turning to the right from the Common we may go by the well-timbered Hanger Hill and Twyford Abbey to Alperton. The sloping grounds of Hanger Hill seem likely to be preserved for some time, as they have been annexed by the golfing fraternity, and certainly afford one of the most beautiful links near London. To the east of the links—closely

parallel with the railway cutting—is a real country lane of thorns and brambles, passing along which to Twyford Abbey we might think ourselves in the heart of the country. Across the Common, to the south, and continuing far beyond it by new villas, orchards, tennis and cricket grounds, is an attractive avenue of sturdy young chestnuts, about three-quarters of a mile long, leading to the entrance of Gunnersbury Park. Crossing the Common to the south-west we may reach the site of Elm Grove, where Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister shot in the House of Commons in 1812, lived for some years. Here is a large stone church erected a few years ago as a memorial of the Prime Minister, from funds left for the purpose by one of his daughters, who had lived in the neighbourhood to a great age. The "Grove" itself has disappeared, and modern villas are appearing where it stood. Some handsome elms still indicate the origin of its name, and unfenced rhubarb fields among the villas show utility making something of the ground before the builder arrives. An earlier resident here had been Sir William Trumbull, Secretary of State, who has the double distinction of having induced Dryden to complete his translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, and of having urged Pope to undertake the translating of Homer. Trumbull was indeed a strong encourager of Pope, suggesting to him the theme of *Windsor Forest*, of which he was verderer, and receiving from him the dedication of the pastoral *Spring*. The young poet's various tributes to his old friend culminated in an epitaph, which many politicians might be glad to deserve:

> A Pleasing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
> Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
> Honour unchang'd, a Principle profest,
> Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
> An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
> Just to his Prince, and to his Country true:
> Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,
> A Scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for Truth;

A gen'rous Faith, from Superstition free;
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was; who now, from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

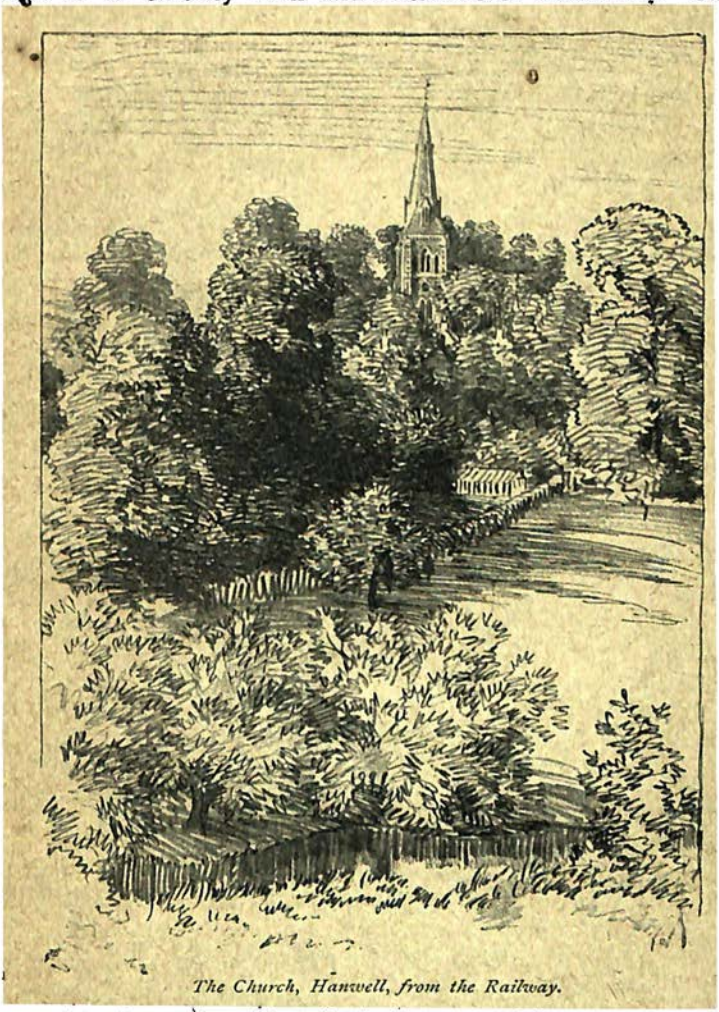
A little to the south-west of Elm Grove is the "old" Ealing Church, to be reached by a short footpath between new villas and allotment gardens. The church stands where the wide road makes a sharp bend, with old tiled cottages and new shops near. Turning left takes us down to the dinginess of Brentford, and the great south-western highway. (From the immediate neighbourhood of the church a footpath may be followed for most of the distance.) To the right the road, with a narrow strip of green, a tall willow and other trees, and some old-fashioned houses, takes us to the new centre of Ealing, and the great western highway again. This bit of road shows all that is left of the old-time village. Before leaving the parish church—the old church by courtesy, for it was less than half a century ago largely rebuilt, and "transformed from a Georgian monstrosity into a Constantinopolitan basilica," otherwise a large ornate structure of yellow and coloured bricks—it may be recalled that John Horne Tooke is buried here under an altar-tomb. The *Diversions of Purley* has probably but few readers to-day, and of those few but few, it may be imagined, pay pilgrimages to the churchyard where he lies. A little to the south of the church are new Almshouses and Homes of brick and brick-and-timber, picturesque though new. Following the old street northwards we come, on reaching the main road, to a handsome church,—the second in Ealing built by a daughter in filial piety. This was erected in 1852 as a memorial to a well-nigh forgotten actor who was a person of considerable importance in his day, William Thomas Lewis, generally known as "Gentleman Lewis," for thirty-six years associated with Covent Garden Theatre, and "creator" of a number of characters in plays that have long held the stage, such as Jeremy Diddler in *Raising the Wind*, Doricourt in *The*

Belle's Stratagem, Goldfinch in *The Road to Ruin*, and Rover in *Wild Oats*.

Crossing the main road, through a tangle of villadom's streets, we can reach such open fields as are left along the Brent, and so reach Perivale, or Twyford, on that river. To the west along the highway, and encroaching ever more into the fields north and south, is Hanwell, within the memory of many of us a comfortable, old-world-looking village, now developing with much of the appearance of the urban "hobble-de-hoy." The church of Hanwell, a picturesque landmark, half buried, as it seems, amid trees, as seen from the byways north of the main road, is modern. Between it and the "village" is preserved a bit of open green, with the Asylum and the highway framed in successive arches of the railway viaduct. The church stands well away from the tram-raised township, and from it attractive footpaths may be followed up the course of the Brent, or across country to Southall or Northolt. The district is particularly well favoured in the matter of footpaths. In the churchyard was buried Jonas Hanway, a philanthropist who, though he did incalculable good in his energetic work for social reform, is mainly remembered as an eccentric because he was the first person to walk the streets under the shelter of an umbrella, and because he wrote an attack on the "pernicious" custom of tea-drinking. Having had adventurous travels in the East, Hanway wrote a very successful book about them. Later he wrote *An Eight Days' Journey from London to Portsmouth*, and gave Dr. Johnson the opportunity for a remembered *mot*: "Jonas acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home."

The main street of Hanwell slopes down to the Brent crossing, and on the opposite slope are the extensive buildings of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, which, parochially speaking, belong to Norwood. The road along the western side of the Asylum's grounds leads shortly to where it crosses the Grand Junction

Canal at the point at which the waterway crosses the railway, and so to Osterley Park and Brentford or Hounslow. The



The Church, Hanwell, from the Railway.

canal towing-path to Brentford offers one of the most attractive of quiet walks to be had in the district, but even if it be not

followed all the way it should be followed past the walls of the Asylum, where the canal, after proudly passing over the railway, is brought down about forty feet by means of six locks, one after the other, in quick succession, until the railway embankment is seen across the fields well above us, while the Brent runs into the canal just below the last of the half dozen locks.

A tram line from Hanwell to Brentford indicates that along here the tide of building will shortly flow; at present there is an outlook over green fields, diversified with trees, for, despite the trams, there is still a certain rural air about this bit of our road: stately old elms along it giving us the impression of a fine avenue. From where the Brent and the canal run together near Hanwell to Brentford is a well-wooded view across to the slopes leading up to Osterley Park. Where river and road approach most nearly together stands the substantial seventeenth century mansion, Boston House, surrounded by many fine trees, including some noble old cedars. Here according to some accounts Charles the First saw what he might of the battle of Brentford.

Across the dairy farm meadows at a short distance is Little Ealing, growing rapidly out of its name. A short while ago, and Little Ealing consisted of a few large houses, half hidden in privacy behind high walls, now it shows rows upon rows of little houses running out into the meadows, and the old places seem doomed. To the west, shadowed in trees, is a white painted residence, the name of which, Niagara House, might arouse wonder if the naming of houses were not so frequently done on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Here, however, there is a meaning in the name, for here lived (and died in 1897) the famous rope-walker Blondin, who several times crossed the Falls of Niagara on a rope—now alone, now carrying another man, now trundling a wheelbarrow, and once upon stilts. Having performed his remarkable feats he was certainly entitled to commemorate them by giving the name of Niagara to the home of his retirement.

All about here, between Brentford and Chiswick, on the south, and Hanwell and Ealing on the north, are patches of the market gardens and orchards, which of old covered the larger part of the district, but year by year they shrink, though still a dozen men may be seen at once crossing a field with bent backs dibbling in lettuces or cabbages—there are a dozen planting like one; or a group of men and women may be seen gathering early rhubarb in the spring or weeding the crops, even, as I have seen them, progressing on all fours with their hand-picking.

A mile away to the west from Boston House is Osterley Park, while a mile away to the east is another famous old residence, Gunnersbury Park, lying between Ealing and Chiswick. Though bounded on three sides by public roads, but little of this celebrated estate is visible, owing to the grounds about the house being surrounded by a very high wall, and the park by a high oak paling, cutting off the public view of all but the trees, which on the west are planted along a raised bank. From the stile giving on to the footpath across a stretch of market gardens to Ealing, can be got a good view across the domain, with a dark line of old cedars showing to the left near the house. Here Sir John Maynard, the "best old book lawyer of his time," built himself a palace, and here he died in 1690. Maynard deserves remembrance for his crushing retort to "Bloody" Jeffreys. That judge had taxed him in open court with having forgotten the law, when the Serjeant replied, "In that case I must have forgotten a great deal more than your lordship ever knew." Maynard was stigmatised a turncoat by Pepys, and he seems to have had some of the characteristics of a certain Vicar of Bray, of whom tradition tells. One of the principal speakers in the trial of Strafford, he became one of the chief legal figures of the Commonwealth period, and at once stepped into a similar position on the Restoration, while he lived to welcome William the Third! Burnet in his *History* tells us that when

Sir John Maynard waited on the Prince of Orange with congratulations on his arrival, the Prince noted his great age (eighty-six), and observed "that he had probably outlived all the men of the law with whom he had begun his professional career." Maynard neatly replied, "If your Highness had not come over I should even have outlived the law itself." In the eighteenth century Gunnersbury became the property of the Princess Amelia, aunt of George the Third, and that royal lady made it a notable centre for party-giving, and even ventured to interfere in public affairs in a way which roused the indignation of her nephew, for she sought to bring about, as though by accident, a reconciliation between the King and his dismissed Minister, Lord Bute. The incident is recorded by Lord Brougham:

On a day when George the Third was to pay her a visit at her villa of Gunnersbury, near Brentford, she invited Lord Bute, whom she probably had never informed of her foolish intentions. He was walking in the garden when she took her nephew downstairs to view it, saying there was no one there but an old friend of his, whom he had not seen for some years. He had not time to ask who it might be, when, on entering the garden, he saw his former minister walking up an alley. The King instantly turned back to avoid him, reproved the silly old woman sharply, and declared that, if she ever repeated such experiments, she had seen him for the last time in her house.

Horace Walpole was a frequent visitor—"once or twice a week"—to Gunnersbury. One of his accounts of a dinner (June 16, 1786) written to a friend is worth quoting to show how he "cried up Gunnersbury"—

I was sent for again to dine at Gunnersbury on Friday, and was forced to send to town for a dresscoat and a sword. There were the prince of Wales, the prince of Mecklenburg, the duke of Portland, lord Clanbrassil, lord and lady Clermont, lord and lady Southampton, lord Pelham, and Mrs. Howe. The prince of Mecklenburg went back to Windsor after coffee; and the prince and lord and lady Clermont to town after tea to hear some new French players at Lady William Gordon's. The princess, lady Barrymore, and the rest of us, played three pools at commerce at ten.

I am afraid I was tired and gaped. While we were at the dairy, the princess insisted on my making some verses on Gunnersbury. I pleaded being supernnuated. She would not excuse me. I promised she should have an ode on her next birthday; which diverted the prince—but all would not do—So, as I came home, I made the following stanzas, and sent them to her breakfast next morning :

In deathless odes for ever green
Augustus' laurels blow ;
Nor e'er was grateful duty seen
In warmer strains to flow.

Oh ! why is Flaccus not alive,
Your favourite scene to sing?
To Gunnersbury's charms could give
His lyre immortal spring.

As warm as his my zeal for you,
Great princess, could I show it :
But though you have a Horace too—
Ah, madam ! he's no poet.

If they are but poor verses, consider I am sixty-nine, was half asleep, and made them almost extempore—and by command ! However, they succeeded, and I received this gracious answer :

"I wish I had a name that could answer your pretty verses. Your yawning yesterday opened your vein for pleasing me ; and I return you my thanks, my good Mr. Walpole, and remain sincerely your friend, Amelia."

I think this is very genteel at seventy-five.

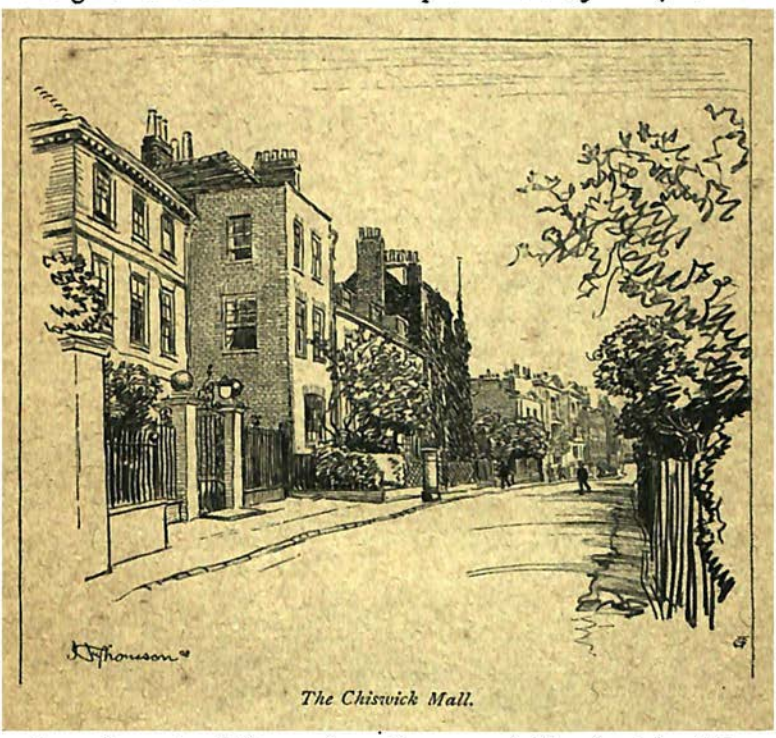
Princess Amelia's 76th birthday was but a week past, and she did not live to see another, dying about four months later. Some years after the death of the princess the mansion was demolished, and the estate partly cut up, but on the main portion a new house was built, and it has since, as the seat of the Rothschilds, come to be associated with something of the social splendour of the older place.

Gunnersbury, it may be recalled, has been said by an old topographer to be an ancient manor, owing its name to the perversion of that of one of its early owners, Gunild, niece of King Canute. Now, apart from the park, of which the wayfarer is allowed but glimpses, the name stands for one more of

London's residential suburbs innumerable. Stretching downwards into Chiswick and helping to join that place of many memories with the Kew Bridge end of Brentford, there is little that is attractive about urbanised Gunnersbury, though still a bit of the old-time fruit gardens is left on the very edge of the main road. (To be left for how long?) One tract of these grounds has been put to appropriate use, for here has been erected a large fruit and vegetable market—a kind of westerly Covent Garden—at the back of which are still many acres of rhubarb and other vegetables, with the trees of Gunnersbury Park beyond.

At Chiswick we come to a place teeming with associations with notable people of the past, a place that when its dingy riverside church was the centre of a small village came to be well patronised by wealthy people as an attractive spot about which to erect their homes, sufficiently near to London without being of it, a place that is now a wide house-covered tract, with road after road of good villas, and many "mean streets" of a dingy and depressing character. The old village was on the riverside—now connected with Hammersmith by the Mall—but the new "urban district" spreads along the highway, and extends into the flat land round which the Thames makes a big southern loop. The old Chiswick church retains its ancient flint and stone fifteenth-century tower, but is not particularly attractive, except as the centre of a district rich in memories, and as the burial-place of a number of celebrated persons, notably of William Hogarth, the best remembered of Chiswickians. Though there are bits to remind us of its famous past, Chiswick is greatly altered from the palmy days of its fame as a place of residence, yet is there still something of charm about the Mall, with its pleasant residences, where it runs from the old church to the slummy purlieus of Hammersmith by the river, with its comfortable houses, its trees, and the broad river running round the eyot on which some of the best Thames osiers are said to be grown, and on which it

is recorded many shy bird visitors have been observed—recognising by instinct that though so near to the wilderness of London's crowded thoroughfares, it is a kindly sanctuary. The Chiswick Mall is rich in historic and personal associations—and scarcely less real fictional ones, for does it not give its title to the first chapter of *Vanity Fair*, as the



The Chiswick Mall.

place where stood the academy for young ladies, kept by "the Semiramis of Hammersmith, the friend of Doctor Johnson, the correspondent of Mrs. Chapone herself?" Kelmscott House —with a name borrowed from a beautiful spot many miles upstream, on the furthest limits of Oxfordshire—which is on the Hammersmith Mall, within the limits of London, was for nearly

twenty years the residence of William Morris, the poet who sang of the *Earthly Paradise*, and who sought to bring an earthly paradise about by means of beautiful art and by striving towards a social ideal. Here, too, he established, in a house a little further east, his famous Kelmscott Press, to which we owe much of the modern taste for "the book beautiful." Morris's house has treble associations, for the previous tenant was George Macdonald, and here early experiments in telegraphy were carried out. It has, indeed, the rare, possibly unique, distinction of having two "memorial" tablets, the one commemorating its association with the telegraph in 1816, the other running, "William Morris, Poet, Craftsman, Socialist, lived here, 1878—1897." Chiswick had already had its association with typography, for on the Mall also lived the Whittinghams, uncle and nephew, who are credited with the revival of fine printing: their house an old place belonging to Westminster School, to which masters and boys migrated during the plague year, 1665.

The situation Morris boldly declared to be "certainly the prettiest in London." The coach-house at the side was first utilised as a weaving room, and afterwards as a Socialist meeting place, thinking of which it is pleasant to recall the bluff figure, the leonine hair, the fine eyes of the poet, as he moved about, excitedly telling us of his dreams of what it will be like "then."

At a school on the Mall Thackeray passed some time as a small boy, and about this quiet thoroughfare lived at various times many people of importance in their day or to posterity; here lived Barbara Duchess of Cleveland, and here she died just two hundred years ago, with the pathetic cry, "Give me back my lost beauty." The house in which she lived was, says tradition, that afterwards occupied by Horace Walpole, and known by his name; it is a handsome building, the best on the Mall, and Walpole's association is also remembered in the names of its immediate neighbours, Strawberry and Orford

Houses. Sir Godfrey Kneller and J. M. W. Turner also resided on the Mall. Alexander Pope lived with his parents from 1716 to 1719 at a house a little way inland towards the main road; coming hither from Binfield in the year in which his old friend, Trumbull, died, and going hence to Twickenham a year before the completion of his translation of the *Iliad*—much of which work was done here. During the stay at New Buildings, as they then were, or Mawson's Buildings, as they came to be termed, the poet lost his father, who is buried in Chiswick Church. This old grey stone church indeed embodies much of the history of Chiswick. Here also are buried two of the daughters of Oliver Cromwell, one of whom survived into the reign of George the First, and here too lie the Duchess of Cleveland, the beautiful, licentious Barbara Villiers, and Margaret Countess of Ranelagh—Protector's daughters and King's mistresses alike without any monument. Several members of the Boyle family lie here also, including that Earl of Burlington who is remembered as architect. In the Burlington tomb, too, was laid William Kent, the landscape gardener, painter, sculptor, and architect, much patronised by the architect-earl. Pope addressed his *Epistle* on the use of riches to Burlington, in which he contrasted the bad taste shown at Canons (see p. 275) with the good taste shown by his patron at Chiswick Park:

> Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
> Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?
> 'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expence
> And Splendour borrows all her rays from Sense.

The closing couplet-epigram sounds very convincing, but it needs a liberal definition of the word "use." Pope lived at Chiswick, and so also, at Chiswick House—a little distance to the west of the Church—did the nobleman whose taste he praised. In the churchyard here was buried—nearly twenty years after Pope himself was laid to rest at Twickenham—one of the folk satirised in *The Dunciad*. This was James

Ralph, who, as a young man, on the publication of the first part of the satire, wrote an officious "swearing-piece called *Sawney*" coarsely satirising Pope. In the third book of the *Dunciad* came damning retaliation:

> Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
> And makes *Night* hideous—Answer him, ye Owls!

Night, it should be said, was the title of one of Ralph's poems. In the churchyard is a granite tomb with a bronze laurel wreath, marking the place of burial of the Italian poet, Ugo Foscolo, who died in 1827, aged fifty. Over forty years later the remains of the poet were removed to Italy, and the following inscriptions were put upon the tomb:

> From the sacred guardianship of Chiswick,
> To the honors of Santa Croce, in Florence,
> The Government and People of Italy have transported
> The remains of the wearied Citizen Poet,
> 7th June 1871.

and

> This spot where for 44 years
> The Relics of
> Ugo Foscolo
> Reposed in honoured Custody,
> Will be for ever held in grateful Remembrance
> By the Italian Nation.

The most famous grave in the Churchyard is, however, that of William Hogarth, on the south side, above it a railed-in square urn-surmounted altar tomb, bearing the following epitaph written by David Garrick:

> Farewell, great painter of Mankind!
> Who reach'd the noblest point of Art,
> Whose *pictur'd Morals* charm the mind,
> And through the Eye correct the Heart.
> If *Genius* fire thee, Reader, stay:
> If *Nature* touch thee, drop a Tear;
> If neither move thee, turn away,
> For HOGARTH'S honour'd dust lies here.

"The matchless Hogarth," as Garrick elsewhere termed him, lived for sixteen years at the house now known by his name in Hogarth Lane—a red-brick eighteenth-century villa, happily preserved as a national "monument."[1] Though the garden in which the artist's pets—Pompey the dog and Dick the bullfinch—were buried has lost all its old features (the pets' tombstones, the thorn in which nightingales were wont to sing, and the filbert avenue where Hogarth indulged in ninepins), it retains the time-worn remains of an old mulberry tree, which even in Hogarth's time needed bracing together. The approach from Church Street is sufficiently depressing, past rows of cottages and "flats," at the doors of which frequently stand slatternly women—Hogarthian types up-to-date. The house is on the left, beyond the Soap Works, and the narrow building is seen, as we approach from the back, to stand at a curious slanting angle with the roadway.

The alleys and courts beyond Thorneycroft's works—between the church and the river - give us glimpses of old Chiswick in small rows of houses tucked into odd corners, and in narrow high-walled footways leading out to the noble extent of Chiswick Park—itself well screened from view by a further high wall. Some of these little rows of houses, notably one to the north of the church and another immediately south, reached by the footpath through the graveyard, look like bits of some old seaside town. All about the church are irregular buildings, with varied gables and red-tiled roofs; but we have not to go far up Church Street, or along its byways, before finding aggressive ugliness, and even sordidness, in half-neglected cottages and small villas. The older bits about narrow alleys are not wanting in charm, but the newer are for the most part frankly hideous, and even so did.

Chiswick Park—little but its dense tree-top growth visible—is a magnificent survival of Chiswick's days of im-

[1] It has recently been acquired by the Middlesex County Council, and is open, on payment of a small fee, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.

portance. Within the wall is a high bank, covered with trees and shrubs in great variety, shutting off all view of the famous grounds. This Park, long a seat of the Dukes of Devonshire, was in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a notable centre for fashionable gatherings. It had belonged to the Earl of Somerset, favourite of James the First, and was the residence of that unworthy and his notorious countess. The Jacobean house was pulled down by the Earl of Burlington, who built a Palladian villa which Lord Hervey described as too small to inhabit, and too large to hang to one's watch! That of which Lord Hervey made fun, Horace Walpole declared to be "more worth seeing than many fragments of ancient grandeur which our travellers visit under all the dangers attendant on long voyages." A later owner seems to have thought there was some point in Hervey's jests, for two wings were added to the house in 1788 by the Duke of Devonshire. For the best part of two centuries house and gardens enjoyed high reputation. Here Pope, Gay, and the wits of the time, were welcomed by the Earl of Burlington; here foreign Kings and Emperors have been entertained by the Dukes of Devonshire, and here—in the same room—two famous statesmen died. The first was Charles James Fox in 1806, the second George Canning in 1827. The small low chamber where these men passed away is, as it has been said, a fitting place in which to repeat the lines of Dyer:

> A little rule, a little sway,
> A sunbeam on a winter's day,
> Is all the proud and mighty have
> Between the cradle and the grave.

But it is of life rather than of death that Chiswick Park memories are full. Sir Walter Scott recorded in his diary (May 17, 1828):

> Afterwards I drove out to Chiswick, where I had never been before. A numerous and gay party were assembled to walk and enjoy the beauties of

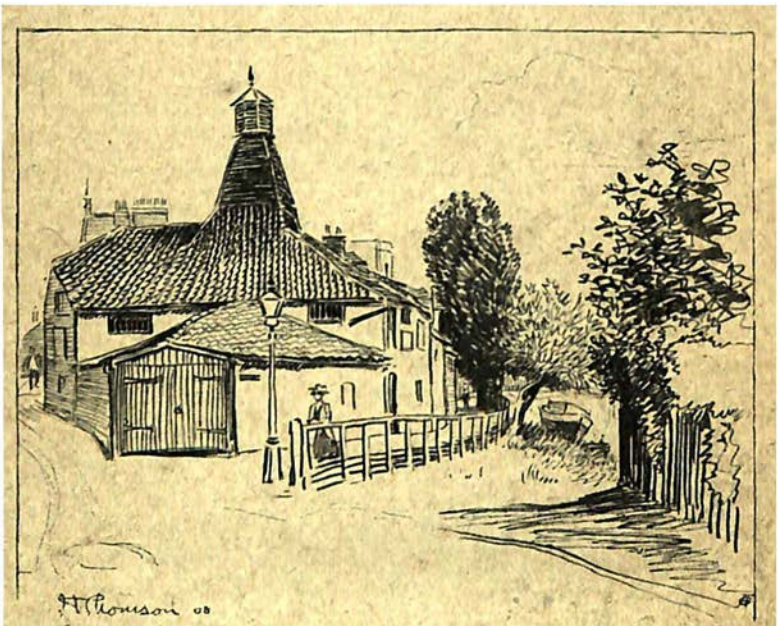
that Palladian dome. The place and highly ornamented gardens belonging to it resemble a picture of Watteau. There is some affectation, but in the *ensemble* the original looked very well. The Duke of Devonshire received everyone with the best possible manners. The scene was dignified by the presence of an immense elephant, who, under the charge of a groom, wandered up and down; giving an air of Asiatic pageantry to the entertainment.

Thirty years ago Chiswick Park was occupied by his present Majesty, King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and though taken chiefly for the Royal children, the traditional garden parties were still occasionally given. Now such suburban social gatherings, in the grand style, have fallen more or less out of fashion. That the tradition is in some measure maintained may be seen some summer days when a succession of rapid motor-cars pass through Brentford carrying brightly arrayed visitors to Osterley Park. In later years Chiswick House has come to be used as a home for mentally afflicted patients, and in the once famous grounds wild rabbits flourish—the "warren" nearest to London, I should imagine.

It was at the neighbouring gardens of the Horticultural Society—between Chiswick House and Turnham Green—that a young man, working for twelve shillings a week, was seen by the Duke of Devonshire, who took a fancy to him, gave him work, and set him mounting the ladder of fame. That young man came to be Sir Joseph Paxton, one of the most celebrated gardeners of the nineteenth century, and designer of the Crystal Palace.

Near the southern entrance to the park a noble evergreen oak is particularly noticeable. I hope that this may be taken as emblematic that the fine estate is to remain evergreen. Should "building development" ever threaten Chiswick Park it is devoutly to be wished that means will be found to preserve it as an open space. To the south of it there are still open fields, market gardens and orchards about the peninsula formed by a sudden southward loop of the Thames.

The builder is, however, invading the western edge of the peninsula with new villa-lined roads; here we reach the suburbia of Grove Park, and crossing the railway by a remarkable but not remarkably beautiful brick bridge, reach the river again, and so come to Strand-on-the-Green, an old-fashioned place along the river front, with small picturesquely irregular houses, and



Malthouse, Strand-on-the-Green.

some fine though half cut down poplars and elms along the very edge of the water. Strand-on-the-Green continues, with small cottages, inns, and boat builders' yards, to near Kew Bridge, with, at high tide, a noble expanse of water. Downstream the river view becomes cut off by many trees, which might suggest that the place was a small riverside village; upstream are the arches of the handsome bridge which has

replaced the steep-pitched one of the past. The isolation of Strand-on-the-Green is only apparent, for it is linked up with Chiswick and Gunnersbury by a succession of houses. Still, with nothing but a footway between its houses and the Thames, it has a quietude unknown to its neighbours, along the roads of which motor cars whizz and tramcars hum.

Chiswick's inland "expatiations" at Turnham Green and Bedford Park are largely residential, the latter, more or less given over to houses of a more or less pronounced "artistic" character, has had much cheap fun poked at it, yet its villas of varied design have a far more pleasing effect than the rows upon rows of house-replicas which mark some of the suburbs—a foretaste, as it were, of the houses turned out of moulds which Mr. Edison has promised us.

It was at Turnham Green that a number of Jacobites planned to assassinate William the Third on his return from his Saturday's hunting in Richmond Park, the chief conspirators in the plot being Sir George Barclay and Sir William Parkyns. Where the King's coach would come up a narrow, marshy way—now Sutton Lane—and be unable to turn, was the point fixed upon. The conspiring party consisting of forty persons, it was more or less inevitable that the design should become known, for, as Macaulay points out, in setting forth the story, the temper of the English is against assassination.

The place and time were fixed. The place was to be a narrow and winding lane leading from the landing place on the north of the river to Turnham Green. The spot may still be easily found. The ground has since been drained by trenches. But in the seventeenth century it was a quagmire, through which the royal coach was with difficulty tugged at a foot's pace. The time was to be the afternoon of Saturday the fifteenth of February (1696). On that day the Forty were to assemble in small parties at public-houses near the Green. When the signal was given that the coach was approaching they were to take horse and repair to their posts. As the cavalcade came up the lane Charnock was to attack the guards in the rear, Rookwood on one flank, Porter on the other. Meanwhile Barclay, with eight trusty men, was to stop the coach and do the deed.

Information was duly given to Ministers and the King; the hunting was abandoned, and most of the conspirators were captured.

At Linden House lived Ralph Griffiths, a publisher of some importance in his day—who is buried in Chiswick churchyard—and his grandson, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, author, artist, virtuoso, forger, and murderer, who, after being a member of a literary circle that included Lamb, Hood, Hazlitt, and others, died a convict's death in Australia.

We began our wanderings about Middlesex at the point in which—outside the limits of London—is centred most of historical interest; we close them where the tide of houses has swept beyond the arbitrary limits given to the County of London, and is threatening ever more of the few garden grounds and orchards which still lie along that part of the Thames Valley stretching from here to Hampton Court.

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THE END

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Canals
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IV. Elthorne V. Isleworth VI. Spelthorne
HERTFORD
BUCKINGHAM
SURREY
LONDON
ESSEX
Rickmansworth
Uxbridge
Harrow on the Hill
Wealdstone
Edgware
Finchley
Hendon
Hornsey
Highgate
Hampstead
Willesden
Ealing
Acton
Southall
Hanwell
Brentford
Chiswick
Kew
Hounslow
Isleworth
Richmond
Twickenham
Teddington
Kingston
Hampton
Feltham
Staines
Ashford
Hanworth
Sunbury
Molesey
Surbiton
Chertsey
Weybridge
Walton on Thames
Lower Halliford
Sheppertons
Thorpe
Lalcham
Littleton
Charlton
Upper Halliford
Shepperton Green
Shepperton
Penton Hook
Kempton Park
Hampton Hill
Bushey Park
Hampton Wick
Hampton Court
Hampton Court Park
East Molesey
Teddington Lock
Strawberry Hill
Ham
Petersham
Fulwell
Whitton
Twickenham
St. Margarets
Richmond
Hounslow
Whitton Park
Kneller Hall
Marble Hill
Pope's Villa
Twickenham Green
Hampton Hill
Bushey Park
Diana Fountain
Taggs Island
Hampton Court Park
Kingston
Potter's Bar
Waltham Cross
Waltham Abbey
Enfield
Ponder's End
Edmonton
Tottenham
Walthamstow
Leyton
Southgate
Enfield Chase
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New Barnet
Elstree
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